SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

January 1929

VOL. LXXXV NO. I

In His Own Country

BY MORLEY CALLAGHAN

Author of "Strange Fugitive," etc.

A NEW novel by the author who, through his short stories in SCRIBNER'S and his first novel "Strange Fugitive," has placed himself in the front rank of contemporary writers. This novel, which will be completed in the March number, is quite different in theme from "Strange Fugitive" and it reveals even more clearly Mr. Callaghan's strength in the use of the clean, hard, compact style which has aroused the admiration of critics and readers. By means of the words and actions of the characters themselves, this story of a young newspaper man with a strange ambition portrays vividly human relationships.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In His Own Country

BY MORLEY CALLAGHAN
Author of "Strange Fugitive," etc.

I

For an hour after lunch Bill lay on the sofa, his hands linked behind his head. Last evening he had talked for hours and now preferred his own thoughts. His mother rocked back and forth in her chair and talked to his wife.

Flora sat on a chair by the hall door, only half listening to Bill's mother, and glancing occasionally along the hall to the front screen door. It was hot in the house; a puff of cool air came along the hall. Tilting to one side in her chair, Flora looked through the screen door, beyond the iron gate at the sidewalk, at the gray dust road and at the field on the other side of the road. Wagon tracks had worn the road down hard and small stones jutted up. She felt moisture on her forehead and wished the old lady would finish her story, for Bill had promised to go swimming down at the blue drop. She looked at him anxiously, afraid that he might change his mind. His eyes were tired and he needed a long sleep. Though he had shaved in the morning, the hair was dark on his face, and black hair grew down on the back of his hands to his knuckles. His long legs were crossed at the ankles.

The old lady rocked steadily and Flora's eyes followed the knot of hair on top of her head, a dark switch twined with gray. Many times she had heard Bill's mother telling the story of her grandmother. Outside, down the street, probably at McGuin's, some one began to cut the grass on the front lawn, the mower grinding and squeaking, needing oiling. Slowly they were coming to the end of the story: her grandmother, nervous and bewildered, had got off the boat just before it left the old land, and her husband hadn't missed her until they were a long way out. The poor woman had been terrified at the thought of going to a strange land, and so her husband had never heard of her again.

Flora, smiling, got up, leaning against the chair. She heard a horse trotting on the road, the buggy passed the door, swaying, the wheels grinding against the small stones on the road. Bill's mother said: "Your people were a bad lot, Bill, and there's no getting over it."

"Cheer up, Bill," Flora said. "Let's go for a swim."

"There's no getting over it, and Bill's the last."

"What's that you're saying, ma?" he said.

Without waiting for her to answer he got up and went into the kitchen to get the bathing-suits. His mother said she would stay there awhile and rest before going home. Bill put the bathing-suits over his left shoulder, opened the front door, and whistled as he and Flora walked along the street. He walked with a long, easy stride and she had to take his arm to keep up with him. The leaves on the maple-trees alongside the road were covered with gray dust. On Saturday afternoon the streets were quiet; everybody up at the park watching the lacrosse game. They walked

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

south past the old quarry and beyond the sawmill at the end of the road to the wire fence near Smiley's orchard, heading for the blockhouse. Every year, going swimming, they went this way. It wasn't really a blockhouse, but was made of brick, and there were no windows, just a few air-holes facing the bay, though everybody liked to pretend it had been used years ago for Indian fighting. When they were kids Bill had found out that it had actually been used for storing dynamite, but when they climbed up-stairs and looked through the square holes out over the bay they felt it ought to have been a blockhouse because the Indians could come over the bay from the reservation on the island.

Close to the shore the water was sand-colored and small rocks and pebbles hurt the feet, but twenty feet farther out was the blue line and the drop. Always she limped hurriedly over the pebbles, and stood on the flat, smooth rock just before the drop. Bill was swimming easily ten feet ahead of her. She leaned forward to the water and, swimming jerkily, made a circle over the blue and came in as far as she could till her toes and knees touched bottom; then she paddled with her feet and crawled in on her hands.

She lay on the sand and called, "Heh, Bill," and put her hands over her eyes, shielding them from the strong sun. She heard Bill splashing the water. He sat down beside her shivering. His lips were blue. "It gets colder every year," he said. But the sun was good and they lay on their backs. Her eyes open, she saw beyond the tips of her toes to the blue bay and the outline of the island. Straining her eyes, she saw, to the left, a small sail-boat—opposite the summer cottages, she thought.

"I did some good thinking out there in the cold water." He jerked himself up suddenly and rubbed the hair on his chin with the palm of his hand.

"Why does the water get colder every year, Bill?"

"Come on now, Flora, girl; don't try and sidetrack me. Aren't you interested?"

"Honest to heaven above, I'm interested, only I know pretty well what you were thinking."

Though she knew he was offended, she had grown tired of listening to him. It was interesting, but at the moment too complicated for her. The sail-boat was out of sight beyond the bend. Behind them she heard shouting, kids playing in the bushes.

"I've been thinking it over," he was saying. "I ought to go down to the city to a place something like Saint Michael's College, and have a real talk about Saint Thomas Aquinas. Just to see if it's a bright idea. Of course I know it's a good one."

It sounded impressive for him to be thinking of going down to the city to one of the colleges. She reached for his hand and listened attentively. All last evening he had talked about Saint Thomas Aquinas and she had been unable to get to sleep. He had come home from the office with a clipping from the paper and had been so excited he had hardly eaten at all because the idea had come to him suddenly.

"Have you sorta cut out the pattern in your own head?" she asked.

"Gee, I'm glad you're still interested, Flora. How does it sound to you?" Sand clinging to his wet bathing-suit fell slowly as he talked.

"You go on and tell it. I'll just rest here with my eyes closed."

He talked slowly and at first she didn't listen attentively, for she knew the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

first part of the story. He had been working in the office of the town paper, reading a great many Sunday supplements to find one or two good feature stories they could reprint. He was alone in the office with old Johnny Williams, who owned the paper. Bill did most of the work. Johnny had often declared that when he died Bill would practically own the paper because he had no kids of his own or any other relatives. Bill read a story in a Sunday supplement about Saint Thomas Aquinas, a theologian and philosopher of the Middle Ages who had taken the Aristotelian philosophy and the learning of his time and rearranged it till it was acceptable to the church and a basis for a new Christian culture. Theology and philosophy became parts of the one system. The professor who had written the article had been enthusiastic, and Bill understood readily that Saint Thomas was the superman of the Middle Ages. The story for her had been uninteresting till he developed an idea that had occurred to him after reading the article the second time. A man like himself, willing to work hard, might become the Saint Thomas of to-day, though of course he wouldn't need to bother with philosophy, since the present conflict was between science and religion. All he had to do was make a plan of different fields of science and show definitely that it could become one fine system in accordance with a religious scheme.

"It's too bad I'm not religious," he said; "but it's too bad I'm not scientific, though I might acquire a scientific mind, don't you think?"

Her eyes were closed and she heard some one calling in a high voice back near the stream. "Here, chook, chook, chook!" Mrs. Simpkins, from the stone cottage near the stream, was feeding the chickens. Often the chickens walked across a narrow plank spanning the stream and scratched in the field opposite the house. Two weeks ago some one hiding in the trees had stolen three of the hens. Bill was saying quietly and slowly: "If a fellow would be willing to work, it oughtn't to be too tough a job."

A breeze from the bay made her shiver. She sat up and said sincerely: "Are you going to do it, Bill?"

"Going to do what?"

"Be something like this man. Saint Thomas, I mean."

"I guess so, but I don't know exactly," he laughed happily. "I just been doing a little thinking. You know what 't's like with me. I always like to work a thing out from all angles."

"Of course you wouldn't make a barrel of money, but I mean could we get along at all on the idea?"

"No, it mightn't mean much that way, but . . ."

She put her head on his shoulder. They followed with their eyes a wave line on the bay. "Billy, you do have fine thoughts," she said.

"Lord, no, Flora!" He was embarrassed and reached for a pebble. "See if I can hit the wave line before it breaks."

"No. Listen; I'll bet a dollar you'll get your name in the papers and the town'll do something about it later on."

She drew closer to him so he could understand that she belonged to him entirely and believed in his importance. He put his arm, dried from the sun, on her back, but her bathing-suit, where she had been lying on it, was still wet, so he withdrew his arm. "Sure bet your boots that I'll kill dead things and you can't go wrong," he said genially. Without knowing why they both started to laugh and, standing up, they link-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ed arms to walk along the beach to the blockhouse.

The door had been torn away and he stood outside and threw stones at the water until she got dressed. Older people usually bathed on the beach in front of the summer resort, but Bill had been coming down to the blue drop for years. When they got dressed they squeezed and twisted the bathing-suits and he hung them over his shoulder. Crossing the stream they stepped from one dry rock to another. He held down the top strand of the wire fence for her. On the dusty road they walked more rapidly. It was five o'clock in the afternoon and the sun was very bright. Few houses were at this end of the road. Over the tops of the houses, beyond the town and curving westward, was the line of the blue mountains. Cultivated fields, pale yellow in sunlight, were on the slopes of blue hills. Flora's father had a farm on a gentle slope of the hills, eight miles northwest of the town.

On the board walk, opposite Tanner's new three-story brick house, Bill noticed that one of the bathing-suits was drying, and, taking it off his shoulder, he flicked it at tall weeds alongside the walk. The weeds close to the road were dust-covered and had no color. He kept on flicking the weeds mechanically.

"Take the frown off your face," she said.

"I'm not frowning."

"Brighten up," she said, but knew that he was having fine thoughts, and to watch the shifting expressions on his face fascinated her. Two or three playful words came easily to her lips, but she remained serious and attempted to follow his thoughts in her own head. At the point where she had left off, at the beach, she started again, though it was involved and she felt that she had lost track of it. Instead she took Bill's arm, and, passing Samson's cottage, noticed that they had a new shade and curtains on the front window.

The cinder path on their street looked much cooler than the board walk. The two-storied cement house was fourth from the red rough cast one on the corner; then there was Fulton's cottage and McGuin's frame house.

Bill said solemnly before going into the house that it was funny no one in the whole world had ever had an idea like his. "Of course it must be remembered that this Saint Thomas had it soft in some ways. The world was nothing to write home about in those days, and it's some world now. I'd like to talk it over, but few people would take it all in."

"It's such a splendid notion," she said, "though it seems so far away."

"It is far away, but, honestly, it don't sound nutty, does it?"

"Nutty!" she said indignantly, her hand on the door-knob. "I should say not. No one else in town could ever think of such a thing if they thought a million years."

Through the open door Mike, the fox-terrier, jumped at Bill and he kept slapping it on the belly, rolling it on the floor, while she went along the hall to the kitchen. The dog barked while she worked in the kitchen slicing tomatoes for an early supper; then she heard Bill running around the side of the house, the dog squealing eagerly. The tomatoes were sliced, so she leaned on the table and knew Bill was hiding, for there was no sound. Then his feet thudded on the sod, the dog growled and barked, and she smiled. Later on, just before she called him to supper, the dog kept on barking noisily in the back

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

yard, and, sure that Bill was teasing him, she rapped on the window-pane authoritatively for fear he might annoy the neighbors.

After supper he lay on the sofa and played his mouth-organ. Some of the tunes she liked and kept time, moving the dish-towel in a circle on a plate, but newer tunes were raucous and she called: "For heaven's sake, Bill, keep to the ones you know." The dishes were dried and the table cleared, and he had played most of his tunes. It was too early to go down-street to the movies. They sat on the front veranda watching groups of boys coming down the road, more people than had been on the street all afternoon.

"I wonder who won the lacrosse game," Bill said.

"Here comes Joe Boyle on his wheel. Ask him."

Joe Boyle, pedalling easily, was opposite the house and Bill yelled: "Heh, Joe! Tell us who won the game."

Joe stopped pedalling but didn't get off his wheel. "Meaford," he yelled, and kept on going.

II

Not since the time the doctor thought his mother had a cancer had Bill taken anything so seriously. The new thoughts and intentions that he suggested Flora couldn't understand, and one night, by comparison, estimated their importance to him. She knew nearly everything that had happened to him in the last twelve years, since they had met at high school. Her father drove her in from the farm and Bill had always lived in town. They kept company for ten years, and married when Bill got enough money to build a house, ten minutes' walk from Main Street.

Standing at the window of the front room up-stairs she looked westward to the station and the water-tower, and over the roof of the station to the steel beams of the shipyard. Most men worked in the yard, but Bill was ambitious and preferred to work for lower wages in *The Standard* office. For two months there hadn't been a boat in the dry dock and no work in the yard, though Bill was busy getting out *The Standard* twice a week. Every night at five o'clock he came home, usually in good humor.

To-night he said solemnly: "I'm going down to the library right after tea." Timidly she asked if he would leave the story that had at first interested him so she could go over it again. He took the paper out of his pocket mechanically. The edges were frayed and, unfolding it, she thought she had torn it. Bill hurried out so that he could have at least an hour in the library before closing-time, and she laid the story about Saint Thomas on the white table oilcloth. There was a big picture of Saint Thomas—not a very attractive-looking man, she decided—and a picture of a Greek, Aristotle, whom she remembered from the ancient-history books in high school. She read two paragraphs and her thoughts wandered, so she started over again. She read all the way through, then dropped her head to her plump arms and closed her eyes. The Middle Ages were far away. Bill's point of view was easier to appreciate when she thought first of Napoleon, then of Alexander the Great, and then of Lord Nelson, and quickly thought of Saint Thomas at the same time. "I wonder what Bill's really going to do," she thought. It was getting dark in the kitchen. It was not dark outside, so she went out to the back yard and stood on the step.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In the yard next door little Mrs. Fulton was picking rhubarb, three light-green stocks conspicuous among red ones in the bunch under her arm. Flora took hold of the clothes-line, twanged it three times, and picked up the clothes-prop lying on the grass. A peach-tree was between her and Mrs. Fulton. She ran the clothes-prop along the line beyond the peach-tree. Mrs. Fulton saw her finally and called: "Nice evening, Mrs. Lawson."

Still holding the clothes-prop, she moved over to the fence and said, "That Bill, of course, he is off again to the library." She liked telling people that Bill went frequently to the library. Mrs. Fulton's husband was a riveter in the shipyard and never went to the library. "He's got important work to do there," she added.

"If my man don't soon get some kind of work to do, we're leaving here, that's what we're doing. The town is going to the dogs."

"It's not much of a place for a man that's ambitious."

"Nor much of a place for a man that wants to earn a living."

"Bill may have to go down to some of the libraries in the city."

"That's very interesting, Mrs. Lawson. What kind of work would it be now? Something for the paper?"

Flora closed her mouth abruptly. She was anxious to tell the woman about Bill and the extraordinary work that he was undertaking, for everybody in town ought to hear about it, but she had no words to explain it properly. She said quickly: "I got to walk down the road a bit and meet Bill."

Mrs. Fulton turned away. Flora went around the house to the front walk. The evening was warm and she walked slowly, because the library didn't close till nine o'clock and she knew the road Bill would take on the way home.

On the road near M. P. Starr's red brick house, with the smooth green lawn and carefully clipped hedges, was a small creek and an old wooden bridge. She stood on the bridge looking down at the stream. The middle of the stream was shallow and clear, but at the margin the water was foul with green scum on small ponds. A frog croaked farther up the stream. Turning, she made a croaking noise in her throat, then hoped no one in Starr's house had heard it. Mrs. Starr, who dressed expensively, merely nodded to her when they met on the street and had never asked her in to have a cup of tea with the neighbors. She rested her elbows on the rail. Some one was coming along the road, a big wide-shouldered man with felt hat and a khaki shirt open at the throat.

"Hello, Flora," he said.

"Hello, Pete."

Pete Hastings, an old friend, leaned against the railing and grinned. His brother had a farm up Meaford way, though Pete lived mostly in town. Bill didn't like Pete, who used to take her out riding a long time ago. He had a wide mouth and very strong teeth, and huge palms that he slapped together when there was nothing further to say.

"Taking a little walk, Flora?"

"Nope, Pete; just waiting around for Bill. He's down at the library."

"Yeah, what's he doin' there when he ought to be giving you the time of your life?"

Pete had a handsome generous way of making conversation. He leaned back against the rail to have a long talk.

A man was adjusting carbons in the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

corner light. When the light came on it seemed darker on the bridge, a wide circle of light on the road at the corner, and beyond that much darker than before. Flora heard Pete talking and looked down the road for Bill. Three young fellows, appearing under the corner light, lay down in the long grass near the pole, and one laughed gaily while two talked quietly. She knew that later on other fellows would come down from the park, and eight or nine of them would sprawl in the grass, telling jokes and waiting for a girl to pass so they could make whistling noises and laugh out loud. The constable had said once that young fellows on the corner did nothing but hatch mischief. Bill had said that if there was no work in the town, and they had no money to go down to the beach for an evening, they had to do something.

"If Bill's so busy," Pete said, "do you think he'd mind if we went for a walk some evening, a little walk down by the lake, or out on the pier at the dock?"

"No, Bill don't like you much. He doesn't like your ways. He wouldn't like it finding me here on the bridge talking so much with you when it's dark."

"Ho, ho; well, now, is that so? Bill's so serious with his big ideas, a bit of a walk by the lake or on the grass would get his goat for sure."

"And I'm just as glad it would."

"No need to get huffy, Flora."

"He's got a new idea. It's something that'll make his name heard over the mountains and beyond the bay. It'll go farther than that railroad track and into all the big cities." She pointed toward the station.

"Quit your kidding, Flora. Them tracks go a long ways."

"I know, Pete, but no one'll keep up to Bill. He'll always be ahead of you, like the sun glinting on a track and you trying to catch up on it."

"Don't make me laugh. Let's talk about old times when you was the nicest little girl I ever had."

She felt suddenly that she was leaning too comfortably against the railing, talking easily with Pete Hastings. He was a loafer, a man of loose ways, according to Bill, but always ready to make fine conversation. It was dark and people passing on the bridge might see her with him and gossip. Again the frog croaked and she said: "It's pretty dark, Pete."

"Yes, it's pretty dark," he said quietly. "It's nice dark." He spoke sincerely, as though he believed it intensely, and she was nervous and moved away from him, hesitating at the corner of the bridge.

"I'm going, Pete," she said.

"Going?"

"Yes, I'm going; it's dark."

She had explained what she meant simply by saying that it was dark. She heard footfalls coming along the board walk, a man walking rapidly in the shadow, and knew the swing of the shoulders when he came closer. "Oh, Bill!" she called. He crossed from the other side of the road.

" 'Lo, Bill," Pete said easily. "Well, so long, Flora, see you again, eh, Bill?" He walked down the road toward Main Street. Bill watched him until he was out of sight. Then he said mildly: "You surely weren't out walking with that bum, were you, Flora?"

"Don't be so silly, Bill. I was walking down-street to meet you and bumped into Pete."

"He's one guy it's easy to bump into."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"I guess he's got lots of time to hang around."

"All right, take my arm and we'll go home, though I wish I was a foot taller and I'd bang him on the nose."

"You're an old silly, Bill."

"I'm not so silly; I just don't like him."

"Who does?"

They walked back to the house. She lit the lamp in the kitchen. She placed the lamp in the centre of the kitchen-table and they both sat down. Tilting back in the chair, his long legs stretched out, he began to tell her about the visit to the library. He talked and slapped the palm of his hand gently on the table for emphasis. He had gone into the library to find anything worth while about scholastic philosophers of the Middle Ages. Not that he was interested in philosophy; he wanted to see what this man Saint Thomas had been up against in the Middle Ages. The library had no decent material for him; it was probably the worst library in the whole country. After wasting half an hour he had leaned against a desk talking to the librarian, Miss Hedges, an old maid. Something about Miss Hedges was a bit peculiar, a woman of thirty-five, so very timid, and imagining one was always being personal. At times in the middle of a sentence, talking convincingly to Miss Hedges, he had stopped abruptly, feeling that if he went on rapidly she would suddenly scream, as though insisting that the words he was using in no way expressed his thoughts. "The woman is a fool," he said, "and simply needs a little exercise." But in the library he could find nothing about Saint Thomas that was worth while. He had asked Miss Hedges if she had ever heard of a great work like a summary of all known fields of science, to demonstrate the relation between science and, offhand, religion. Miss Hedges was surprised at first, and then, like a very ignorant person, she had laughed and said she didn't believe there was such a book. Of course there wasn't. But the woman was a fool, and the library was useless.

"Well, what are you going to do about it, Bill?" Flora asked timidly.

"I'm going to make a beginning."

"How are you going to make a beginning?"

"I'm going to start in on some summaries. You know what I'm going to do? I'm going to write a book on geology. Not a text-book, but a summary of what is known about geology, and show it should all justify the faith of a religious man."

"But listen, Bill, you're not religious."

"I know I'm not. Don't kid me about it."

"But don't you think you ought to be, to do the job right?"

"I suppose so," he said casually, "but I'm willing to take all that side of it for granted for the time being."

"Honest, Bill, there'll never be anybody like you."

He grinned at her and reached out to pat her hand. He was pleased but embarrassed.

"Better turn down that lamp-wick. It's beginning to burn," he said.

"Tell you what," she said. "Let's have some ice-cream. I'll pay for it out of my own money. You go down to Millar's and get it, and I'll cut some cake."

"It's a fine night for ice-cream at that. I'll go. Where's the dog?"

"Probably in the front room, sleeping on the best chair."

"Here, Mike," he called. The dog,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in the front room, jumped to the floor.

"Aren't you going to put on a coat?"

"No, it's too warm for a coat really. Come on, Mike."

She got dishes out of the pantry and some fruit cake. A story about old Mrs. Doherty, who was doting, occurred to her and her lips moved, making phrases to use telling it to Bill. She heard an engine whistle and glanced at the clock on the wall by the window. The hooting of the whistle got louder and the clanging of the bell slower and the shunting clearer. "The nine-twenty-five is fifteen minutes late," she thought, hurrying up-stairs in the dark to the front window. She leaned out, looking across the field and down the path to the station lights. People, getting off the train, walked along the station platform. Always she watched for any one who might cut across the path by the water-tower, heading for her house. Leaning out the window, waiting, she thought of Pete Hastings talking to her on the bridge—a funny fellow who puzzled her sometimes. No one came along the path by the water-tower. Out of sight, on the cinder path, she heard Bill talking to the dog. Listening eagerly, as he came closer, she heard him saying: "And what do you think we ought to do about it, Mike, old boy?" She hurried down-stairs and when he came in wondered why she had thought of Pete, while she was leaning out of the window.

III

In the evenings he worked harder than during the daytime at the office. She had expected him to sit at the table in the front room when he began to study earnestly; instead he moved up-stairs to her small sewing-room, declaring it a splendid office. She tried to follow his progress. For an hour after tea she worked in the kitchen, washing the dishes, sewing, or ironing; then deliberately went up-stairs and said: "How is it coming, Bill?" Sometimes he was reading carelessly, feeling his way among six books a high-school teacher had loaned him, and answered good-naturedly: "It's a big field." Once, pointing to the pile of books, he said: "Flora, old girl, how would you like to reduce all that to about a hundred swift pages?" That was the last time he seemed pleased to hear her moving behind him.

The sewing-room was too small for a table, so he used part of the machine as a desk. A summer dress she had been altering became too difficult for hand stitching, and on Friday afternoon, at three o'clock, she used the machine in the sewing-room. Carefully she removed his books and piled them on the floor. He came home early and because of the sound of the machine she didn't know he was in the house till he cleared his throat behind her. She was leaning over the machine. Startled, she straightened up quickly and waited for him to speak first, wondering why she had a guilty feeling.

"A lot you care!" he said angrily. "Going and moving work like that. Why didn't you throw it out while you were at it?"

He kicked the pile of books across the floor and ran down-stairs.

She put her arms on the machine and felt weak. She could not move, though wanting to hurry after him. She felt like a little girl who would never be able to appreciate the harm she had done. For five minutes she sat there, gradually becoming indignant, till she jumped up suddenly and hurried down-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

stairs, repeating to herself harsh words she would use on him. He was sitting in the front room on the black leather sofa. A picture of his father and mother hung on the wall directly over his head. She had time to notice the picture on the oatmeal wall-paper because he simply stared at her, bending forward, his face white and tapering. The match clenched between his teeth bobbed up and down. She stood near him and was afraid to speak, and would have calmly turned to walk from the room but knew he would follow her with his eyes. Nervously she sat down beside him, putting her hand on his shoulder. Twice he pushed the hand away, but finally permitted her to explain, smoothing his hair, that she would arrange the sewing-room so neatly he would never know she had been in it. His head jerked back and he bit the match in two, but didn't answer. She went up-stairs, tidied the room carefully, came down, and sat alone on the front veranda.

Twenty minutes later she heard him going up-stairs again and was disappointed that he hadn't come out on the veranda to speak to her.

In the evenings he went on working up-stairs and she never disturbed him. For an hour after supper they gossiped peaceably, then he rubbed the palms of his hands together, cleared his throat, and pushed back his chair from the table, ready to work for three hours. She sat alone on the veranda until twilight, when it was too dark for him to write; then went into the kitchen and lit two lamps and carried one up-stairs, entering the sewing-room unobtrusively without disturbing him. Always he said vaguely, "Thanks, Flora," hardly lifting his head.

Three times in a week she walked over to Dolly Knox's for the evening. Dolly and her husband "Curly" kept a grocery-store, and in the winter evenings played five-hundred with Flora and Bill. The first time in the week she called on them they talked about Bill's work and Curly found it very amusing. Dolly, who was pretty, though untidy, advised her to put a firecracker under Bill's hat so he would come down to earth. "If Curly left me alone in the evenings, I'd go travelling, far from the old folks at home," Dolly said.

"Of course he doesn't really leave me alone," Flora said quickly. "He's there in the house with me."

She had gone to school with Dolly and liked her cheerful silly ways, but on the way home, talking to herself, she resented Knox's casual opinions, for, even if Curly and Bill were friendly, the Knoxes weren't good enough to dust Bill's boots. So in the evenings she walked by herself, or went down to the show. After the show once she thought she saw Pete Hastings standing at a corner talking to some men. Walking slowly, she hoped he would see her; then suddenly decided it would be better to go home alone. Gladly she would have walked with him; only she kept on wondering whether it would be right or wrong, and it annoyed her to have to think about it. She never stayed out late. She would have to pass the fellows sprawled in the grass under the corner light.

At eleven o'clock in the evening Bill came down-stairs, very tired, and they sat at the kitchen-table. If he was in good humor, she made some toast on the stove while he took Mike for a short run. If he was tired and sullen, he undressed slowly, taking off his shirt and shoes in the kitchen.

Before going out to work one morn-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing he said to her: "Flora, I'm going down to the city to-morrow morning. I've started in on this thing, and I think it's the most interesting idea in the world."

"Who are you going to see in the city?"

"Somebody at one of the colleges. I hear that Saint Michael's is the one. They teach scholastic philosophy there, and of course they'll know all about Saint Thomas Aquinas."

"Are you going to tell them all about it?"

"I'll tell them all about it and get somebody interested. Maybe they would be willing to help a fellow a lot."

"I feel it in my bones that you'll impress them, Bill."

Early next morning he got up to take the seven-thirty train to the city. He would be home later in the evening, so he didn't carry a club bag. He kissed her warmly and walked across the road to take the path across the field by the water-tower. Up-stairs she watched him from the front window, walking with his head down a little, his straw hat tilted far back on his head. The fox-terrier was following him, trotting easily, his nose to the path. Bill's legs looked very long, walking across the field. It was a dull morning and the sky was gray.

Her eyes got moist, she was so proud of him; and, sitting on the bed, she said: "I'm a silly, an old silly."

She told herself severely that she ought to be happy; there was no excuse for feeling lonely now, since she was practically alone in the house all the time from morning till night. Every day, though, he came home at noon-time.

Early in the afternoon she went down-street to buy groceries. The main street was brick, the widest of any town in the county. It had been built in days when people believed the town would become the biggest railroad centre on Georgian Bay, and the shipyard for the upper lakes. In those days not many people lived in the town and laborers for the shipyard were brought from the city. Now there were few trains and not many boats for the yard. But there was always the wide brick street. Coming out of Dorst's butcher-store Flora met Mrs. Fulton. The sky had cleared and sunlight was on the wide street. The butcher had thrown pails of water on the sidewalk in front of the store to cool the air.

"On the way home, Mrs. Lawson?" Mrs. Fulton asked.

"Yes, but I was thinking of seeing what's on to-night at the nickel show."

"We can walk over there and down Pine Street home."

They passed the nickel show and saw the posters. Flora told Mrs. Fulton that Bill had gone to the city to see the head of Saint Michael's College. All the way home Mrs. Fulton listened and Flora talked rapidly. Just why had he gone to the city, Mrs. Fulton asked, and twice Flora was ready to explain, but remembered it ought to be kept a secret.

"It's important. They want Bill to look up something for them in the town here," she said, nodding her head vigorously. To mollify Mrs. Fulton, she added: "There's lots of things, of course, the likes of us don't understand at first sight, if you know what I mean."

"If it's something that has to be kept in the dark . . ."

"No, no, it ain't that."

"It does sound as if I'm digging it out of you."

"I'm not minding it at all, Mrs. Fulton. Here we are home anyway."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

For supper she had sliced oranges, brown bread, and a cup of tea. Recently she had got plump—not noticeably fat, but, with her dress off, her shoulders and back looked fat, and she had promised Bill to abstain from starchy foods and eat vegetables, fruit, and brown bread for a month.

At seven o'clock she went downtown to the picture show to see the feature picture and part of the comic before the train came in. The Spanish feature picture was exciting and two bull-fighters pleased her. She forgot that she was alone in the show. The comic was less interesting; her thoughts wandered, she closed her eyes and imagined she had followed Bill all afternoon. In the city station she was right behind him, getting off the train, and he looked around for a restaurant. Or maybe he had gone to a hotel because he was naturally neat and tidy and would prefer a good wash. Early in the afternoon he went up to the college. She imagined him standing between tall pillars, speaking to some one with a bald head. She opened her eyes suddenly, her hands moist and cold, nervous because she had no idea what Bill might say. If he were asked too many questions his thoughts might get twisted; then she smiled to herself, watching the comic again, for Bill was far too serious to be long without words.

After the show she walked on Main Street. Most young fellows with good clothes walked along the street after it got dark. They walked sometimes four abreast when without girls. She went as far west as Findlay's flour-and-feed store and down two blocks to the station. The nine-twenty-five was on time, and she hurried, cutting across the well-kept station lawn, hoping no one would see her. She was on the platform when Bill got off the train. He kissed her awkwardly, as though people were watching, and, without speaking, they crossed the tracks in front of the engine, the bell still clanging. Always when she crossed in front of an engine to take the path home she got a nervous thrill, imagining the engine might suddenly move forward the very moment she tripped on the track. On the path she said: "How'd it go, Bill?"

"Not so good."

"As good as you expected?"

"Nope."

Standing on the station platform in the light from the waiting-room he had seemed tired and worried, and she decided not to ask questions until they got home. She tried now to see the expression on his face, but there was no moon and it was dark. It looked like rain. The air was heavy and the tall grass still. Her feet felt hot and she wondered what Bill would have thought if she had come down the path to meet him in her bare feet.

She lit the lamp in the kitchen and drew two chairs up to the kitchen-table. "Come on now, Bill, tell me about it."

Yawning, he stretched his legs, avoiding her eyes, his hands fumbling awkwardly in his pockets. "There's nothing to tell," he said.

Her lips moved, staring at him. She turned away quickly. She looked at the lamp, then listened intently, as though a noise outside had aroused her. "Is that the wind on the bushes, or does it sound like rain?" she said.

"I don't hear anything," he said mildly.

"It's just the wind on the bushes."

"Now I hear the leaves rustling."

(Continued on page 118 of this number.)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Figures in a Mexican Renaissance

BEING VARIOUS ENCOUNTERS AMONG THE INTELLIGENTSIA MEXICANA

BY WILLIAM SPRATLING

WITH PORTRAIT SKETCHES BY THE AUTHOR

On returning to Mexico, one of the first things I attended to was looking up Diego Rivera. He was working on the last stages of his celebrated murals in the patio of the Ministry of Education, and as my companion and I entered the building he could be seen above, on the third-floor gallery, painting, his huge figure perched high on scaffolding.

"Que tal, Diego!" I called up in my limited Spanish. "Comment ça va, Spratling!" was the smiling response in good French. There followed introductions and interrogations, interrupted by the necessity for inspecting the glowing compositions of the recent panels. So interesting were they, and so powerfully did they demand my attention, that I must needs leave Diego in conversation with my friend—a prominent New York stage-designer, who, I was glad, also spoke perfect French—in order to follow up the amazing series of paintings that had taken place since I had last been there.

These were no formulated decorations, nor were they the abstracted results of a carefully individualized manner. It was sound painting, organic in every sense, and the impulse back of it was that of one who is fired by a great social consciousness and imagination, not merely by what might be "decor" in color. One felt the analysis of the strivings of a nation here. Above the firmly drawn and powerfully painted figures in the panels ran the "canciones" of the people, their letters blazoned on simply draped ribbons which related the series. In some of this series Rivera had even employed caricature, and there was one where could be seen the capitalists of America dining, with only dollars in their plates, and a stock-ticker for a side-dish. Rule by the military class in Mexico also came in for its share of derision. One of the murals illustrated the obvious strength of the peasants as producers of food, with the verse ". . . . el dinero sin alimentos no vale nada . . ." draped appropriately above.

Returning to Rivera and S., I found my friend with note-book in hand. Diego was giving him formulas for encaustics and rules for applying paint. I caught a remark to the effect that the self-styled modernists would perhaps be better painters were they willing to learn their craft. Diego was explaining that he found all this wealth of subjective material around him a means rather than an obstacle in his efforts to create form. I thought to myself that there indeed was a sound and proper

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

attitude for one who was a painter and a man and, in this case, for one who was in touch with the problems of something greater than himself as an individual.

While we were there, men passed from time to time and frequently stopped for a word with the painter, seeking his opinion about this or that. It was clear that what he had to say carried weight. We left him being interviewed about something that had to do with imperialism, about which he expressed himself smilingly in a few short sentences, brush in hand; and, finally, he turned back with all intentness to the unfinished figures on the wall.

Before identifying himself with the revolution in 1910, Rivera had already studied abroad. His sense of nationalism for Mexico as well as his convictions about what was Mexican in painting doubtless began to crystallize during those months of working for the revolutionary cause and with the Zapatistas in 1910 and 1911. This is mentioned in his own biographical notes.

The years from 1911 to 1921 were spent mostly in France, where the influence of Picasso, and more particularly of Pissarro, both of whom were his good friends, made itself felt. Besides these, there were later influences, and in 1918 we find that he has remarked the importance of Cézanne and Renoir. It was about this period, too, that Rivera found a warm friend in Elie Faure, whose sympathy and reassurance doubtless meant much to the future leader of a modernistic movement in Mexico.

With the revolution of 1921 things began to happen for the cause of the arts in Mexico. It was at this point that Diego Rivera and his contemporaries, including Orozco, Guillermo Ruiz, a sculptor, and the young architect Carlos Obregon, fostered the formation of a sort of corporation of painters on the basis of a workmen's union. It was a great beginning and, though it must be said that the original group has not maintained its unity, much good work has been accomplished.

Rivera himself was commissioned, at stipulated laborer's wages, to execute his decorations for the National Preparatory School, and a year later, in 1923, began the now famous murals in the courts of the Ministry of Education.

This is an instance of what is happening culturally in Mexico to-day. The same sort of constructional vistas are opening up in other directions, and possibly most of all in public education, which department of the government has received more power to do good (in the form of substantial appropriations) than perhaps any other, even including that of war.

Moises Saenz, as subsecretary of education, has shown more untiring effort in the matter of educating the Indian than probably any other individual in the government there to-day. It being the peculiar problem of this administration to bring into class-consciousness and into effective suffrage native Indian Mexico, which forms a good third of the population, rural schools have been not only a crying need but actually the only specific means of bringing far-flung communities into contact and making them integral with the nation. Here has been a problem for Calles's administration even greater than that of assimilating the cumbersome military machine.

This subsecretary is at work in many directions. He may be seen in his offices in the Secretaria—where he is a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

decidedly approachable person and where he keeps long hours—or he is apt to be met almost anywhere in the Republic, from evenings among the intelligentsia in the city to an encounter in some remote pueblocito, or Indian village, in the mountains. Among these people he is accustomed to make extended trips of inspection, and here his visits and talks take on a paternal aspect that amounts to something almost religious—judging from the honors and welcomes that attend his visits among them.

As a Mexican, he is a rather tall man. He has a decidedly pleasant manner, and is never more interesting than when talking about the educational problems of his government. It is easy to see that he is very much in earnest. Moreover, he talks well. He will be remembered in this country for a number of lectures which he has delivered at various universities, and particularly for those at the University of Chicago, which have since been published in a two-volume edition, along with articles by Herbert Priestly and Manuel Gamio. Interviewing him, one notes that he has the hands of an executive, large and well shaped. His features are strong, with a broad forehead and the thoughtful eyes of a scholar. When he smiles, there is revealed expansively a set of gleaming white teeth.

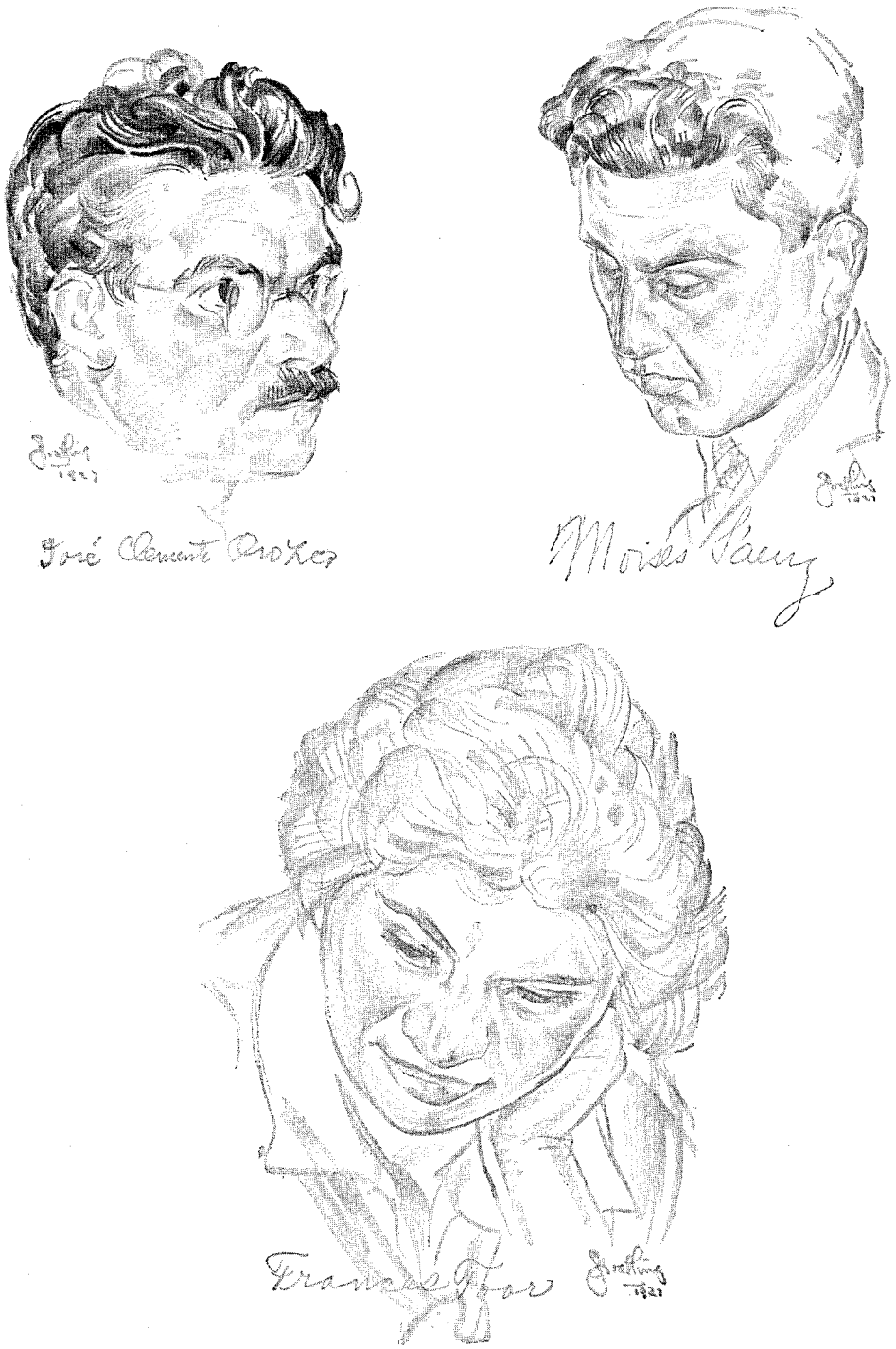
Like most educated Mexicans of administrative position, Doctor Saenz is well aware of what is going on abroad as well as in Mexico in matters of art and literature. He may not be interested in the abstractions of a Brancusi or in the musical ideas of an Antheil. However, it is significant of this "cultural renaissance" which Mexico is experiencing that men as broad in their sympathies as Saenz should be directing the educational policies of the nation.

In the fine old monastery that is now the Biblioteca Nacional in Mexico City, I found many books on the glories of Spain in the New World. Among them, and with its six tall volumes filling a large area of a certain shelf, was the work of Doctor Atl's on "Churches and Convents of Mexico," a richly illustrated and completely annotated study of the old buildings. Also there were the two thick volumes of his "Popular Arts of Mexico," which, I understand, has been out of print for some time. Having had the opportunity to see the "Churches and Convents" in the offices of the *Journal of the American Institute of Architects* in New York, to whom the Mexican Government had given a set, and being particularly interested in these things, I became desirous of an introduction to the man who seemed to know so much about them. He was hard to find, and I had almost decided that he was a mythical character. People would describe him as "Mexico's man of genius," and there were many stories of the variety of activities in which he interested himself. Few, however, seemed to know him personally. Finally, a friend on a newspaper managed it, and I met Atl.

He was living in the old Convento del Merced, in the oldest and most ruinous section of Mexico City. Passing from a busy market outside and entering through the tremendously thick portals into a great patio surrounded by seventeenth-century arcades gave us the sensation of coming into a somewhat vast and forgotten space.

Doctor Atl was in his study, a large vaulted room on the second floor, his back toward the door, and at that mo-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



José Clemente Orozco is one of Mexico's great revolutionary artists, best known for his murals in the National Preparatory School. Moises Saenz, minister of education, has worked untiringly to arouse to effective suffrage the native Indians of Mexico through rural schools. Frances Toor, the American editor of the magazine *Mexican Folkways,* is closely associated with the new renaissance in Mexican art and literature.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Doctor Atl, painter, explorer, and author of "Churches and Convents in Mexico," is known in his country as Mexico's man of genius. Carlos Obregon Santacilia is a young architect, representative of the generation which has come to the front since the revolution of 1921. Diego Rivera, Mexico's great modern painter, friend of Picasso, Pissarro, and Elie Faure, whose murals in the Ministry of Education have won him world-wide recognition, will have his first American exhibition in New York this winter.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ment dictating to a dark-haired stenographer, who had black eyes and that sort of transparency of skin that only Mexicans of a higher class possess. He turned and with a quick movement was on his feet and ready with a hearty *embrazo* and many *felicitaciones* for my friend. He was a man in his late sixties, apparently dressed for an expedition, with whip-cord breeches and jacket of corduroy. His movements were quick and energetic and his face quite animated in talking.

In the ensuing conversation my newspaper friend found little to say, though he attempted now and then to question the doctor about his explorations of the volcanoes. But nothing must interfere with our talk about the business of Spanish architectural influences in Mexico and Latin America. And I listened well to this little man who, beyond doubt, had more knowledge about these things than any one living.

I broached the subject of the "churrigueresque," that byword of the late Spanish baroque which so many, whether students or not, like to apply indiscriminately. Almost all of the seventeenth and early eighteenth century buildings in Mexico (which period there is most fertile in imaginative quality and in vigor of detail) are thus classified. This idea the doctor repudiated thoroughly and with vehemence. "The series of architectural works of the seventeenth century have essentially Mexican characteristics and cannot possibly be confused with those of either Churriguera, Tomé, Pedro de Ribera, Miguel de Figueroa, or any of the other Spanish architects of those times. Nothing could be more absurd!" Books were brought forth and comparisons made. They proved conclusively that what he had asserted was correct. Not only that, but in some cases in checking contemporary examples it even seemed that Mexican influence—the influence, that is, of her richly tropic plant forms—had had an even stronger effect on architectural form in Spain than Spain had had on the New World.

Not only has Atl made a twenty-five-year study of architectural Mexico, the results of which, published by the Mexican Government, are comprised in his "Las Eglesias y Conventos Mexicanos," but he is also a painter of note and has been exhibited successfully in Paris years ago. And he is still painting to-day with the same sense of experiment that invariably marks the true artist. Moreover, he is an indefatigable explorer, and besides being president of a well-known exploration society is regarded as the greatest authority on the Mexican volcanoes—Popocatepetl, Ixtaccihuatl, and Citlaltepetl (Orizaba). In other words, in Doctor Atl I had found a man who was not merely a perennial enthusiast on the subject of the architecture of his own country or an aimless "nature-bug," but a man of broad applications and a really important authority; also one for whom almost everything in life still holds the excitement of an adventure. On the whole, it was a decidedly worth-while morning, as far as I was concerned. I was particularly pleased with the visit for the reason that the theories brought out in conversation had merely confirmed my own ideas as to the stimulating qualities of Mexico itself.

A certain sculptural quality and a primitiveness of line that is almost Aztec marks the otherwise simply "modernistic" buildings of the young architect Carlos Obregon. Here is an example of one of the younger men who have

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

come to the front since the revolution of 1921, and who to-day is recognized as the foremost of Mexico's *ingenieros architectos*. He is a well-trained and able architect of about thirty years of age, and in the past four or five years has been responsible for the designing and construction of such buildings as the new Department of Public Health —an enormous group of buildings being erected in Mexico City—the remodelling of the Foreign Relations Office, and the splendid new Bank of Mexico, just completed. While it cannot be denied that these recent structures reflect in some measure ideals already advanced in contemporary French work (due, doubtless, to Obregon's contacts abroad), they are certainly far fresher and more vital forms of building than those to be found in the average State capital of the United States. Furthermore, it must be said that they do suggest a consciousness of what is native to Mexico, and that, after all, is the important thing back of all that is truly traditional.

I had rather begun to think of José Clemente Orozco as Mexico's "enfant terrible," judging from the murals and grim caricatures by this painter which I had seen either on the walls of the Preparatoria or published in political periodicals. The opposite was the case.

Going down to where he was painting, I found a quiet, visionary sort of man at work there. He was reticent in manner and even a little too modest about being drawn in pencil. That he was a man who possessed but one arm seemed a fact to which he apparently attached little importance. He even ventured a little joke about himself and ex-President Obregon, who is famous for his one arm.

Orozco is well known in Mexico, where his work has more than once formed the bone of contention in bitter controversies. Aside from anything that might be said for or against his paintings, Orozco is indisputably a man of deep convictions and, like Rivera, his convictions extend beyond what relates to merely beauty in design. He is deeply conscious socially, and his pen caricatures are acrid and biting denunciations of bourgeois Mexico—when they are not merely amusing comments on current vulgarisms. Knowing these drawings, it is easy to visualize the unreasoning fear of the unprintable that inspired our good customs agents at the border to confiscate a collection of his drawings that had been arranged for exhibit in a California art gallery. It is easy, too, to understand Orozco's disgust with this sort of shallowness on the part of government officials. It was probably not the first time his drawings, done with such evident sincerity of conception, had been misunderstood.

As a matter of fact, Clemente Orozco is intensely an individualist, and one whose reactions to contemporary existence are not apt to be of the tame and well-ordered variety. In this sense the only contemporary with whom he can definitely be compared is perhaps the German, George Grosse, with the exception that Orozco's paintings on the walls of the Preparatoria Nacional reveal constructive ideals of peculiarly far-reaching importance.

Frances Toor, the editor of *Mexican Folkways,* is also, like Diego Rivera, "all over the shop" in Mexico—artistically speaking. She is the one American there who has consistently devoted herself toward preserving what is traditionally and indigenously Mexican in art,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and not only this but to the cause of the artists as well. Hers is almost entirely a work of co-ordination and research, and at the same time she is thoroughly in touch with all the various movements and maintains a certain relationship between the departments of the government and the intelligentsia. The newspapers in Mexico like to refer to her as "la editora fecunda y sapiente," an appellation which both she and I found vastly amusing.

This "editora" is close to the Indian. She has travelled alone through many remote regions in Mexico for her material, and the results of these trips have occasionally formed priceless chapters in folkloric research. The names of her contributing editors make an impressive list and include such as Manuel Gamio, archæologist and former educational leader in Mexico; Tata Nacho, the singer and composer; and Carleton Beals, the American writer and authority on things Mexican. Diego Rivera is her art editor.

Through Frances Toor I met many of the literati, including the younger group of poets and writers as well as the editors of the art magazine *Forma,* and Salvador Novo, who, with Xavier Villaurrutia, edits the literary monthly *Ulises.* Among this group could be found people from all branches of the arts, ranging from woodcut illustrators such as Fernando Leal and that other well-known wood-engraver Diaz de Leon to and including the Minister of Foreign Affairs, Genaro Estrada, who is also a distinguished novelist. Naturally, there are also newspaper people. Rafael Valle, an editor of the *Excelsior,* and Esperanza Velasquez Bringas, brilliant publicity director for Calles's presidential campaign, and now head of the national libraries, could be seen among them. At the summer school, which has been an important phase of Mexico's intellectual development, most of these people could be found at one time or another, frequently themselves in charge of a special class in literature or archæology. Their enthusiasm for cultural progress seemed to portend a real awakening for Mexico, and a more than merely social one.

It is the impossibility of separating these artists and writers from their period, from the toil and strivings of the nation, that lends them particular significance. With the promulgation of the agrarian laws and the gradual distribution of land—with the newly found rights of the laborer and the possibility of education for the Indian—new values have been established and the consciousness of these changes has become far-reaching and all-inclusive, providing for the painter not only mental stimulus but a new reason for being. Art in this sense need be no mere propaganda, since it may actually become a part of the fabric where formerly it was only accessory. The changes and social evolution of Italy of the quattrocento certainly provide no stranger background for a Renaissance than do the circumstances of Mexico of to-day with her scene of cultural growth being staged against a background of real primitivism.

NOTE: Since this article was written, various minor changes have taken place in the Mexican Government and among the younger periodicals there.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Justice Holmes Dissents

BY JOSEPH PERCIVAL POLLARD

"Holmes and Brandeis dissenting" is a familiar phrase in the reports of the proceedings of the United States Supreme Court. Mr. Pollard has made an interesting study of the principles and human qualities which underlie the dissents of Justice Holmes from the opinions of the majority.

GREAT judges are apt to be great men only in the eyes of lawyers. Lawyers escape with difficulty from training and contact, and consequently their admiration for masterful logic leads them to make gods out of the men who grace the higher tribunals. The layman, on the other hand, dependent on the ballyhoo of the press for his idols, seldom knows one judge from another while they are alive and functioning, and readily lets them drop into oblivion when dead. It is a matter of more or less common knowledge that the political development of this country has been the outgrowth through the years of the running battle between the principles of Hamilton and Jefferson. Yet not one man in fifty knows that Judge John Marshall is the man responsible for the increasing triumph of the plan of the former.

The nature of the judicial calling, the remoteness from the rough and tumble of life, and the lack of any dramatic quality about their stern and tedious tasks, are effective stumbling-blocks to fame. But the judges are not satisfied with these. They must not only be in an insulated chamber; they must drop that chamber down into the depths of the past, and speak from there. Living spokesmen for dead judges are twice removed from the facts of life. Add to their reverence for precedent their joy in pushing conclusions to dryly logical extremes, regardless of their relation to justice, and their lack of interest in man as a man rather than as a legalistic specimen, and you have a sufficient explanation of their failure as great men.

But general propositions never hit everybody, and these fail to hit Judge Oliver Wendell Holmes. Judge Holmes is a great man. He has come to be recognized as such by layman as well as lawyer. If you ask your neighbor to tell you who is on the United States Supreme Court, he may say Brandeis, he will probably say Taft (though not because Taft is a judge), but he will be sure to say Holmes. Holmes has made an indelible mark on his mind, not only because he has seen the judge's name in a news item as a dissenter, but because it has somehow been brought to his attention that this judge is very human, and therefore important to him. Or your neighbor may be better informed than some as to the facts of the case decided. He may consider Holmes's dissents in the light of his own conservatism, and brand him as a radical. That would be almost as far from the truth as to brand him as a reactionary. It would take more than his liberal outlook on life to turn this white-haired cavalier and New England aristocrat into a red.

If for no other reason than his age

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Judge Holmes is entitled to everlasting glory. Eighty-seven years old his last birthday, he is as youthful in spirit as when his Civil War wounds were fresh. He established the age record for the Supreme Court long ago. No one had ever before sat on that bench at his age. Taney, of Dred Scott fame, lived to be eighty-seven, but retired at eighty-four. Field, Story, and Marshall all served longer terms, but died much younger men. Fortunately for the country, time has made no inroads on the keen intellect of this perennial youth of the court.

He has a happy ancestry. The son of the distinguished poet and Autocrat of the Breakfast Table, the grandson of one of Massachusetts's leading jurists, he has come naturally by his talent for law and letters. His literary ability is marked. For besides being the author of many legal works which have profoundly affected the profession, he has, in his written opinions, expressed his interpretation of the law in a literary style which has no equal for crystal-clear phrasing and epigrammatic force. Where other judges are given to extensive and elaborate dissertations, Holmes's opinions are short and concise, the result of an artistic weeding out of the immaterial. He thinks things instead of words—an idea he has sometimes suggested in vain to his colleagues—and then puts those things in words of phosphorescence. And as is the case with most men interested in the welfare of mankind, and able to do something about it, he abounds in humor. What Meredith said of Molière is true of Justice Holmes: "The source of his wit is clear reason: it is a fountain of that soil; and it springs to vindicate reason, common sense, rightness, and justice; for no vain purpose ever."

It is in his determination of constitutional problems that we see the amazing dexterity of the man's mind. The Constitution, to him, is a flexible document, capable of harmonizing with the changing needs of society, rather than a rigid rule of law operating against the best interests of the people. Its interpretation is a political rather than a juristic matter, and requires a different approach on the part of judges than does a problem in the Law of Mortgages. Whether the act of a legislature, State or Federal, conflicts with the fundamental law of the land, is a matter which involves the public welfare to a far greater extent than any mere dispute between individual litigants. And it is on these important affairs of statecraft that Judge Holmes brings to bear the full force of his wisdom and humanity.

From 1902, when he was appointed to the Supreme Court by President Roosevelt, to the present day, Judge Holmes has consistently sought to suppress tyranny, whether that tyranny come from judges who construe the troublesome words "liberty" and "property" so literally as to imperil the public welfare, or whether it come from legislatures who interfere with the fundamental guaranties of the Bill of Rights. He has sought to secure the ultimate happiness of mankind by giving free scope to legislatures in making needful regulations for the general health and security of their citizens, and not going out of his way to discover some mythical constitutional limitation to prevent them. He has sought to benefit the people of the country by adhering to the principles of fair play, by driving out fraud, and by helping the under-dog whenever such help does not interfere with an obvious constitutional privilege of somebody else. And in so doing he

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

has carried out the purposes of the founders of the Constitution.

One of the earliest cases of any importance in which he played a part is significant of many of his characteristics. Roosevelt, at the height of his zealous trust-busting, wanted the Hill-Morgan railway combination dissolved by Supreme Court decree, and he expected his new appointee to help him. The court did dissolve the combine in the famous Northern Securities case in 1903, but Justice Holmes showed his utter fearlessness and independence by dissenting from the majority opinion. His dissent was due to his keen insight into economic conditions. With prophetic vision he saw the universal advantages to be derived from combinations of private capital, which are amply attested by the corporate mergers of today, and which the Supreme Court itself recognized in upholding the United States Steel combine in 1920. This display of liberalism in support of capital should allay somewhat the fears of those who see such danger in his support of labor.

In 1905 Judge Holmes showed that justice and humanity could be reconciled with constitutional law by leading the dissent from one of the most outrageous opinions ever handed down from that tribunal. The Lochner case was the first case to conjure up the Fourteenth Amendment to thwart the legislative remedying of bad economic and social conditions. The question before the court was whether the New York law limiting the hours of labor for bakers should be thrown out as interfering with the "liberty" of contract thought to be guaranteed by the Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution. A bare majority of the judges decided that the law was such an interference, and that the legislature could not deprive employer and employee of their freedom to bargain for services. With the result that the bakery overlords continued to swell their profits at the risk of ill health to the bakers and contaminated bread to the public. The case aroused a storm of protest throughout the country, but it started a precedent for much bad law and injustice in subsequent cases involving the conflict between the Fourteenth Amendment and the State police power.

Against all this Judge Holmes has fought valiantly. Seeing the need of equality of position before there can be any real freedom to contract, he has, time and again, sought to uphold the State legislatures in their attempts to bring this about. And ten years after the Lochner case he was instrumental in bringing the court to uphold an Oregon law regulating hours of labor in factories—the court thus quietly overruling the Lochner case, though never admitting their mistake.

But the Old Guard hates to give in. While they will reluctantly admit the power of the legislature to regulate hours of labor for men and women, they will not admit the same for minimum wages for women, although both are measures seeking to remove conditions that lead to ill health and the deterioration of the race. In the Adkins case, in 1923, Judge Holmes had occasion to voice again his protest over the academic but unjust application of the word "liberty." When the majority of the court threw out the Minimum Wage Act for women in the District of Columbia, he said:

"I confess that I do not understand the principle on which the power to fix a minimum for the wages of women can be denied by those who admit the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

power to fix a maximum for their hours of work. . . . The bargain is equally affected whichever half you regulate. . . . It will need more than the Nineteenth Amendment to convince me that there are no differences between men and women."

However men may differ as to the advisability of Congress extending its power under the Commerce Clause to regulate conduct commonly looked upon as within the peculiar province of the States, there are some instances where Judge Holmes is convinced that the end justifies the means. He made this clear by his dissent in the Child Labor case in 1918. Congress had enacted a statute prohibiting the shipment in interstate commerce of any product of a cotton-mill in which children between the ages of 14 and 16 had been employed more than 8 hours a day or more than 6 days a week. A harassed mill-owner having invoked the convenient "due process" clause of the Fifth Amendment to remove this legislative burden, the matter came before the Supreme Court for decision, and the necessary five judges, having no precedent for this particular attempt to build up a federal police power, held that Congress was powerless to do so. Holmes, however, saw the real issue of social expediency. He asserted, with characteristic vigor, that the national law-making body should not be disturbed in taking measures to stamp out a nation-wide evil in the interest of the national welfare:

"If there is any matter upon which civilized countries have agreed—far more unanimously than they have with regard to intoxicants and some other matters on which this country is now emotionally aroused—it is the evil of premature and excessive child labor."

In the above cases it will be seen that Judge Holmes voted not only to improve conditions for men, women, and children performing manual labor, but also—and it is important to bear this in mind—not to disturb, by judicial interference, the judgment of legislative bodies whose business it is to adopt regulations in furtherance of the public good. And his idea of having judges refrain from meddling in the affairs of legislatures is amply revealed in the further labor cases dealing with unions and injunctions, notably the Adair and Coppage cases, and the Truax case.

In the Adair case, decided in 1908, a locomotive fireman on a Western railroad had been discharged because of his affiliation with a labor-union. As an Act of Congress had made it a criminal offense for an employer to discharge a man for that reason, the employer was indicted under the statute. He, of course, called loudly upon the Fifth Amendment to protect him, screaming that he had been deprived of his freedom of contract, and the constitutional fight was on. The majority of the court tore up the law as in conflict with what they considered the paramount right of the employer under the Fifth Amendment. But not Justice Holmes. He voted to uphold the Act of Congress which had been passed to protect the working man, not simply because he sympathized with the working man:

"The Act simply prohibits the more powerful party to exact certain undertakings," but because Congress, as the national lawmaking body, had seen fit to exercise a power specifically given to it by the Commerce Clause of the Constitution:

"To prevent strikes might be deemed by Congress an important point of policy."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"I quite agree that the question what and how much good labor-unions do, is one on which intelligent people may differ; I think that laboring men sometimes attribute to them advantages, as many attribute to combinations of capital disadvantages, that really are due to economic conditions of a far wider and deeper kind; but I would not pronounce it unwarranted if Congress should decide that to foster a strong union was for the best interest, not only of the men, but of the railroads, and the country at large."

Here again his insight into economic facts; his practical philosophy of the law as a living thing. The twenty years that have passed since these words were uttered have seen instances of the abuse of power on both sides, just as they have seen industrial progress develop from strong combinations of both labor and capital.

But in the Truax case, in 1921, the majority of his colleagues rode roughshod over the Holmes idea of deference to legislative will in matters of internal policy, and put the boot to an Arizona statute forbidding the use of injunctions in labor disputes. Here a restaurant proprietor had attempted to enjoin a demonstration of his striking cooks and waiters, but found himself balked by the law forbidding it. This law he tortured into a deprivation of "property," and so convinced the court—in spite of Holmes's contention that it was not the duty of the Supreme Court to step into the shoes of the Arizona legislature, and substitute their judgment for that of the local body knowing best how to remedy the local situation.

Holmes's liberalism in giving the sanction of law to the developing forces of society is not by any means confined to labor struggles. Seeing the legislature as the spokesman of any dominant public opinion, he will strive as fervently to uphold its actions in behalf of an oppressed theatregoer as he will in behalf of an oppressed hod-carrier. His dissent in the Tyson case, in 1927, reveals his indignation over profiteering at the expense of the cultural development of the people. The New York legislature had seen fit to regulate the price of theatre tickets because of the prevalent evil of gross overcharging among ticket brokers in the city of New York. This benevolent law was promptly declared invalid by a bare majority of the court, who again polished up the halo around the word "property," and turned a deaf ear to the novel and, to them, astounding suggestion that the theatre was vested with a sufficient "public interest" to be the subject of regulation. To this Holmes gave a characteristic answer:

"The truth seems to me to be that, subject to compensation where compensation is due, the legislature may forbid or restrict any business when it has a sufficient force of public opinion behind it. . . . If we are to yield to fashionable conventions, it seems to me that theatres are as much devoted to public use as anything well can be. We have not that respect for art that is one of the glories of France. But to many people the superfluous is the necessary, and it seems to me that the government does not go beyond its sphere in attempting to make life livable for them."

As, in restricting the application of the Fifth and Fourteenth Amendments to cases where they do not conflict with a paramount public interest, Judge Holmes endeavors to make law compatible with justice, so he does in zealously guarding the rights of the individual guaranteed by the Bill of Rights. When a government agency acts, in its

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

proper sphere, for the general welfare, well and good. But when a government agency exercises that tyranny which the founders of the Constitution sought to escape, then Judge Holmes has something to say about it. The constitutional guaranty of free speech has been more than once curbed by a legislature fearful for the political status quo. To this Holmes is opposed. Not because he is in favor of the soap-box doctrines of government, but because he feels the people should be free to make their own social and political experiments, and thus be able to see the folly of their own frenzies. In 1915 he wrote:

"The notion that with socialized property we should have women free and a piano for everybody seems to me an empty humbug." "I have no belief in panaceas and almost none in sudden ruin. Hence I am not much interested one way or the other in the nostrums now so strenuously urged."

And in 1920:

"With effervescing opinions, as with the not yet forgotten champagnes, the quickest way to let them get flat is to let them get exposed to the air."

During those five years much happened. The country was engaged in war, and the Espionage Act had been passed to curb the seditious utterances everywhere broadcast by malcontents. Debs and others had been convicted of violating the Espionage Act, and Holmes joined his colleagues in upholding the conviction, because it had been clearly proved that they had committed acts hostile to the government in time of war. Then came the Abrams case, in 1920, and with it one of Judge Holmes's greatest dissents. Abrams and other Russian revolutionists in New York had been convicted of sedition under the Espionage Act for distributing pamphlets designed to prevent the United States from interfering with the Russian Revolution. And not only convicted but sentenced to prison for twenty years. It had not been shown at the trial that the issuing of these inflammatory pronunciamentos had caused any actual harm, or had interfered in any way with the government's carrying on of the war. In pointing out that there was no need to get so thoroughly hysterical as to nullify the fundamental right of free speech, when the exercise of that right involved no present danger to the nation, Justice Holmes said:

"We should be eternally vigilant against attempts to check the expression of opinions that we loathe and believe to be fraught with death, unless they so imminently threaten immediate interference with the lawful and pressing purposes of the law that an immediate check is required to save the country. . . . Now nobody can suppose that the surreptitious publishing of a silly leaflet by an unknown man, without more, would present any immediate danger that its opinions would hinder the success of the government arms or have any appreciable tendency to do so. . . . The ultimate good desired is better reached by free trade in ideas—the best test of truth is the power of the thought to get itself accepted in the competition of the market."

This doctrine of benign tolerance he had occasion to voice again in 1925 in opposition to a New York law which made criminal any advocating of the upheaval of organized government, no matter how gradual the process. Under this law Benjamin Gitlow was tried and convicted of criminal anarchy for having published a manifesto which urged, in extravagant general terms, the sub-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

stitution of Communism for the existing capitalistic form of government—the folly of which no one appreciates better than Judge Holmes. Yet he dissented from the opinion of the court, declared the statute an invalid interference with the liberty of speech, and again asserted the right of the people to work out their own future.

Judge Holmes is as quick to find a deprivation of a fundamental right in a judicial proceeding as in a legislative enactment. In a case which came up to the Supreme Court from the State of Georgia in 1915 he showed, by a vigorous dissenting opinion, that "due process of law," under the Constitution, includes the right that every accused person has to a fair and impartial trial. Leo Frank, a Jew, on trial for the murder of a white girl, had been convicted by a jury so strongly intimidated by a mob bent on lynching that the whole court-room proceeding was a farce. The judge and jury, as well as the prisoner, would have been lynched if there had been a verdict of acquittal. But the Georgia high court had held that "due process" was satisfied by the State going through the mere form of a trial, and the United States Supreme Court said that ended the matter—that they were bound by the State court's decision on matters of State procedure. Holmes, however, tore through form and got to substance. No matter how guilty, the prisoner was entitled to a fair trial and he had not had it. He had thus been deprived of a right guaranteed him by the federal Constitution, and he should have a new trial:

"Mob law does not become due process of law by securing the assent of a terrorized jury. . . . It is our duty to declare lynch-law as little valid when practised by a regularly drawn jury as when administered by one elected by a mob intent on death."

It is interesting to note that Holmes's dissent in this case became the opinion of the court eight years later. A case coming up from Arkansas in 1923, involving exactly the same sort of terrorism—black defendants hurried to conviction under mob domination—was sent back to the State court with instructions to give the accused a new and fair trial.

Here is his ever-present spirit of fair play. The spirit of fair play that caused him, back in 1906, to dissent so vigorously from the lengthy conclusion of Chief Justice White in the Haddock divorce case. Haddock had divorced his wife in Connecticut. Years later, Haddock having acquired a fortune, his ex-wife saw fit to claim they were still married, and, with an eye to alimony, she sued for divorce in New York. Haddock set up in defense that they were already divorced. But the New York court said: "No, we refuse to recognize the Connecticut decree. You may be divorced in Connecticut, but you are still married in New York." And the United States Supreme Court, by a five to four vote, upheld the New York court, and allowed a technicality to triumph over that part of the Constitution which says that every State shall give full faith and credit to the judgments of a sister State.

Holmes, however, as in the Frank case, saw the injustice to the party adversely affected. And as he saw, in the Frank case, the disastrous consequences that might attend the legal sanction of lynching, so he saw here the happiness of many innocent people sacrificed to a harsh and erroneous rule of law:

"As the reasoning which prevails in the mind of the majority does not con-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

vince me, and as I think that the decision is likely to cause considerable disaster to innocent persons and to bastardize children hitherto supposed to be the offspring of lawful marriage, I think it proper to express my views."

Thanks to his having expressed his views so forcefully for years, views which mould logic into the realities of life, so that ultimate comfort and happiness will be promoted rather than hindered by law, Judge Holmes has carved a niche for himself in the hall of our truly great. His departure from the conventional approach to legal problems has been a wide-spread influence for good in the profession. He has brought judges to consider the cases before them not only in the light of settled conclusions of the past, but also of the social and economic conditions that entered into the forming of those conclusions. A judge must indeed be worth heeding who can convince the Supreme Court to depart from its own solemn pronouncements. And this Judge Holmes has done on matters of vital constitutional importance, thereby promoting the well-being of capital as well as labor, and of subject as well as sovereign. Though he is still dissenting to-day—on June 4, 1928, he had occasion to denounce the "dirty business" of government agents tapping telephone-wires in order to get evidence to be used in criminal prosecutions—he is leading his colleagues more and more in decisions they would not have made but for his early struggles. He cannot last forever. But he can go to his rest happy in the knowledge that the further progress of the law will be along the broad human path blazed by his dissenting opinions.

Tommy's Wife

BY COREY FORD

"Duck, Chris, for the love o' God!"

"Do what?"

"Like I told you, y' sap. Fade! Evaporate! Here."

"And why," demanded Chris, peering from the dark doorway into which his companion had unceremoniously hauled him, "should I be ducking? S'pose I am, a crook or somethin'? Might think," he muttered, polishing his derby resentfully with an elbow, "we was playin' a little game o' cops and robbers, Ed, shovin' me around . . ."

"Shut up," advised Ed in a growl.

"Shut up?"

"Keep still, y' sap. They're goin' by now. Don't you see 'em?"

"Oh, them!" Chris stared at the two women who hurried past, their arms filled with bundles; the younger one was laughing gaily as she chatted in an undertone. A trolley slowed down at her signal; she took her elderly companion by the arm and helped her from the curb. As the door slammed behind them and the car moved forward with a grunt of wheels, Ed released his tense

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

grip on his friend's arm with a sigh of relief.

"Gees, what a narrow escape!" he breathed. "It's good I seen 'em in time, ain't it?"

"Yeh, but who are they?" asked Chris, working the muscles of his arm reproachfully.

"Who are they? Couldn't you see 'em?" Ed gazed at his friend in disgust. "Tommy's wife an' his old woman."

"Hully Gees," gasped Chris reverently.

"You see?" crowed the other. "An' if it hadn't of been for me, you'd of had to gone home with 'em in the trolley, after what's just happened. Maybe that would of been a swell job, I don't think!"

"Looks like they don't know nothin' about it, neither."

"Of course they don't know nothin' about it. Otherwise they wouldn't hardly be going through the streets laughing and talking, would they, if they knew? Use your bean."

"We should of broke the news to 'em, I s'pose," mused Chris, staring down the tracks where the trolley had disappeared.

"Go ahead," said Ed magnanimously. "Go to it. Nobody's stoppin' you, are they? You can run down the tracks an' maybe catch 'em yet. Why don't you?"

"Well, I don't know," wriggled Chris uneasily. "I ain't so good at that kind of thing, Ed, to be frank. When they start to cry I don' know what to do with my hands. I wouldn't be so good . . ."

"Well, me neither," replied Ed, "an' that's that. It's up to Parker. He's the boss. It's up to him. They'll know soon enough, anyways."

"Yeh, they'll know soon enough, anyways." Chris studied the trolley-tracks converging in the distance. "It'll seem funny at the plant without Tommy there no more. Mooney cuss, wasn't he!"

"Quiet, yeh. Didn't talk much. Particularly the last coupla years, after he got married."

"No, I seen that. Hell of a good guy, though. Always give the other fellow the breaks. You know, Ed, he'd of been a lot further along if he hadn't been such a good guy. People sort o' took advantage of Tommy."

"Like Parker done."

"Yeh, like Parker done." Chris shook his head. "Ain't it the hell how so good a guy like Tommy should get bumped off so sudden? Yesterday he was workin' next to me, Ed, as close as I'm standin' to you now; and to-day . . ." He flipped a cigarette.

"Well," said Ed.

"Cleanin' his gun, wasn't it?"

"Yeh, that's how the afternoon papers says it happened."

"Funny," pondered Chris, "why he should be cleanin' his gun so early in the morning. Wonder why he done that."

"How the hell should I know?" demanded Ed.

"And then I wonder why his wife don't know nothin' about it yet," scratching his head. "She must of left home mighty early. Before him, I mean."

"Maybe she had to go over to Tommy's mother," suggested Ed. "You took notice they was together just now."

"Queer nobody told 'em all day," persisted Chris. "Wonder where they been. Did Parker try?"

"Sure he tried, I told you, but he couldn't find 'em nowheres. She ain't

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

been home all day since it happened."

"Wasn't Tommy's old man home, even?"

"No, he works somewheres. I don' know where he works. Parker rung the old man's house a dozen times too. There wasn't nobody home neither place," explained Ed patiently; "what do you want to ask so many questions for? Think y' are, the coroner? I told you all I heard. Y' can't do nothin' now. What of it?"

"Well, there's somethin' funny somewheres," murmured Chris stolidly. "Her goin' out so early, for example. Might of been words. Women is funny, you know."

"Women!" Ed spat philosophically. "Oh, what the hell!"

"Well, I'm shovin'," said Chris, setting the derby on his head with a pat. "You takin' the trolley?"

"No, I'm walkin'," replied Ed. "Well, don' do nothin' I wouldn't do."

"Well, see ya to-morrow, Ed."

"Yeh."

The vestibule door of a brownstone front shut with a slam, and a second later the key turned in the inner lock. Mrs. Shevlin, senior, feeling her way cautiously down the dark hall, called back repeated warnings to her daughter-in-law: "Careful of that hat-tree, Emma. That hat-tree's in a bad place for stumblin' over; if I told pa once, I told him a dozen times. . . . This way, dear; set them bundles down anywheres in the living-room. Wait'll I find the light . . . here we are."

"Don't know why we brought home all this truck for."

"Oh, them Kewpie dolls will look nice on the mantel. We can always use 'em somewheres. It'd been too bad to of left 'em after winning 'em the way you did. My sakes, what a day, galavantin' around! . . ." She sighed, sinking down in a red-plush rocker. "You home, pa?" she shrieked.

"That you, ma?" came a muffled voice from the kitchen.

"Emma's here," she yelled; and then, turning to her daughter-in-law: "Come on out, dear. I guess he's pretty near through with his supper. Can't I fix you up a little somethin'?"

"Honest, ma, I couldn't eat a bite. Been stuffing all day on pop-corn and ice-cream and stuff."

"Little coffee, anyhow? I thought you would," she nodded, as she led the way to the kitchen. "Just take a second. Anything new, pa?" she asked over her shoulder, as she busied herself about the stove.

Mr. Shevlin washed down a mouthful with a gulp of water and set down his knife. He was slouched and gray, and his dull eyes raised slowly as he opened his lips to reply.

"Find that cold meat I left you?" continued Mrs. Shevlin briskly, without waiting for an answer. "And that potato salad?" She hummed a little air, and ran water into the coffee-pot. "We get the nicest potato salad around the corner, Emma. Pa's very fond of it. He has it whenever I'm out. You ought to try it on Tommy some time."

"Tommy likes a hot supper, he says," laughed Emma shortly. "I got to break his highness in slowly. Gradual-like. This morning I went out so quick I didn't leave him nothin'."

"You two been away all day?" asked Mr. Shevlin in a low voice.

"Eh? Oh, me and Emma was to Coney Island. Emma come over this morning just after you left an' says: 'Let's take the day off an' go to Coney Island!' and so off we went to Coney

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Island. We had a swell time. Emma won a doll."

"Emma. . . ." Mr. Shevlin's eyes moved blankly over his daughter's face. He seemed to struggle with a growing realization. "Then you ain't been home to . . . Tommy?"

"I'd like to know how it's any your business whether Emma's been home," bristled Mrs. Shevlin. "What if she ain't been home? It'll do Tommy good, her leavin' him alone to-day till he come out of his sulks. You men make me tired, always stickin' together. He'll appreciate her all the more when she gets back. I'd of done the same thing if it was you, Tom Shevlin; you needn't talk."

Mr. Shevlin's eyes mechanically sought his wife's face. He opened his mouth to speak and shut it again.

"Maybe I should of left Tommy somethin', at that," mused Emma. "He won't know what to get. Maybe I ought to be starting back and not wait for that coffee, ma."

"Shucks, don't spoil him. He's got to get used to it some time. I got pa trained, ain't I, pa?"

"Oh, I ain't spoilin' him, don't you worry. No, I got Tommy so he'll do like I say, all right. Oh, there ain't no danger my spoilin' Tommy." Emma laughed. "We ain't been married two years for nothin'. No, I keep after him all the time."

"That's the only way to do, Emma, just keep after him. I keep after pa all the time, don't I, pa? If it wasn't for me, I don't know where pa'd be. Fishin', I guess! Them pair is just alike, you got to manage 'em."

"Tommy ain't so easy to manage, always, ma. Particularly lately. He's been getting so moody and sulky lately, I have to light into him night and day. 'Get out there and do somethin',' I tell him. 'Get ahead like the other fellows,' I tell him. 'You let everybody put it all over you,' I say, 'and you're so dumb they just pull the wool right over your eyes. They all take advantage of you,' I tell him. And he just sits and looks at me."

"Tommy's too easy with other people," agreed Mrs. Shevlin. "He's as bad as his father."

"Don't I know it, ma? It's like I always say to him, 'Lending your money again, was you?' I say. '*Your* money! *Our* money, you mean. Giving away our money to the first bum that touches you for a dollar. Will they ever return it? They will not. They'll just laugh and slap you on the back and say: "Here comes good old Tommy!" and in the meantime where do I get off, to buy clothes and things? You so damned generous, and your wife going around looking like a scarecrow!' " Emma subsided, relaxed her clenched fists. "That's what I tell him. And how much good does it do? I might as well be talking to a stone wall."

"You might better," muttered Mr. Shevlin, rising slowly and crossing the room toward the rocker by the stove.

"Yes, you can talk, Tom Shevlin," replied Mrs. Shevlin sharply. "A lot you ever take me out nights yourself or buy me anything. Always sit there all evenin', readin' your old paper, and never say a word, just sit." She glared at her husband, who set down his newspaper and stared at the floor in silence. "Go on, Emma."

"I have to laugh, ma, the way he's always talkin' about having a family. 'You'd make a fine father, you would,' I tell him, 'with the salary you earn, and giving half of that away,' I tell him. 'Haven't even got gumption enough to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

kick when they walk right over your face.' He always wanted me to . . . you know—have a family."

"Has he been at that again?" asked Mrs. Shevlin indignantly. "I hope you told him to mind his own business."

"You bet I did," replied Emma. "I told him, I said, 'I'm tied down enough now,' I said, 'with the amount of money you earn,' I said, 'not to want to be stayin' home night and day tending a baby,' I said. 'Wait till you earn a decent income before you start talking.' I notice he didn't say nothing to that."

"I don't blame you a bit, Emma," agreed Mrs. Shevlin, bringing the coffee-pot from the stove and clanking two cups on the kitchen-table. "Milk in yours?"

Emma stirred in sugar absently. "I want to see him get ahead, ma. I do everything I can. Only he's so . . . so slow-like and stupid; sometimes I get discouraged and lose my temper, like I did this morning. It gets me sore," she blazed, "when a crook like Parker puts one over on him, and Tommy just takes it. Sometimes I think he ain't got any backbone."

"Tommy always hates to make a fuss," nodded Mrs. Shevlin.

"Yeh," grimly, "well, if he won't make a fuss, I'll make one for him. I'll see to that. Maybe if I keep at him long enough he'll tumble to himself a little. Though I do get a little sick of just talkin', talkin', talkin' to him all the time, and him sitting there and looking at me. A lot of good it does when I try to warn him. I seen what Parker was going to pull, oh, a month ago."

"Yes, God knows you done everything you could, Emma."

"I told him up and down, I said: 'Parker's after that superintendent job as sure as you're born,' I said; 'and if you don't watch out he'll get it over you. An' you been workin' ten years for it, an' you let a newcomer like Parker walk right in over you,' I said. 'Why don't you speak up and say somethin'? Tell 'em how good you are,' I said, 'tell 'em you'll quit if you don't get what's coming to you. Make 'em sit up and take notice of you.' An' he just smiles an' says: 'Oh, I guess if I'm deserving I'll get it all right,' he says. 'Deserving!' I says, 'deserving! Tell me something funny! Do you suppose for one solitary second,' I says, 'that they're going to look around an' see who's the most *deserving*? Ha! They're going to take the one that's right there with the ready line, the one that tells 'em he's better'n anybody else. And if you don't watch out, that one's going to be Parker!' "

"And that's just what happened, Emma, like you said."

"And will he do anything about it now? 'It isn't too late,' I tell him; 'go up an' show 'em how he double-crossed you,' I says; 'go up and tell 'em how Parker put one over on 'em. You can prove Parker never worked in Albany like he said, you can prove how he lied to 'em. You got the goods on him. Go on!' I says; and he just shakes his head an' says: 'No, Emma,' he says, 'I don't want to do nothin' dirty like that to Parker!' " She imitated her husband's voice with a sarcastic bleat: " '*I don't want to do nothin' dirty like that to Parker!*' 'Oh, you don't!' I says. 'An' I suppose Parker didn't want to do nothin' dirty to you, neither. An' I suppose I'm to sit around in rags the rest of my life, just because you don't want to do nothin' dirty to people. You're a failure, Tommy, just a common, good-for-nothin' failure!' That is what I've been saying to him all week; and he just

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sits and looks at me, and smiles an' says: 'No, Emma, that's sneakin' behind his back, an' I don't do that kind of thing,' he says."

"I pity you, Emma. God knows you try hard."

"Well, I had it out last night, all right. 'To-morrow you're going to tell 'em about Parker,' I said, 'or you ain't comin' in this house again. You're lazy, you're an easy mark, you're selfish,' I said; 'you don't care what happens to your wife, you're never going to be any good,' I said. All night long I kep' saying it. And he flares up, and talks wild, an' I let him have it good. This morning at breakfast I told him, I said: 'You're a failure, an' if you don't tell on Parker to-day, I don't want to see you again, ever!' 'Careful, Emma,' he says, 'what you're sayin'!' 'Oh, I know what I'm saying,' I says; 'I'm just speaking God's truth. There's no place in this world for a failure,' I says; 'if you're a no-good, you're better dead.' 'Maybe you're right,' he says, staring at me, 'maybe you're right.' 'I know I'm right,' I says, because I was losing my temper by the minute, with him staring at me so quiet; 'you're not fit to be a man, much less a husband, you're just a joke, an' I wish to God I was rid of you!' And then I slammed the door, an' come over here to you, ma."

"Did she tell him that?" asked Mr. Shevlin, looking up from his paper.

"She done just right, Tom Shevlin; it'll teach him a lesson," snapped Mrs. Shevlin. "Wasn't you that way when I married you? I wish to God I'd talked the same way to you; maybe I wouldn't be slavin' now. Tommy's you all over again. . . . No, dear," she said to Emma, "don't you worry. Whatever happens to Tommy, it'll be you are to thank for it."

"Thanks, ma. Well, I got to be getting back. Tommy'll be wondering where I am. I . . ." Emma smiled. "I couldn't let him go to sleep without kissing him 'Good night.' He's all right at heart, Tommy is. I love him, ma."

"Oh, Tommy's a real good boy at heart. But you got to manage him."

"Well, I'm doing my best," sighed Emma, as she started down the dark hall. "I'm doing the best I can. . . . No, you needn't come to the door. I can see my way. . . ."

"Here, let me turn up this light for you, Emma," came Mrs. Shevlin's voice from the darkness. "Got your bundles? Look out for that hat-tree, dear; if I told pa once . . ." Her voice trailed indistinctly.

Mr. Shevlin spread the newspaper quietly to the third page, folded it back methodically into half, and creased the half into quarters. The kitchen clock ticked regularly; from the hall came the muffled slam of the outside door. Mr. Shevlin raised his eyes in anticipation.

". . . might at least of started the dishes for me," complained Mrs. Shevlin, hurrying back down the hall, "instead of reading there all night. You knew I'd be tired after all day." She crossed the room impatiently. "I don't see what you find in that paper that's so interesting always. . . ."

"There's this one little thing, ma." Mr. Shevlin rose to his feet and handed her the folded newspaper. "In case you ain't read it."

Mrs. Shevlin glanced at him sharply before she looked down at the column of print under her thumb. "Where you going?"

"Nowheres," answered Mr. Shevlin, taking down his hat and shuffling toward the kitchen door.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Just What Is Reno Like

BY GRACE HEGGER LEWIS

Reno is a phenomenon of America and has a distinct social significance. The recent change in the residence requirement has made it even more popular as a divorce centre. The former wife of a well-known novelist pictures the human side of that interesting city.

With each announcement from Paris of another divorce denied or deferred comes the conviction that Reno, Nevada, is the safest place for an American to obtain a legal severing of the marital bond. This decision made, the next bewildering thought is, "What is Reno?"

Until recently women formed eighty per cent of the applicants who came here, and, though that has been reduced to fifty-five, to the eye at least as you walk along the main street—called Virginia—there seems a preponderance of women strangers over men. True, a Reboux hat and a Patou *ensemble* are necessarily a little more striking than the standardized business suit of the American male, but what it really means is that it is far easier for the Paris costume to come out here than for the husband whose Wall Street operations made that costume possible. On the other hand, the clerk making his modest hundred or so a month can better afford to leave his job and find another in Reno while "serving his time" than can his wife with her established household and two children. And because to a man the breaking up of a home rarely suggests quite the catastrophe that it does to a woman, and because from an early age men learn to adapt themselves to a changing environment, Reno had best be explained from the woman's point of view.

If you have travelled seldom, if you have never been farther west than Hoboken, there is added to the misery of the final step which you have just promised to take the confusion of a long journey into the unknown. Friends, lawyers, and doctors, too (for no sensitive woman can face divorce without a nerve-strain), may give advice and even first-hand information about life in this unique city, but none of it serves quite to eliminate the trepidations about an experience which usually has no precedent.

No matter what the cause which has resulted in the cleavage, the psychology of the women, Reno bound, is significantly alike. Even if, as often happens, your husband-to-be sees you aboard the train with books and flowers and sustaining promises of a new happy future, once the train has started you retire to your seat with tears in your eyes and a feeling of being a marked woman from that moment. When the conductor asks you for your ticket you hand it to him with a sense of shame, and though you may have bought a thrifty round-trip ticket to San Francisco, nevertheless the Pullman ticket is inscribed Reno, and should the conductor note the fact in a loud voice, you cower a little or

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

look impersonally out of the window as if the ticket were no affair of yours. If you are all alone, without mother, child, friend, or maid, your aloneness increases with every day. A spirit of adventure may buoy you up for a while, but as Wyoming mountains succeed Nebraska plains you realize there will be no dear familiar faces at this journey's end—you are on your own, for better, for worse.

The trains from the east and the trains from the west all arrive in and depart from Reno in the dark hours. You hope to descend unobserved, but a number of men passengers are walking up and down the platform for a breather, and when they see your luggage being piled up by the porter you at once become a person of interest.

"There goes one of them," you overhear. You begin to feel as if you had an infectious disease.

It is not so bad when your lawyer or the friend of a friend is there to welcome you, but suppose you are alone? The hotel bus, where is it? . . . There are two other people already in it. You look at them surreptitiously. They, also? As in a nightmare all things are out of focus, even the Reno porter and the bus-driver. . . . Weeks later, when your life has become pleasantly adjusted, you pay a visit to the railway station. A nice station, a cheerful station, certainly not the one at which you alighted that sinister first night.

There are a number of good hotels, but you have been told to choose the newest one. The hall is bright and modern and welcoming, the bellboys uniformed and polite. The night clerk accepts your arrival as a matter of course, and you sign yourself Mrs. G. H. Smith, New York—the initials are your own, not your husband's, and somehow a compromise with the future. You enter a charming bedroom, agreeable in color and comfort. It is still cold and the bellboy demonstrates with enthusiasm the working of a tiny thermostat.

"Push this way for 'on' and 'warm,' and this way for 'off' and 'cool.' "

"S-s-s-s-s-s-s-s!" goes the thermostat, eager to oblige.

"I should so like a bath. Is there hot water at this hour?"

"You bet!" and he turns on a steaming faucet.

"Can I have breakfast in my room?"

"You bet! Just call room-service."

"Thank you. Good night."

"You b— Good night!"

The next morning is always the next morning, thank heaven! If the sun is shining, and it sunshines with more than a fair frequency in Nevada, there is something very exciting and hopeful about looking out of the windows and seeing mountains everywhere, some snow-capped and aloof, and others violet and blue and bare and humped like sleeping elephants. And in the foreground the important little Truckee River rushes by on its business of irrigating the arid land, and a half-dozen white edifices proclaim themselves public buildings by their look of impersonality. There are no leaves on the trees now, but here's a park and there's another—how pretty it must be in the summer-time! Perhaps it won't be so bad after all. You decide not to think until after breakfast.

The orange juice and the coffee and the toast are all good. You are actually happy at this moment. After months of nerve-tattering indecision to find your-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

self here at last is a positive relief. You feel remote and safe. No one can touch you for a little while. You are no longer a situation, a case; you belong to yourself again. No telephones, not even many letters, for you told so few people you were coming.

The morning paper seems a bit slim after *The Times,* but then what paper wouldn't! If you have travelled a great deal you know the local advertisements will reveal as adequately as any Baedeker the size and quality of the town. Five movie houses and a preference for Wild West films. No spoken drama apparently, or concerts. "Professional cards" of lawyers, chiropractors, spiritualists, and beauty culturists. Ranches and poultry and wedding-rings for sale. "Drive-It-Yourself" cars and "Used Not Abused" automobiles.

And the impressive list of furnished rooms and apartments, "three months or longer" and "close to the court-house." Obviously there are other ways of living than in this hotel. Perhaps you had better see first what the town has to offer.

If you are met by your lawyer, he and his wife will be most kind and help you to get settled as quickly as possible. But perhaps you have not yet chosen your Reno representative or you want to put off the committing moments of that first interview. (In parenthesis I may say—see your lawyer at once. Fears are laid and doubts removed and time saved, and the casualness with which he treats what to you has been a solitary and tragic instance makes you feel consolingly commonplace.)

It requires not a little courage to make that first trip down-stairs, though if there is mail for you it is something to have gained stature in the eyes of the clerk. "Just where is my mail box?" you ask. . . . Later, so well do you know the exact position of 217, you can see if it is full or empty at fifty feet.

The residential section seems to lie to the right, and so does an imposing building with Corinthian columns and broad steps, which must be the court-house. Your court-house where your case will be tried. You feel quite possessive about it. In a paper shop you buy a small map of Reno and get the lay of the streets so as to answer the advertisements.

Your first call is upon a large, old-fashioned residence. The landlady has a drug-store prettiness rather dazzling in the morning sunlight; she is most affable and shows you the vacancy. The doors inside seem many because they are all numbered. Does each number conceal a waiting woman, counting three months, two months, one month more? Number 6 on the second floor is thrown open. Mission furniture, deliriously shaded lamps, a little kitchen, and a not too modern bathroom.

"And the bed-room?"

"Right here," and with a deft movement the landlady seizes a knob and what has seemed like a combination desk, bookcase and "whatnot," staggers toward you, and there is a folding bed. This Victorian horror has come back to the Middle and the Far West, but so changed for the better, so much more compact and sanitary, that after seeing a half dozen of the better types the first prejudice weakens. . . . Then follow clean rooms, dirty rooms, overfurnished and underfurnished, and newly erected apartments, but all with kitchenettes more or less well equipped. (Cooking is one of the recognized ways of passing the time in Reno. Also cooks are few

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and rather expensive.) You even look at a few houses and half-houses.

At last back to Virginia Street, which at first glance is like the Main Street of any Middle Western town, until you lift up your eyes to the hills—and to the second-story windows upon which are gold-lettered an extraordinary number of lawyers' names (there are over eighty in this city of sixteen thousand) and companies selling mining stock. Flower shops and beauty parlors and displays of black chiffon nightgowns suggest a demand which is being supplied. A lordly Rolls-Royce, driven by a foreign chauffeur, is parked by a muddy Ford, held together by faith and a piece of string, out of which steps a cowboy in overalls, high-heeled boots, and a two-gallon hat. A fat Indian woman, in wide pink gingham skirts and a purple plaid shawl, with a papoose strapped to her back, stands giggling at the nile-green "braziers" and brief panties. Four girls with pretty bare heads and pretty almost-bare knees are exchanging wisecracks with four youths in cream-colored corduroy trousers—the co-eds from the State University on the edge of town. Reno's latest resident begins to take heart—this is a place with character, with color, and, you are suddenly conscious, with air to make you hungry.

The hotel dining-room and the lounge are one, which gives an individuality to both that is rather charming. The linen, silver, and glass shine, and the elderly waiter is benign. There is a moderately priced table d'hôte, but why not try something local, or at least Californian? . . . Abalone of course, the abalone of the songs of George Sterling and Jack London.

"Have you any fresh vegetables?"

"How about some cauliflower or a hot artichoke? And a little mixed salad first while your fish is frying?"

"Cauliflower, I think. . . . No, no coffee now. Perhaps after."

While you are eating your salad, which is always served first out here—a rather unvarying combination of lettuce, a celery stalk, two unripe olives and three ripe ones, a segment of pickle, three points of tinned asparagus, and perhaps a scattering of crab flakes—the waiter asks you if you are here for the "cure."

"The what?"

" 'Cure,' that's what they call it, being here for three months. . . . Did you ever eat abalone before? . . . I like fish myself. Used to work in a fish house in San Francisco, and you'd be surprised to know how many kinds of fish you really can eat. I bet you've never eaten octopus? You have! In Italy? Is that so! Well, when I tell most folks what a really tasty fish it is, they just won't believe me."

All the morning you have been wilfully fleeing from thought, but when the radio plays something which might be "After My Laughter Come Tears" sung in a sobbing baritone to a saxaphone obbligato, you find yourself plunging out of the dining-room and into the elevator and asking faintly for your floor. Now is the time to call up whatever names have been given you before you left, or to send around by hand your letters of introduction. For at some minute during that first day there is going to sweep over you the realization of the inevitability of what you are about to do, and that whether you like it or not, in Reno you must stay for the next three months. You hear the whistle of the train, but that train is not yours to take. The mail planes swoop over the mountains to the Pacific and the At-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lantic, motor-cars are headed for Oregon and Arizona, but unless you wish to extend the length of your stay in Washoo County you must obey the law which says: "Legal residence is defined as being that place where the person shall have been actually, physically, and corporeally present within the State or county, as the case may be, during all the period for which such residence is claimed."

So, I repeat, rush to the telephone, scribble notes to the friends of friends, and as a few hours later you are drinking tea or dining with a stranger who so very quickly ceases to be a stranger, your first bad moments are over. There will be others, of course, but none in which you quite so seriously weigh the advantages of the cup of hemlock versus a leap into the conveniently close Truckee River.

At that first tea you remark the resemblance to your first tea at a European spa. Instead of asking, "Who is your doctor?" you inquire "Who is your lawyer?" Then: "How long have you been here? Where are you staying? Do you feel the altitude? Are your rooms sunny? Are you sleeping well? Have you an appetite? Where are the best restaurants? Can you get a decent shingle? How do you amuse yourself all day? Is there any night life?"

Then some one says: "How did you register? What? As Mrs. G. H. Smith of *New York?* Oh, you have lost *one day!* Go right down at once and ask the clerk to let you change that to Reno, or you'll lose another day of your three months."

As now you ask these questions with intense interest, so later do you proudly answer them when the next newcomer appears. There is a universal freemasonry, a breaking-down of social barriers, a sympathy which has not a chance to grow cold because the time is so short and the arrivals and departures so frequent.

"Are you settled?"

That, for your peace of mind, you must be as soon as possible. If you are alone and can afford it, the best place to stay is at a hotel. The new one has been planned to include one-room apartments comfortably and attractively furnished, with a let-down bed that in the day successfully hides behind silk-curtained French doors. This large room has a dining-room recess and a kitchenette with an air-cooled ice-box, large electric stove, cupboards, and all manner of tucked-out-of-sight conveniences which even to the woman who does not like to housekeep, cry out to be used. The hotel supplies you with pretty china, glassware (even cocktail glasses), silver, kitchen utensils, and linen daily renewed. This arrangement is not only adequate but rather fun, like playing house, especially for the lone woman who heretofore has had the responsibility of a large ménage. For her who brings a relative or a friend, little children and nurses and governesses, it is a simple matter to enlarge her apartment by engaging adjoining bed-rooms. If she herself does not want to cook, local people can be had in by the day to prepare one or more meals. Of course if the family is sizable it is much more economical to take a house or a part of a house, for the rents are not high. In either case, if you have a devoted cook who would follow you into exile, bring her by all means. She will be appreciated by both you and your friends.

One almost unvarying development of a week's sojourn in Reno is the shyly expressed desire to economize by even the most extravagant.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"I can see no reason for keeping my maid here. I think I'll send her back, give up the two bed-rooms, and use that funny let-down thing. I hear they are quite comfortable. . . . You know I used to rather like to cook. Coffee and toast in the morning I could certainly achieve, and even an egg for lunch. I think this would be a marvellous place to diet. . . . As a matter of fact I brought only my oldest clothes, and I am going to wear them all out and leave them behind when I go. I think I'll even go light on the lipstick and let the poor old face have a rest."

Three days later this same woman is seen coming out of the Piggly Wiggly with a bag of groceries under each arm, and one week later she is asking you to dinner, and with an excited face and rolled-up sleeves she serves you a properly seasoned soup and a steak of a rareness and a thickness unknown to the Far West,—and a chocolate soufflé! "My dears, quick! before it falls!"

"How do you amuse yourself all day?"

After you have unpacked, rearranged the furniture, added your framed pictures, cigarette boxes, travelling clock, cushions, and books, and bought flower-vases at the "five-and-ten" and filled them, to sit with hands folded in your lap seems the most desirable entertainment in the world. But your new-found friends are sewing—tapestry, underclothes, rompers for a faraway nephew —and you become aware of your idle fingers. And when these women are not sewing they are riding horseback, playing golf and tennis, taking clogging or ukulele lessons, studying French, Italian, Spanish. There are baths where you can bake happily in electric ovens and be rubbed with the Mormon salt of the great lake of Utah, or a masseuse will bring sleep to you on those bad nights we all dread.

When you have an odd moment you can have your fortune told by the stars, the cards, the palm of your hand, or by clairvoyancy, or by way of semi—or dead—trances. This necromancy is especially adapted to the ninety-day-resident point of view, for there are always mysterious allusions to papers, delays, money contests, and speedy remarriages.

"Now is your hardest time, dearie, but money and sunshine and roses are ahead. . . . *You* won't need to advertise for a man! But what's this knave of clubs? Three times he has come up. That mean anything to you, girl?"

"No, I don't like dark men."

"We-e-ell, he's not so very dark—not as dark as the knave of spades. . . . Come again—four-bits, please."

Those who are not keen about riding and walking have been glad that they have shipped a motor in advance of their arrival. The roads are splendid, even the desert roads, and with a picnic-basket along there are dozens of possible objective points, though of course more in the summer than in the winter when the snows close the trails through the mountains. Once away from Virginia Street, you can still find the West of the 1870's. At this very moment there is a Gold Rush on in Wahmonie, that reminds the old-timers of the three great camps of Tonopah, Goldfield, and Cripple Creek. So fast has this district grown that they have already petitioned Washington for a post-office.

Just a few miles from Reno is the famous Virginia City, where were made the fortunes of a number of our Eastern millionaires. To see one's first mining town, even a deserted one, is to receive an absolutely new sensation. It is

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

like nothing else but itself. Approach Silver City, another mining settlement five miles from Virginia City, by way of Carson, the capital. You leave the sagebrush desert, climb a slow grade to a hilltop, and there, without warning, you behold an explosion of the earth into cones of every color, with wooden shanties scattered like driftwood amid unfamiliar structures and rusted machinery for which you have no name. You draw nearer with an excitement which dies down into uneasy silence as you climb farther up the steep main street. Lace curtains still clothe the windows, dark gray wash flutters from the lines, a door whines upon its hinges. Where are the threads of smoke, the cries of little children? You are grateful when a dog slinks out from beneath a sagging porch, but he does not bark. Gone, gone is that community of tens of thousands that dug silver ore worth millions out of those blue and yellow and rose pointed hills.

Virginia City beyond is still alive, though its vast numbers have been reduced to eight hundred or so. But boys and girls are tumbling out of school, and the motor-bus is making ready for its descent down the perilous Geiger Grade over which competitions used to be held between the Wells Fargo stage and the Pacific Line Express as to which would make the twenty-one miles between Virginia City and Reno in the better time. It had been done in one hour and five minutes, they said, though you risked your life and your horses to do it. Sixty years ago if a miner wanted a bath he had to pay one dollar a gallon for water, which had to be hauled nine miles, and eggs often fetched a dollar each. Yet in 1878 the International Hotel (burned these ten years) served a twelve-course Christmas dinner, beginning with turtle soup with old sherry and ending with "fancy ornamental cake," and with a wine list to choose from that contained Château Yquem and Oregon cider. And the thrilling thing is that all these tales seem plausible and not remote as you stand talking to some old miner in front of the Crystal Bar. He is not a bored attendant in a museum; Virginia City is his home, and perhaps he'll join you at this famous old bar in a glass of near-beer instead of a whiskey punch or a brandy sling.

If after emerging from your first inertia you want to see more of Western life than a visit to Virginia City provides, a week on a dude ranch is full of novelty for the tenderfoot. Nevada has been slower than Wyoming in developing this form of outdoor sport, so there are only a few ranches near Reno which take guests. One there is in particular near glorious Pyramid Lake where the cheerful and kindly owner and his wife will feed you and sleep you, and mount you on docile little horses, and answer your silly questions, and lend you "chaps," and even take you on the rounding up of the cattle. Indeed, if you don't spend a few days on some ranch before leaving Reno, you will return to your home wondering if the Cowboy West still exists.

And what of the evenings in town?

For those women who wish to live quietly, who are using these three months to re-establish tranquillity in their souls and renew strength in their bodies, the evenings mean reading and early to bed. But if a congenial group is formed they put on their black chiffon dinner-dresses or rose chiffon tea-gowns (if they be all living in the same hotel) and take turns dining with each

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

other. It all seems rather like boarding-school again with small dinners instead of fudge parties.

On the other hand, there is a night life, an all-night life. Said one proud native son: "This place is a regular little Monte Carlo. Most any kind of game and most any kind of drink. When it comes right down to it we have most of the entertainment to offer you can find in any other big city." More, I should say, for it all still has a local flavor, and there is a cheerful openness about it that is a relief after the furtive hip-pocket gaiety of "those other big cities."

My first introduction to a bar was under what might almost be called Y. W. C. A. auspices. One restaurant I had come to patronize frequently for dinner (I had a cook who came only for lunch) because the proprietor appreciated my appreciation of food, and rather liked ordering me something "extra special." This evening five women were dining with me, dining most "extra special."

"I wonder if you ladies would care for a little drink before dinner—on the house, of course," said Louis, the proprietor, leaning over me in a fatherly way. "No, not here, but at my club. We could go now while you are waiting for the quail." Thrilled, the six women followed the kindly little man down the street, he seemingly delighted rather than embarrassed by his harem.

The club proved to be a shop, and then an empty room, and then a door, and then a hall, and then a door, and then the bar. A real bar, a mahogany bar, a foot-rail bar, a bar with shining assorted glasses and bottles and pretzels and a great mirror and a lovely painted nude and a row of slot-machines in which by inserting a quarter or a four-bit piece or a silver dollar, you might get back some of the shining accumulation of other people's bad luck.

Said Louis, the *beau chevalier:* "Say, I put in four-bits for you." Round spun the dial, a pause, then a roar, and out tumbled $2.50!

"Let's try another slot!—and another and another," and soon the $2.50 had gone back, as usual, to the gentleman who rents these machines all over town.

Road-houses there are also, from an elaborately urban one to the simplest of dance-halls. The urban one runs rather to gold paint and dim lights, but the dancing and singing are good, you can win or lose at roulette, twenty-one, and craps, and you can be as gay or as quiet as you like. . . . Undoubtedly there are people in Reno who prefer sleeping in the day rather than at night, but that, as in any community in any part of the world, is a matter of taste and endurance. Nevada has a climate suitable to both.

Inevitably with such a constantly changing society, the surface life of Reno takes on the aspect of a summer or winter resort. Everlasting gossip, and a positive riot of speculation when a noticeably attractive new man appears. Is he alone, is he getting a divorce, is he somebody's "sweetie"? That will somehow be answered within twenty-four hours. No man need be lonely here, or a pretty woman either if she is the "good fellow" type and takes the world as it comes. Unless a man has a job he is apt to find time hanging rather heavier on his hands than do the women. Frequently he will try to sell automobiles on commission, and, as the result, when a new woman arrives at the hotels she is bom-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

barded the first few days by agreeable male voices asking her over the telephone if they cannot possibly give her a demonstration this lovely afternoon in this or that car. Obviously this often leads to a temporary friendship, if not to the sale of a car. . . . Nor are the friendships made here always temporary. Women have come to divorce and remained to stay—have married their lawyers and their doctors, and seemingly have found life as a Reno tax-payer enjoyable. Bridge is enormously important, whether preceded by lunch or dinner, and if you like the game and are properly introduced by your lawyer's wife, as often happens, Reno will make you welcome in her homes.

The social order? There is no social order. You who would disdain to listen to your servants' gossip at home, find yourself entranced by the remarks of your housemaid as she tidies your room each morning. The maid is quite likely to be a nurse in training, earning some extra money to finish her course, or she may be from New York, too, working her way while she gets her divorce. She sympathizes with you acutely when you have had a bad night, for she also may have had a bad night and for much the same reasons. You are delighted to know that the noise down the hall last night was a wedding—"divorced at seven and married at eight. Oh, my, yes, that often happens." . . . "And Charlie, the soda-water clerk, the tall dark one, has just married Mrs. Brown's Swiss governess, and they were afraid to tell her for fear she'd stop it. They're going to live in Los Angeles." . . . "Didn't you know the housekeeper had been fired? Partly because when she saw a 'Do Not Disturb' sign on the door she just had to know *who* was not to be disturbed."

One of the maids had been the best girl bronco-buster in Nevada, and she had silver spurs and a tooled Spanish saddle to prove it. A more tender, loyal person than this "buckeroo" there never was, who worried about certain of her "ladies" when they were ill or depressed as if they were her own children.

This particular West, at least, still has a real democracy, which is only vaguely conscious of social distinctions. A garage assistant may be the best golf-player at the country-club. At the most fashionable night-club you will find yourself playing roulette beside your hairdresser, who remarks: "Your hair is certainly looking better for those treatments." We had our favorite waiter at one of the cafés, and, the *pièce de résistance* chosen, he would take pleasure in surprising us with the etcetera. After a few weeks of his service we had our little family jokes. He was a man of sixty, a deft waiter, and so thoughtful. One evening he said to a charming woman whose husband was a great banker: "Just think of me talking to you like this in the East. It wouldn't have been possible, and that's why I came out here and why I stayed. I'm a man here. I wasn't in the East."

The newest hotel is adjacent to the court-house. If your apartment is on the court-house side, to you, in your morbid state when you arrive, it seems like living in death-row with your eyes always on the death-chamber. You learn that those two whitely opaque windows on the second floor hide the two judges on their separate benches, and that one of them will eventually pass sentence upon you.

Monday is Divorce Day—the day for trying uncontested cases. You wake up to see an unusually long line of cars

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

parked at an angle on both sides of the broad street. Groups of two and three women are seen ascending the court-house steps, the most nervous one the plaintiff, the others a friend and the landlady who must swear to the fact that the plaintiff has been residing under her roof for the full three months.

The average uncontested case takes no more than fifteen minutes. It is one of the sources of amusement in Reno to attend court Monday morning, but the first time you witness the simplicity with which an uncontested case is conducted and the speed with which it is dismissed, you think: "Is it possible that this is the culmination of months, years, of misery and wracking indecision, and of the nervous fears of the last ninety days?"

Cases are frequently heard in small rooms, but technically this is regarded as open court the same as if heard in the larger chambers, and since the door is left ajar any one may enter—if he very much wishes.

Later on a Monday morning the same groups come down the court-house steps, usually smiling, even hysterically laughing, and often accompanied by a future husband.

The husband-to-be of the divorcée-to-be has a certain funny-paper humor for the spectators. He makes his appearance in Reno from one day to three months before the granting of the decree. I remember one afternoon sitting in a booth having my hair washed and observing across the way a great mound of a woman submitting luxuriously to what seemed like a tiny lawn-mower being run over her face and shoulders which were shining with grease.

"Whatever is being done to her?" I asked.

"That's a contouration facial," my shampooer answered, with the hauteur of the initiated.

At that instant a small and elderly man edged down the narrow passage, and outside the now closely curtained booth opposite he paused and called softly: "Yoo-hoo."

An arm swept back the curtain, the mammoth lady smiled, and the small gentleman tenderly leaned over and kissed her cold-creamed cheek, and murmured, "See you later, darling," and was gone.

I caught my operator grinning. "Yesterday he gave her a permanent wave, and to-day the facial. This morning she got her divorce, and to-night they get married."

To me this was a romance founded on realism, and I prophesy that they will live happy ever afterward.

When you ask the permanent residents of Reno just what effect this daily contact with the divorce colony has upon their private lives, they will say: "None." It is true the abnormal sustained can become the normal, but what a strange normal it is! It is normal for the benevolent hotel manager to see freshly arrived women on the verge of tears changing their minds and their apartments three times that first week. It is too hot, too cold, too high, too low, too small, too large, too quiet, too noisy. Patiently he will show another arrangement, for he knows the manifestations so well. The doctors are only too familiar with the effects of worry, loneliness, and altitude. They can divide your symptoms and recovery neatly into weeks. The beauty parlor attendants prescribe for the inevitable lifeless hair and dry skin, and throw in a kind word or two which looses a flood-gate of confidences. "I know, I

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

know," they'll say, "we've been through the mill ourselves." No father confessor has listened to greater intimacies than do the masseuses. And before your three months are up you in turn will be the repository of the marital secrets of many of those who serve you. Bellboys and telephone operators and room-service waiters, as well as the housemaids, may be three-month-job-holders, and if you are sympathetic you will hear their stories, too.

When it comes time to pay your last bill at the grocer, does he bow politely and say: "Thank you, madam, for your patronage"? No, he holds out a friendly hand, you shake, and he smiles: "Pleasant journey! Better luck next time!"

It is a divorce atmosphere, say what the residents will, and there is no getting away from it.

"Are you not depressed by this never-ending stream of unhappy men and women flowing past you?" I inquired of one of the judges.

He smiled with great sweetness, and said: "No, because so often the judgment I hand down means freedom to be happy once more. My mail is full of letters from people who have been here and who write me of their new-found joys. What more can a judge ask for?" And that is an angle which must not be overlooked!

Because the three-months divorce law has been in operation less than two years it is still a source of discussion as to whether or not the State is satisfied with the change, and whether or not it will bring back the six-months requirement. However, since the new law has gone into effect the number of cases has more than doubled, and as Paris is increasingly regarded as a City of Doubt for divorcing aliens, there is no reason to believe that Nevada will repeal.

Barely have you made friends before you begin to lose them. "I get my divorce *next Monday!* I can't believe it! But I bought my ticket to-day." Perhaps you will see her poring over the steamship news and checking off sailings to Europe. "My dear, I have just invested in a new hat—I simply have to have on something new when I step off the train."

Then the day, or rather the night, of departure is here, for those who are going east usually take the 9.25. Her friends give her a farewell dinner, and then *en masse* escort her to the railway station. The train pulls in. Books, boxes, mysterious white tissue-paper packages, are tucked in her arms. "You will write!" "Of course, we'll meet again!" "We shall miss you so!" "Do telephone mother that I am quite well and happy now."

All over the platform are other such groups. The corsage bouquets are not needed to single out the lucky ones who are leaving. The train moves. Some one on the platform dances up and down and waves her arms. "See you in a week! Just one more week!" Another looks rather near tears—two months seem very far away.

A strange railway-station this; like no other in the world. Said some one, with sardonic pleasantry: "You come in with the tied and go out with the untied."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"One That Won"

ALL IN THE DAY'S RIDING

BY WILL JAMES

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

I'VE often said, even before I had sense enough to care much, that I'd rather ride a raw bronk, fresh from the wild bunch, than a horse which had been monkeyed with for months, and then turned bad.

With a raw bronk, or unbroke horse, that's just run in off the range, there's one thing which a rider can bank on without a doubt, and that is that he's not wise to the human and his ways. He's plum green, and he'll fight only to get away. Where with a horse that's been monkeyed with for months, and then turned bad, you've got something that's not green no more. He'll know how to fight, and when. Them kind of horses will know just the minute something goes wrong, and they'll sure do everything but behave while a rider is in a fix. Then's the time when they bring in their dirty work and add on all the extra licks they can.

Like one time I was coming in from a long ride on a horse which I figgered was a little spoilt. He'd been caught, rode a few times, and then turned loose, caught again, rode a few times more, and turned loose a second time, and a third time, and so on till that pony's main ambition got to be on being turned loose and nothing else.

He got so he'd frame it up so that would happen oftener, and he didn't care what he done to a rider just so he could be turned loose that way. He had many tricks, his main one being to catch a rider asleep, as we call it, or not watching while riding him. He'd just buck him off then if he could and make himself hard to catch.

The longest rest he had was when he crippled a man, because then, being there was only one rider at that camp, he'd be turned loose and wouldn't be rode again till his victim mended or till another rider came along. He'd had pretty good luck that way, and when everything failed sometimes, he'd even play that he was lame. That brought the same results, and no matter which leg he used each time, he'd be turned loose.

Nobody told me of that pony's record when I went to work for that outfit and drawed him in my string; it's not the custom on any outfit anyway, because a cowboy is expected to know what to watch out from any horse the minute he dabs his rope on him, which he does sure enough.

So, that pony didn't catch me asleep when he snorted a greeting at me the first time I caught him. He opened up his bag of tricks and I got to know 'em pretty well, all excepting that stunt of his which was to play lame. I fell for that and turned him loose for two weeks.

It was my second or third ride on

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"He had many tricks, his main one being to catch a rider asleep. He'd buck him off then if he could."—Page 46.

From a drawing by Will James.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

him after that two weeks rest when this little story I want to tell of happened.

I was riding back to camp after a good day's work on that horse. I'd been moving beef cattle out of one big pasture into another, and I figgered the horse was pretty tired because it'd been a lot of work and besides he acted that way; but that was just one of his little tricks, to catch me napping, as I found out later. I ought to knowed that too, but I was a little tired myself and maybe I'd got a little careless.

I'd got off to open a long wire gate, and as I led him thru it there didn't seem to be a snort left in him. He just looked tired and caring for nothing much only to get back to camp.

Then, as I went to get on him again, I noticed that my saddle was pretty loose. It wasn't a good idea to have a loose saddle on that horse no time, he might slip right out of it—so, being he acted so tame like, I wasn't so careful as I might of been as I came close to him.

But I was close to his shoulder where I belonged when I reached for the latigo to draw it up. The latigo having been wet with sweat a while back and now being stiff and dry wouldn't slip thru the cinch ring. I had to yank at it, and when I did was when something happened.

I of a sudden felt a hoof connecting with my right leg and close to the hip, and the blow spun me around like I'd been on a pivot. My leg felt numb and useless all at once, and to make things worse that horse tried to jerk away from me.

It was only thru second nature that I hung on to one bridle rein as I was sent up a whirling, the same as a sailor might hang on to a boat in a rough sea; for out on the big range a horse means as much to a cowboy as a boat does to a sailor when no land is near. A long stretch of ground is just as liable to get you when you lose your horse as a long stretch of water would when you lose your boat.

So, natural like, I hung on to that one rein for all I was worth, but it kept a slipping as my horse spun me around like a top and tried to jerk away, and I figger now that no sailor ever had as rough a boat to hang onto as I did then.

Finally, as my hand slid along the rein, it come acrost a knot. It was the end of the rein, and I'd kept a knot tied there just for such happenings as this so I'd know how much slack I could give and still have something to hang onto that wouldn't slip.

When my hand felt that knot during the commotion it would of took a crowbar to pried it loose. But I didn't think I had much chance to hold that horse then, because one leg and hip being useless I couldn't manœuvre around to get a footing, and the best I could do was to hang on and drag.

And that I was doing in fine shape, because that pony was hitting for the tall and uncut. He was at the height of his glory now, and proceeded to try and scatter me all over the flat. I was drug thru sage and buck brush, alkali and rocks, and pretty often I seen the shadow of a far-reaching hoof come acrost my face. He was trying to kick me loose.

But I hung on. My shirt was tore off by pieces and some skin with it, all the way from my face to my waist. From my waist down I was protected with good old shap' leather. My hurt leg didn't bother me much then because I didn't have time to think about it, but I know it sure didn't help me

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

any. I'd got to thinking that pony would never get tired of dragging me when pretty soon the earth begin to slow up under me and the brush didn't claw quite so hard. Then, and just as sudden as he'd started, the horse stopped, turned, and the length of the rein away, he faced me and snorted. I'd been too much of a drag for him to keep on going with.

It seemed like I laid still for five minutes after he stopped. For one thing I wanted him to cool down some, and I didn't want to jump up and scare him some more. That'd be another good excuse for him to start all over. And then again I wanted to sort of tally up on myself to see what part of me was still in working order.

Still hanging on to the bridle rein, I finally begin to squirm a little. The horse snorted at the first move I made, and then I noticed that my leg wasn't so numb no more. Instead of that I got to feeling a lot of pain, and I found I could hardly move it. A ligament or something was tore sure, I thought, or maybe a bone was broke—it felt like it.

I was in a fine fix— Here I was, a good ten miles from camp, and worse than afoot, because it took a man with two good legs and everything else good to get on that horse, any time. I couldn't ride, and I couldn't stay there.

But as they say, where there's a will there's a way. In my case tho it was more "when you *have to* you can" and so on. Anyway, after I got to figgering things out a spell I made up my mind to *ride,* and being I had no choice I was going to ride that horse.

The hardest part for me to figger out was how to get on him, because with one leg dragging I sure was in no shape to get in the saddle like I should. He'd just take advantage of me if I tried that and maul me around some more. It was then that I, natural like, thought of my rope. A cowboy can do a whole lot with them things when he's in a pinch.

I eased myself up on my good leg, made an awful face as I tried to balance myself there, and then begin to hop towards the horse. But every hop I made towards him scared him, and he kept a backing away out of my reach. Seeing that wouldn't work I tried then to put a little weight on my bum leg so I wouldn't have to hop so much, and even tho that brought me a lot of pain I managed to do that some, and inch by inch I begin to get closer.

The horse kept a watching me like a hawk and cocked an ear at me as I got closer and closer to his shoulder. I sure hoped he didn't blow up then because I'd had no chance to get away. I worked my left hand up and down in easy motion till I touched his neck and kept a working till I got hold of the cheek of the bridle. That done, I rested a spell because the pain in my leg was making me weak.

After a while I went on again, with my right hand this time, and started rubbing along his neck till I got to the withers. Then I slowly reached over and begin to unbuckle the strap that held my rope. The horse begin to snort and act up a little when he seen the rope move, but I was lucky enough to get it, and not any too soon, for the next second he'd snorted away from me and went to the end of the rein again.

I had to start all over in getting up to him, and queer I thought how he realized I was handicapped, because I'd never had much trouble getting up to him before; he wasn't so bad only to get onto. Anyway, I felt better now. I had my rope in my hand and soon I'd

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

have him pegged down where I could whisper in his ear without any back talk from him.

First tho, and before I started flashing a rope around him, I figgered I better fix that horse so he wouldn't try to jerk away from me again. He was acting like he might most any second, and I sure didn't want to have him drag me thru any more sage-brush.

I dropped the loop end of my rope with most of the coils to the ground and took the other end, and slow, on account of the pain every move brought, I eased towards the horse's head once more. He kept a backing away from me as before, but after a while I got to touch him on the neck again. Then, not losing any time, I slipped the end of the rope thru the left ring of the bridle bit, and drawed on it till it reached the rigging ring of the saddle, and there I tied it to stay.

I drawed a long breath after that was done because I felt then that I had my horse, and he wouldn't drag Willie over the flat any more. The contraption I'd put on him was what we call a draw rein. I could now turn his head with my little finger, and with all the coils of rope I had left on the ground I had plenty to hang on with.

But I wasn't thru with him yet. I took the loop end of my rope, and now, hopping on one leg all I pleased, I made a loop, and while the horse snorted and pawed the air I begin to aim that loop at his front feet. I was handicapped so that I spilled quite a few throws before I got them front feet of his, but when I did I sure done a good job, because I got both of 'em in a figure eight.

That was no more than done when Mr. Horse quit his fighting right now. He knowed what a rope around his front feet would do to him if he didn't behave, so he stood still and behaved; and I felt like patting myself on the back for the contraption I'd invented out of one rope which started from the rigging ring thru the bridle and down to his front feet. I had the middle of the rope in my hands, and even tho I could just hop around like an old man, I had that ornery horse where I could do anything I wished with him. He was wise enough to know it too.

The next question was to get in the saddle. That was going to be a hard one even if I could get the horse to stand still, but it was my intentions to ride, so at it I went.

I looked around my waist for a piece of my shirt. I wanted to use that for a blindfold and cover up that pony's bad eye which he kept on me so steady. His hind feet was still free and I knowed from my experience a short while before that he'd sure use 'em if he seen his chance. I knowed how far ahead he could reach with 'em too.

But as luck would have it I found enough of the remains of my shirt to cover his eyes with, and that I was very careful in doing. His goose was cooked now more than ever because he didn't know where I was nor what I was doing.

I reached down then and unfastened the rope off his front feet, but I done that in such a way that he'd think the rope was still holding, for I only left it wrapped around so I could pull it up and free him after I got in the saddle.

Lucky, I thought as I prepared to climb on, that it was my right leg that was on the blink instead of my left, because with my left I could get up on the side which I was used to, and the horse would be more apt to stand. I grabbed a hold of some mane with

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

one hand and the saddle horn with the other and put most of my weight on my arms. The horse kind of trembled all over and snorted as he felt my weight but he never budged, he was afraid to; then I eased my left foot in the stirrup, slowly raised myself up and leaned well over the fork of the saddle, and taking my right hand off the saddle horn I reached for the bum leg and brought it over the cantle to rest on the right side of the horse.

If that horse had made a move while I was doing that I think I'd just fell off because the pain was a plenty as it was; but luck was with me, and weak with the hurt I finally managed to straighten up in the middle of the saddle where I belonged.

The next thing now was to get this horse to going towards camp without him bogging his head and try to buck me off. I knowed this was the kind of a chance he'd always looked for and he'd sure take advantage of it soon as he felt he was foot loose, but I was aching for anything but jolts right then, and if he did act up with me it sure wouldn't be because I let him.

With the blindfold still over his eyes I drawed the rope up from around his feet, coiled it and tied it to the saddle. The other end of the rope was still thru the bit as a draw rein, and I used the leverage I had on that to bring his head around and, as we say, set it right in my lap.

I took the blindfold off then, and kept it for future use on the way to camp, for I figgered I'd need it some more before I got there.

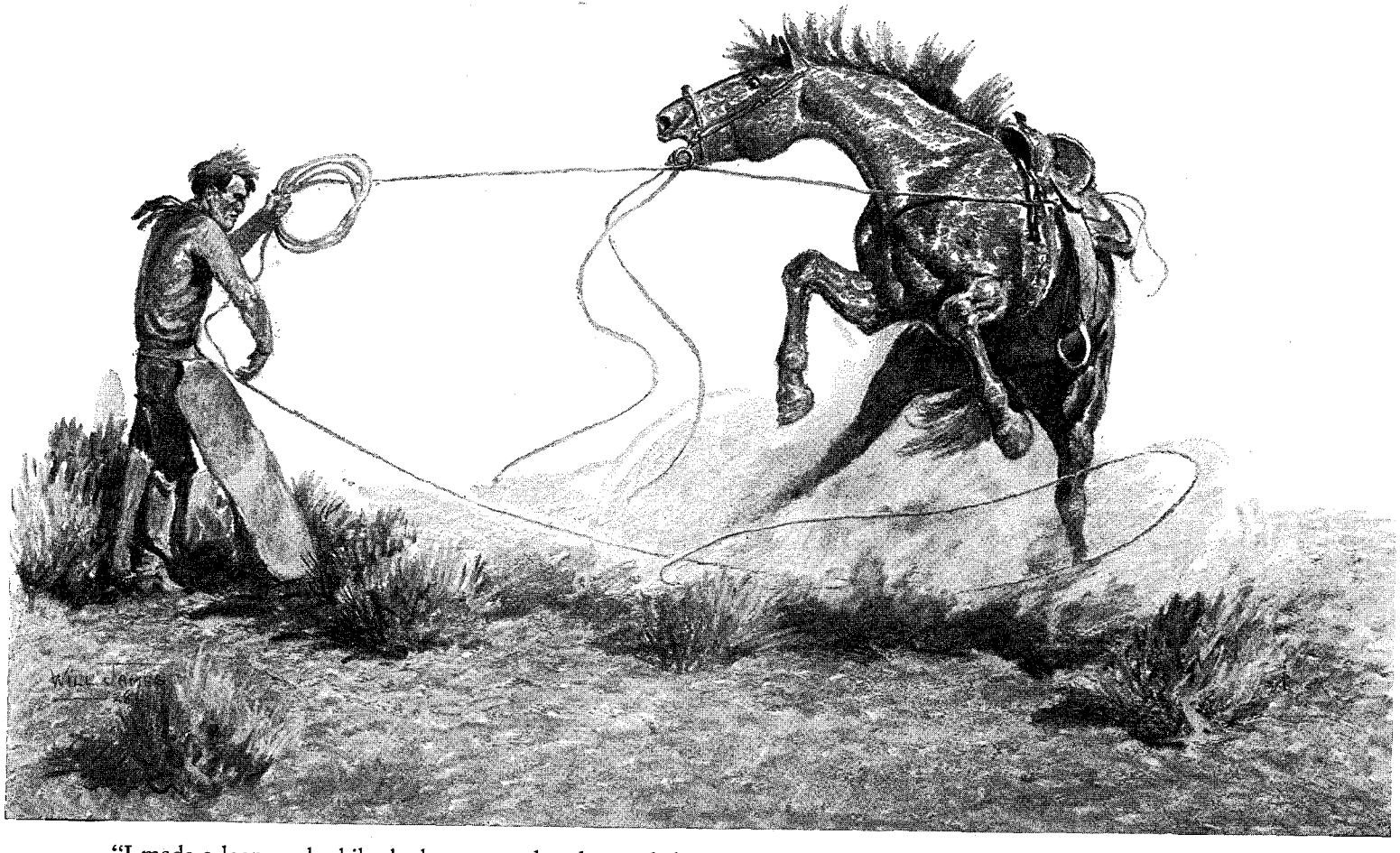
The horse was free. I gave him his head, and he snorted as he lifted one foot and the other, mighty careful like, to make sure no rope was there to trip him, and then, seeing he was sure enough foot loose, he went on to do just what I thought he would. He started to bogging his head with intentions to try and buck me off right there and then, but he hadn't as yet been made acquainted with that draw rein I still had on his head, and when, without much effort, I brought it up so his nose touched my knee was when that pony got the surprise of his life.

The most he could do was crowhop around a little, and that not being at all encouraging for him, he soon stopped it. But it wasn't any too soon for me. I yanked on the draw rein till all orneriness went out of his head for that time, whirled him around a few times till him and me both got dizzy, and then lined him out for camp at a fast walk.

It was pitch dark by then, and I can't say that I enjoyed that ride on in. What with the pain every step he made brought me, and then watching for every bad move he'd make, and catching 'em in time, so he wouldn't get the best of me, and all, sure didn't leave much for me to grin at before I reached camp.

Then again, I run acrost two gates to open and close before I got there. I had to get off at both of them gates because they wasn't the kind that could be opened or closed from the back of such a horse as I was riding. I spent near an hour getting off and on my horse at each gate, because each time I had to put the blindfold over the horse's eyes, throw the loop end of my rope around his front feet, and get him to stand. It was all near the same as what I've already described only the horse didn't get to drag me around like he did the time he kicked me. But I had to grit my teeth at every move I made, and when I finally got to camp I didn't

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"I made a loop, and while the hoss snorted and pawed the air I begin to aim that loop at his front feet."—Page 51.

From a drawing by Will James.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

get there any too soon because the way my whole right leg and hip was hurting I don't think I could of brought myself to make another move.

So, whether it was luck on his part, or scheming, that horse managed to get three long weeks rest from that day's happening. It took me that long to recuperate so I could be able to ride him again; and from that dealing with him, and others of his kind, is where I finally got to prefer a raw uneducated bronk, fresh from the wild bunch, rather than one that's been handled and turned loose and spoiled.

A raw bronk would of snorted a warning as I reached for the latigo to cinch up the saddle; his fighting would of been in the open, where with this man-wise horse he played possum and acted tired so I wouldn't be watching him too close and so he could slam me one to the best advantage.

But I didn't hold it against that horse for what he done to me—no rider who hires out to ride that kind of horse ever does—and if a cowboy gets laid up after a mix-up with one of them ponies he most usually blames himself for letting the horse get the best of him.

I figgered I'd been slipped up on because I wasn't watching close enough. He'd put one over on me, and as I watched him graze in the big pasture while recuperating I felt like he was the winner and I was just the loser.—From watching his chance, catching me when I wasn't looking, and placing a kick at the right time, he'd won out on his main ambitions which was on being turned loose and nothing else. The happening was just another feather in his foretop.

The Boy Friend of Broadway

BY GEORGE S. BROOKS
Author of "Spread Eagle," etc.

Because it was a matinée day, Wallace Morrison rose about one o'clock, to the accompaniment of his own violent protests. In twenty complaining minutes, while the hotel maid waited outside his door to make up his room, he accomplished a shave and a shower. His temper improved with his appearance to such a degree that, by the time he was half dressed, he was singing a snatch of melody left over, like the empty pint flask on his bureau, from the festivities of the night before.

"Lucky?
I mean that's me. . . .
You knows I'm luck-ee,
You dice and horses; cards an' women,
You can't resist me, when I'm winnin'. . . .
Yes, suh, I'm luck-ee,
I'm luck-ee, that's me."

For the fifteenth time the maid rapped on his door. Morrison paused in his song to shout, "Come in, Hulda," and then continued tying his polka-dot tie.

With a rattle of master-keys Hulda pushed open the door. On the threshold

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

she paused, surveying the room in astonishment. For surrounding Wallace Morrison, as he stood grimacing in the mirror, still minus his coat, vest, stockings, and shoes, was a complete woman's wardrobe. It was not a mere dress or two with perhaps a suit and coat, but it was the ultimate plural of "clothes." It was the kind of thing that women bring back from Paris.

Gowns, wraps, two fur coats, negligées, house dresses, party dresses, day dresses, tea dresses, evening dresses overflowed from the closet, which hung full, until Morrison's room resembled an untidy wardrobe-mistress's sanctum just after the finale of a musical comedy. And, standing there in the midst of this riotous profusion of costume and apparently oblivious of it, was a dark, good-humored, curly-headed, debonair man of forty.

Hulda, angular and suspicious, peered into the closet, the bathroom, under the bed, and even threw back the sheets and blankets with unnecessary violence. Morrison watched her, his black eyes laughing. He bent over and picked up from the floor a dress of Nile-green silk, a filmy thing which only a very beautiful woman would have dared to wear.

"Never mind that house detective," he reassured the maid. "This came in empty, Hulda. But you ought to see what fits inside it." He held out the dress to her.

Hulda regarded him—and the dress—with as dark suspicion as a natural ash blonde is capable of showing. She thumped her carpet-sweeper on the floor.

"Mr. Morrison," she announced, "I'll bet you've gone and done it again."

"Now what are you accusing me of?"

"Why, falling in love again."

The man threw the Nile-green creation upon the bed and sat down to put on his stockings and shoes. He sat in the nearest chair, crumpling beneath him a brocaded evening wrap trimmed with white ostrich plumes.

"For once, Hulda, you're right."

Hulda sniffed disdainfully. "Not two weeks ago—well, the night you give me passes to 'Steppin' Out'—you promised me you wouldn't fall in love again for a long time. Now, didn't you, Mr. Morrison?"

Morrison tightened his shoe-laces and grinned engagingly. "It's been a long time. Two weeks is a long time."

"You're a great, big damn fool." Hulda said it emphatically. "Where's that needle and thread I left here? There's a button off your shirt."

He found the sewing kit and stood obediently, like a very small and very naughty boy, while the maid sewed a button on his polka-dot shirt. When she finished, by way of reward he kissed her, and grinned at the vigorous slap that the caress called forth. He then slipped into his vest and coat. He hung a cane on his left arm, put a handkerchief half-way into his breast pocket, lighted a straw-tipped cigarette, and stuck his hat on his head at a jaunty angle. He was ready for the street.

"My sister-in-law's brother," said Hulda, detaining him, "him that's workin' for the express company, wants to take his girl to a show."

"What kind of a show?"

"Hoofin' an' music, of course."

Morrison took out a small note-book and made a memorandum of the matter. "Tell him the Plaza Theatre. His seats'll be in my name at the box-office."

"I don't care if they ain't very good seats," Hulda added upon mature reflection. "She ain't a very good girl."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Morrison flicked off his cigarette ashes on the rug, conveniently near Hulda's carpet-sweeper.

"And I'd like to take my gentleman friend to a show, too."

"What kind of a show?"

"Oh, a drama show." Like most professional Broadway habitués, she pronounced it "dray-ma."

"Seen 'Louis Sends His Love'?" he asked, naming one of the comedy successes. Hulda shook her head.

"Well, Penn Theatre. Tickets'll be in my name." He made another entry in his note-book.

"And Mr. Morrison"—Hulda leaned on the handle of the carpet-sweeper. Her voice assumed a pleading tone—"what in hell do you want me to do with these rags?" Her gesture included the fortune represented by the silks and furs, the brocades and wools, the feathers and plumes with which the room was strewn.

"Send 'em to the cleaner's."

"What's the idea?" Hulda asked it as if she had the right to know.

"Well," Morrison explained, "you see, when you love a woman, you have to do something for her, don't you?" He paused and waited until Hulda assented coldly to the statement. "I can't give her money or anything. I'm broke. So I told her to send over her clothes and I'd have 'em dry-cleaned for her. You see, I can have it charged."

With a wave of his hand, as if he had explained everything, Morrison went out the door singing "Sugar Daddies."

"I gave her—a butler,
A duplex—a motor,
A yacht and—a château on the Sound.
I sent her—to Paris,
Like she was—an heiress—
And all she said was 'Thank you' on the phone."

Disgorged from the elevator in the lobby, he waved his cane at the loungers whom he knew and sought the restaurant, where a head waiter beckoned him to a table by the window.

"Over here, Mr. Morrison. A little breakfast, sir?"

Visitors from comparatively rural communities looked up at the mention of "breakfast." They were eating a late luncheon.

"Double orange-juice and coffee. Black coffee," he added parenthetically. The visitors made a mental note that orange-juice and black coffee is what the well-dressed man is drinking for breakfast this season. The head waiter delivered the order to a subordinate with a flourish, as a stage magician does when he hands the empty goldfish bowl to his assistant and turns to the next trick.

The fat manager approached Morrison's table, carrying a *Times, Tribune,* and *World,* the three morning papers which he had saved for his favorite patron. "You're early to-day, Mr. Morrison."

"It's a matinée day."

"That's right. So it is. And you have to work, the same's an actor."

"Never mind the papers. I read 'em somewhere, before I went to bed. By the way, how much do I owe you?"

The manager smiled and calculated. "Oh, fourteen dollars and something, including this breakfast."

"I'll match you to see whether it's twenty-five or nothing."

"All right, Mr. Morrison." The manager drew a quarter from his pocket. "You're matching me."

"And how?" Morrison tossed down a coin. Even the austere cashier in the corner laughed with him as he won. Upon another turn, he won back a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

quarter tip from the waiter, then sent the waiter running to hand it to a vagrant hurdy-gurdy operator who was grinding "Lucky—that's me" on the sidewalk outside.

"I'm President of the Society for the Encouragement of Street Music," he told the beaming manager, as he drank his breakfast and departed to mingle with but not be lost in the early afternoon throngs along Broadway.

Broadway was Morrison's home, his playground, his country, and his religion. It was his honest boast that in four years he had never been north of Hampton's Theatre at Sixty-third Street or south of Eva Le Gallienne's Civic Repertoire Theatre on Fourteenth Street. For five years he steadily refused to make a pilgrimage to the Grand Street Playhouse, a dollar-twenty-cent taxi ride from Times Square, as Morrison reckoned distance.

So when the Grand Street players moved up-town to the geographical heart of the nation, on Forty-fourth Street as Morrison believed it was, he reviewed their performance as if they had come from Paris, Moscow, or Madrid. He dusted off his best vocabulary, usually reserved for visiting foreign artists like the Guitrys or the Moscow Art Players, and wrote of their "arrival here last evening." It was not affectation on his part, nor humor, as some of his readers may have supposed. Grand Street was as far removed from his consciousness as if it had been a boulevard in Shanghai, Tokio, or Vienna.

As has been intimated, Morrison's business was the writing, each and every day, of three thousand words of theatrical gossip. On Sunday he had a page to fill. Editors and publishers tolerated his peculiarities and vagaries because he produced the most complete, the most reliable, the most widely read gossip column to be found in any metropolitan paper.

Real-estate operators, bankers, speculators, brokers read the column, because it reflected the pulse of Broadway business. Morrison was the man who first called attention to the fact that a theatre one-half block west of the dead-line had never housed a paying attraction. "Even the cut-rate crowds do not care to emigrate," he wrote, spoiling two huge transfers of real estate. Or again, for tight money is always reflected first in theatrical box-offices, he typed the line, "The show business needs a stimulant," and call-money performed strange didoes.

He always listed the news of the casting of a new show, which sent hundreds of actors scurrying to the producers' office. He forecast closings, estimated attendance—in short, if one did not know Broadway one could learn it from his column, and if one did know Broadway one could learn more.

Because his daily routine was, to him, a completely satisfying combination of occupation and entertainment, Morrison never took a vacation. He held that no resort could hope to compete with the attractions Broadway offered him.

Did he crave a bathing-beach? There were vast marble pools at Forty-sixth and Forty-eighth Streets. Instead of golf or tennis, he found his exercise in a Forty-second Street gymnasium where he was always welcome and where he trained with a crowd of preliminary fighters from the Madison Square Garden. His hunting may not have been big game, but it was convenient. He shot clay rabbits in a Sixth Avenue shooting-gallery. Sunlight, without which man

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cannot exist, he found under the quartz light in a physician's office.

He picked fresh cantaloupes in his garden with the joy of any commuter. But his garden was the painted vine of a chop-house window display. He gathered flowers upon occasion, and found them, not moist with dew, but redolent with the mingled perfumes of the florist's ice-box.

And so, while most of us find Broadway vulgar, tawdry, unreal, impossible, Morrison loved it. He accepted the "Mammy" ballads of Tin Pan Alley as the folk-songs of his homeland, the polyglot population of the theatre district as his nation. A flashing, thirty-thousand-watt cold-cream sign was more beautiful to him than a sunrise in the mountains. The rattle of milk-wagons, when he was homeward-bound at four-thirty o'clock in the morning, was like the sound of a nightingale. When a baby spot was thrown upon a velvet revue curtain, it gave him the thrill that others experience when the moon rises over Lake Como. He would not have exchanged an Eighth Avenue traffic-jam for all the gondolas in Venice. He would have backed the Paramount or the Roxy against St. Peter's, for architectural beauty.

Broadway, loved for herself alone, returned his affection as honestly as Morrison gave it. Theatre treasurers grinned when he approached, newsboys hailed him, taxi-drivers helped him home when he was drunk, without ever feeling for his wallet or his watch.

On this afternoon, like an emperor touring his provinces, Morrison sauntered up the street of many lights. His progress was slow, for friends halted him in each block. With every acquaintance Morrison ceremoniously shook hands, received, gave, or exchanged a bit of gossip as the case might be, raised his hat in parting, before he advanced a few more steps.

In the strictest confidence he told a dazzling brunette show-girl that Aaron Michaeline was to begin casting a new musical comedy at four that afternoon. From a stage-hand he acquired the distinguished name of the corespondent in the Blackman divorce suit. He advised a worried stage-manager to dim the amber border-lights while the prima donna sang her waltz number, because amber made her face look old and lined.

At Forty-sixth Street, where the vaudeville "curb market" for bookings and acts is located, he encountered a fox-faced, wizened man, whose clothes shrieked for night to conceal their vulgarity and whose diamond studs flashed like a pawn-shop window display.

For the first time that day the fox-faced man smiled, disclosing his yellowed teeth. "Hello, scoop," he hailed the columnist.

"'Lo, Jake." There was the formality of a hand-shake. "How's business?"

"Rotten." Jake spat out the word. "Soon's I take a buy on a show, she goes Leblang."

Morrison laughed until Jake was forced to grin with him. Jake was one of the shrewdest speculators on the shrewdest street in the world. And when Jake lost money it meant the rest of the country was struggling with a panic.

The two men backed against a lamp-post and allowed the world to jostle past them.

"Look 'em over, would you?" Jake gestured toward the five-deep human currents that had set in like tides up

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and down the street. "Look 'em over, won't you? They've all got some money on 'em. If you and me was smart, we'd figure out how to get it."

"Any ideas, Jake?" Morrison laughed his inquiry.

"Well, you won't print it until I tell you, will you?" Jake asked it anxiously. Morrison shook his head. It was as good as a solemn oath to the speculator. "I'm going to try a new burlesque circuit."

Morrison shook his head, this time contemptuously. "No good — short skirts killed all the leg shows. You can see more on the streets for nothing than the police'll let you show for a dollar-ten."

"Maybe. Maybe. But I figured on the novelty to put it outa the red."

"Where's your novelty in burlesque? You talk like Johnny the Dope. Burlesque's just the same show that I saw twenty years ago . . . can't be anything different."

"Maybe. Maybe." Jake pursed his lips. "But remember we ain't had much burlesque since the war. All these little squirts that has grown up since would think it was something new."

"Funny idea."

"No, it ain't," Jake contradicted. "Didn't you ever stop to think that the theatre crowd's always the same age? Out front, just the same's on the stage. Fellas go to shows, regular, for about three years. From the time they get a good job until they get married. Dames are the same way. After they're married, the fella goes to lodges and the movies. Why"—Jake waved his head impressively—"I'll bet ninety per cent of the boys come into my place never saw old-time burlesque."

"Maybe you're right, Jake." It was time for Morrison to move along. He raised his hat.

"Keep that idea to yourself," Jake called after him. "There's money in it. Why, say! How many people, fellas and girls, back-stage, do you know that you knew five years ago? I tell you they change faster, out front."

Upon the back of an envelope Morrison jotted down Jake's comment about the age of theatregoers; it was an idea for a Sunday feature. Then, with blissful content, he allowed his legs to carry him to the stage entrance of the Circle Theatre.

The door-man nodded to him, a mark of distinction on Broadway second only to recognition by a barber or a traffic policeman. A coatless stage-manager shook hands and added the important information: "She's in her dressing-room. You'll have a minute or two. I'm late ringing up."

In two leaps Morrison mounted the half-flight of steps that led to a dressing-room. His characteristic code rap on the dressing-room door, a tattoo that a trap-drummer would have envied, brought the shrieked invitation: "Go away, Wally. I hate you."

So Morrison entered.

Were one to attempt to describe Rosmary Chalmers, the impartial truth would sound like a press-agent's hymn to the Sunday-morning dramatic sections. She was a dancer, very blonde and very dainty, with a classic perfection of features that had barred her from the movies because it could no more be photographed than it can be catalogued in words. Her body, lithe and graceful because she was a dancer, did not have the greyhound muscles that sometimes mar the figure of a woman athlete. In a word, "she dragged in the yokels," as the producer of the Frolics boasted, at five dollars and fifty cents a yokel. Saturday nights she had

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

them standing in the rear of the house, for two-twenty a standing-spot.

Rosmary waited for Morrison, with her mascaro-stick in her right hand. She smudged his nose with it before she kissed him.

"You blue-eyed devil!" With his handkerchief Morrison removed the scar of make-up from his face. "Poppa spank!"

She stepped back to admire his perfection of costume speculatively. "Gee, I wish you could sing tenor. I'd have the lead fired. He always has garlic in his salads. I'd make you do the waltz with me."

"Sing?" returned the man. "All you can do is say the lines." This was perfectly true, for Rosmary's singing was chiefly done by the strings and woodwinds in the orchestra pit. "How long's anybody had to sing to get a job in this show?"

"You'd have to," Rosmary retorted. She raised her short skirt an appreciable two inches higher. "I hit the high notes with my knees."

"Sure. Ann Pennington. Get by on the dimples."

"No, I'm not Ann Pennington. But you're not George White."

Morrison let that pass. "Listen, devil. Poppa's talkin'." A warning buzzer sounded, summoning principals and chorus to the waiting stage. Somewhere in the distance, brasses and a drum throbbed out a syncopated melody, the final phrases of the overture. "I don't care who you gota date with. After the show, you're steppin' out with me."

A lowly rabbit's foot, gold-mounted and jewelled but still a rabbit's foot, whisked a last dab of rouge-powder into place, repairing the damage done by Morrison's kiss.

"I hate you." Rosmary made an impudent face. "So don't keep me waiting." She picked up the property suitcase that she always carried on for her first entrance. "If you're a minute after eleven-five I'll go to Van's party like I promised."

"Van" was a millionaire's son, with a name, a lineage, and a bank balance impressive as a page ad in *Barron's Weekly*.

"I'll be here, devil."

"Gee, I hate you." She kissed him again, a faint dab of a kiss, for she dared not spoil her make-up, and sped lightly down the stairs. The anxious stage-manager, when he saw her coming, lowered his hand. There was a change of tempo in the music and the sound of a buzzing as a curtain rolled up. Morrison closed her dressing-room door and followed her slowly. By the time he reached the switchboard he could see her, sitting impudently cross-legged on the suitcase, facing a deluge of light from borders, spots, X-rays, and foots, and chanting the lines of the opening chorus—

> "He said he was an actor;
> I said he wouldn't do—
> For Tom Mix's horse
> Is an actor, too."

"She's some gal," whispered the master electrician admiringly.

"Poppa knows," agreed Morrison.

The fact that Morrison had invited a spoiled, whimsical Broadway beauty to supper that night, and that, until his next pay-day arrived, he was broke, did not trouble the columnist in the least. As he left the theatre to retrace his steps down the street, he was merely concerned in figuring out which one of the night-clubs Rosmary would prefer.

Of course, said Morrison to himself, the Cosmopolitan was the most expen-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sive. That was decidedly in its favor, as such things are gauged in his world. But the Cosmopolitan was apt to be a little slow, with people old and sufficiently respectable-looking to be grandfathers and grandmothers sitting about, and, what is inexplicable, looking as if they would acknowledge the grandchildren.

"They don't bury their dead at the Cosmopolitan." Morrison dismissed it from the possibilities.

The Kings Up Club was rowdy and sporty enough to suit anybody. But what with the taxi-bandits arrested there the week before, and the Spegler suicide in the coat-room, and a policeman asking the names and addresses of every one who went in, he doubted if it were really the place to take a nice girl like Rosmary. Of course, it has been hinted that the policeman was merely a property policeman, paid by the management to give the customers a thrill, in a smart attempt to capitalize the notoriety the place had received.

Certainly the grass-widow from Central Park West, whom Morrison had taken there the other night, had kissed the policeman and told him her telephone number when he took her name. So far as the columnist knew, she had neither been arrested nor followed for so doing, which argued that the rumor was right and that the cop was a part of the hired entertainment. Morrison concluded not to risk the Kings Up Club. But he made a note on the back of an envelope to write something about the grass-widow and the policeman.

Still undecided about the locale of the night's supper-party, Morrison dropped into a subway entrance, rode nine blocks to his office, and threw the cover off his typewriter with the manner of a laborer worthy of his hire. Under his practised fingers the keys rattled in staccato phrases. The phone at his elbow jangled. It served as a paper-weight for four days' accumulation of unopened, unread mail.

"'Lo," Morrison barked, annoyed at the interruption.

"This you?" asked a man's voice cryptically.

"So far's I know," retorted the newspaper man.

"This' Herb Lochner. I ain't heard from you and I wondered if you was comin' up to-night."

With great haste Morrison turned over the unopened envelopes. "Wait a minute. Hold the wire," he pleaded into the mouthpiece, as he searched for a possible explanation of the call. After some difficulty he found it, an engraved card inviting the bearer and guest to the opening of the recently unpadlocked, newly redecorated, thoroughly chic Club d'Azure.

"Look, Herb." Morrison's eyes travelled about the room, searching for a glance at a calendar, to make sure that the opening date was that night. "Look, Herb, I hadn't let you know because I didn't know myself." He took a long breath and continued, "You see, I had a date with Rosmary Chalmers, you know, the little blonde, the dancer in the Frolics. If I can bust my date with her, I'll come. But she won't answer the phone in her apartment."

"Bring her along," Lochner pleaded. "Bring her. I'll give you a dance-floor table. All you haveta do is sign the check."

"No, thanks, Herb. I wouldn't feel right doing that." Morrison's voice was guileless, although lines of amusement and triumph gathered about his eyes. "You see, it isn't Rosmary alone. We're hooked up with a party."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Who's in the party?"

Lochner, performing a routine courtesy for the press, which would assure him some newspaper mention of the opening, saw an opportunity to add to his list of "among the distinguished persons present."

Morrison thought fast. It was an opportunity for him to pay off a few old entertainment debts. He could get—

"Why, Herb, there's six of us. Bill Downing, that comedian in 'Golden Glow,' and Chuck Peters, you know—he's playing at the Palace this week. I don't know who they're bringing. Whether it's anybody from the business or not. Chuck's married, but he'll probably have some show-girl."

"Bring 'em all to my party," Lochner insisted. "You just invite 'em and sign the check for the lot. They wouldn't mind being photographed, would they?"

"They're actors, ain't they?" replied Morrison, as if the question were superfluous. "But, honest, I don't think we oughta come. We were goin' to have a quiet evening in Rosmary's apartment." Had he asked the other if he could bring five friends, Lochner would have found a thousand reasons why it was impossible. "You know, Herb, I don't mind crashing in myself, but six is too many."

Lochner pleaded. Morrison was obdurate.

"The fact is, Herb," Morrison winked at a passing copy-boy, "I'm no sucker. I have to work for a living. I can't pay night-club prices for liquor."

"Listen. I'll have three quarts of wine, it's just off a boat, too, in a cooler under your table. And Baccardi cocktails. How's that? I don't want you to buy a thing."

Under those circumstances Morrison could hardly refuse. He hung up the phone, muttered, "So the angels fed Elijah," and continued to write his daily grist of copy.

About ten o'clock Morrison, wearing a dinner-coat that apparently guaranteed wealth and distinction as surely as a box at a horse show, entered a side-arm restaurant where he ate a forty-cent dinner. A pop-eyed buss-boy dropped a tray of plates while wondering whether the newspaper man was a foreign ambassador unused to American customs or merely some one from the social register on a slumming expedition.

At eleven o'clock with two borrowed dollars for taxi-fare in his pocket, Morrison collected his party into the blue-and-gold elevator and ascended to the twelfth floor and the garish splendor of the Club d'Azure. He and his guests were welcomed by the grateful Lochner with the same reticence and timidity that Texas Guinan showed when H. R. H. the Prince of Wales had the honor of being presented to her.

As the cocktails began to take hold, Wallace Morrison had never appeared in better form. Even the waiters about his table listened for his wise cracks on each patron who entered.

"Hanneford's filling up his house every performance," he remarked, when that producer came through the silk curtain that served as a door. Rosmary giggled. She knew of the old feud between Morrison and the producer, and of Morrison's joy when the producer suffered a "hundred-thousand-dollar flop."

"He's using the Manhattan telephone-book for a free list. He's only begun on the C's and he figures he can keep it running to August without touching the Brooklyn directory."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The story was repeated of the warm spring evening when Hanneford had every one of the 1,196 seats of his theatre filled, and the theatre treasurer found only $181.75 in the box-office, so thoroughly had the attendance been padded with passes.

"I've found out what a college education's worth," Morrison continued in a bland, childlike tone. "Some one at the Yale Club gave up $14.40 for two seats to that show. If he'd had normal intelligence, he'd of gone on a pass and sent Hanneford a bill for his time."

While they all were laughing Rosmary pinched his ear. "Come on, Wally. Let's dance."

The wine followed the cocktails in their glasses. It bubbled as vivaciously as if it had been the honest product of the grapes in a Marne Valley vineyard, instead of a combination of Baldwin cider, grain-alcohol, and carbonated water. And about the table gathered men and women who were welcomed with shouts as they set out new bottles and new flasks.

From six the party grew to sixteen, and Morrison continued to dominate it. Table after table was shoved up, and long before one o'clock manager, entertainers, waiters, and orchestra were aware that this was the important group.

Did a certain notorious actress come in?

"They ruined her art in St. Louis," Morrison confided. "They made her put brassières on the chorus."

Every one at the string of tables Morrison headed possessed some qualification that acted as a passport to the ranks of the elect. True enough, in one or two instances one had to be of the elect to recognize it. The overdressed, vulgar woman was private secretary to a producer, although some attributed her influence over him to another relationship. There were one or two uninteresting and quiet men, but they had money. A drunken man had a glorious baritone voice, a certain stage-designer had imagination, and a lyric writer, at that moment, had a certain vogue. As for the women, most of them, like Rosmary, had their credentials plainly displayed in their faces. They were beautiful, else they would not have been there.

And host to them all, entertainer to those whose profession it is to entertain, Morrison held his ascendancy. He was proudly conscious that hundreds of men on the island of Manhattan would have bartered a cherished possession for a chance to occupy his chair beside Rosmary's and be listened to as Rosmary and the others listened to him.

Sophisticated aphorisms and rather wicked comments dropped carelessly from his lips. And even as he spoke he realized that his words would be repeated in dressing-room and club, restaurants and beauty-shop, for weeks to come.

The Manning divorce was mentioned.

"Well, what could poor Manning expect?" demanded the columnist. "He went to Atlantic City to see his sweetie and took his wife with him."

"The damn fool," drawled the vulgar woman. "Didn't he know Mrs. Manning would get jealous?"

"Oh, no." Morrison shook his head. "Nothing as naïve as that. His sweetie got jealous of his wife. So Manning had to divorce her to have any peace at home."

From the other side of the table, during a lull in the talk, came the casual phrase, "I said to him: 'I want you to understand I'm a woman of the world.'"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Just half of that, Bernaise. Half of it," interpolated Morrison. It made a mortal enemy of Bernaise, but then she was slipping anyway. Her last three pictures were flops and the Keith people had cancelled her vaudeville bookings.

It was all more intoxicating to Morrison than the sparkling Burgundy which one of the wealthy men ordered. When the club quartet sang "Lucky—that's Me," the columnist joined them with riotous assurance.

"Yes, suh, I'm luck-ee,
I'm luck-ee, that's me."

The applause was tremendous. Then his whim changed. He ousted the trap-drummer from the orchestra and played a number through with startling variations as if he were a trick percussion star from a vaudeville act.

Then, by chance, the vulgar woman mentioned a scandal over which Broadway was gossiping.

"I can't get interested in that." Morrison shrugged his shoulders. "Exactly like the racket they had at the Astor over that fella from South Bend."

"When was that?" inquired the stage-designer.

"I don't know." Morrison searched his memory. "You all remember it?"

He looked from one to the other for confirmation. They shook their heads. "Why, you must remember it. Just after the Dolly Chambers murder."

"Who was she?" demanded Rosmary.

"Little show-girl. I was writing police then, writing police on the old *Sun*. It was the first big murder I wrote in this town. You must remember it. Everybody was mixed up in it. Hell, the Producers' Club couldn't hold a directors' meeting. All the membership and house committees were in Canada, dodging subpœnas."

Morrison glanced down the table for his laugh, the laugh of reminiscence. But it did not come.

"You remember it, Bill?" he turned to the comedian.

"Before my time." The comedian shook his head.

Morrison danced once more that evening, but his heart was no longer in it. Perhaps the crowd about him sensed the change, although they gave no sign. As they left, earlier than he had intended, he did some of his best clowning. He kissed the check-girl for a tip—neglecting to mention that it was all he had to give her, as he was saving the money in his pocket for taxi-fare.

But as he rode to Rosmary's apartment, in the seclusion of the cab, his head fell forward on his hands.

"Too much wine, honey?" asked the most beautiful girl in the Frolics, taking his head in her arms.

Then she started. His eyes were moist. He was crying.

"Why, honey! honey! What's the matter?"

The man gulped. "That Goddamned Jake's right. They're always the same age, front stage and back."

Rosmary did not understand. "I hate you, honey."

He pushed her away. "But, Rosmary, where in hell will I be in another year—in five years?"

It was a question Rosmary could not attempt to answer.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Across the Plains with Bridger as Guide

SOME MEMORIES OF THE LAND OF THE SIOUX

BY JAMES B. CARRINGTON

Mr. Carrington is the son of General Henry B. Carrington, who was a famous Indian fighter. Mr. Carrington in this simple account of an early recollection brings home the great changes which within his own memory have been brought about in the West.

When I came across a copy of the little Kearney *Herald* recently, that had been stored away in an old blue carpenter-made, heavy army chest, strongly reinforced with sheet iron at the corners, and protected by a big padlock, it brought back vaguely, but in some respects vividly, a childhood surrounded by strange scenes.

The paper is yellow with age, and the type faded and indistinct. The size of the sheet is nine by fourteen inches, and the date January, 1866.

The motto at the head of the first page reads: "Independence in All Things, Neutrality in Nothing." It was published by Leigh R. Freeman, semi-weekly, and the subscription price was: One year, $6.00; six months, $4.00.

This publisher's announcement appears in the first column:

Persons wishing to obtain the earliest telegraphic acounts of the procedings of the United States Congress, the Legislature of Nebraska; the progress of the Mexican and Chilian wars, and other excitable news, should subscribe at once to the Kearney *Herald,* which will furnish all items of importance at least two days in advance of any other means of intelligence. The outfitters of the Missouri River cities will find it greatly to their interest to advertise in the *Herald,* as all the freighters and passengers buy it. For sale at the Post-Office of the City and Garrison, the Stage Office, and the Pacific Telegraph Office.

Also for sale at the Telegraph Office, ten by twelve photographs of the burning of Julesburg, Colorado, by the Indians in the winter of 1865. Drawn by T. H. Williams, of the 2d. Colorado Cavalry, who was on the ground, and photographed by Brady, N. Y. All who have seen this picture agree that it is the most superbly executed "Savage" landscape ever taken. The bursting of the shells from Fort Sedgwick amongst the thousands of painted warriors horseback and afoot, who are engaged in crossing the river, rushing hither and thither about the burning town, and over the neighboring bluffs, combine to form a scene so sublimely wild that none ever witnessed the like save those who had the ill luck to be present on that heart-rending occasion.

The Julesburg referred to was a typical Western mushroom growth, and notorious for bad whiskey and bad men, and general wickedness. Its destruction was by no means an unmixed evil. It was burned by Little Dog.

Those were the days when the Indians were an ever-present menace and when they were particularly excited and exasperated by the constantly increasing encroachment of the white

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

KEARNEY HERALD.

VOL. 1, FORT KEARNY, N. T., JANUARY 6, 1866. NO. 2

"INDEPENDENCE IN ALL THINGS, NEUTRALITY IN NOTHING."

Sedgwick amongst the thousands of painted warriors horseback and afoot, who are engaged in crossing the river, rushing hither and thither about the burning town, and over the neighboring bluffs, combine to form a scene so sublimely wild that none ever witnessed the like save those who had the ill luck to be present on that heart-rending occasion.

TELEGRAPHIC.

The report that any reconstruction Committee had gone south on an investigation tour, is untrue. A prominent congressman, Radical, it is said, has declared there would be a change on the reconstruction question, and that the Tennessee delegation would probably be admitted a short time after congress meets.

It is thought that most of the southern congressmen will return to Washington, now that the Holidays are over.

Sacramento, Cal., Jan. 4.—The Gov. today, received from the Secretary of the Inferior, a confirmation of a grant of 5,000 acres of school land warrants in Humboldt county. It is the first instance of the kind, on record.

Washington, Jan. 4.—It is reported here by Juarist agents that a curious document may be made public concerning the organization of the Imperial operations. It will be remembered that for a time after the attempted assassination of Seward Col. Clarence Seward of New York, was acting Secretary of State. It is now charged that while acting in that capacity he was in negotiation with the Mexican Imperial agents with reference to being personally employed by a company one object of which is to carry arms and ammunition to the Imperialists.

It is a remarkable fact that the Sweeny who has been figuring so extensively as Secretary of War in the Fenian organization is a Brevet Col. in the regular army of the United States. His Reg't. is the 16th Infantry.

No reason is known here for believing Secretary Seward's trip has any political significance whatever. His son Fred. is still in delicate health and by going away he averts the January receptions, and gets an opportunity to recruit a little.

CONGRESS.

Washington, 5.—In the House various resolutions of inquiry were passed including one offered by Ingersoll of Ill., instructing Judiciary Committee as to whether any further legislation is necessary for the suppression of Polygamy in Utah.

In the Senate Sumner, as usual, presented a number of petitions, resolutions and protests upon the irrepressible conflict, amongst them a petition from his colored brethren in Alabama and Mississippi.

Judiciary Committee.

Senate apjourned until Monday.

New York 5.—The Posts' Washington special says resolutions were offered in the House to-day providing that all public lands in Southern States (and Western next) be thrown open to actual settlers. According to the decision of the Land Commissioners they are open to settlement for the black as well as the white men.

Washington 5.—Gen. Wm. Hickony, chief clerk of U. S. Senate, died this morning aged about 70. He has been in the employment of that body forty-two years.

New York, 5.—A letter dated City of Mexico, Dec. 17, says that the three loans put upon the market since the establishment of the Empire have involved the nation with a new debt of nearly $80,000,000. Of this sum only about $8,000,000 were used for puplic service, in consequence of which the Finance Commissioner in Paris has now at the disposition of Maximillian only a sufficient amount to meet the expenses during January.

New York, 5.—Ed. B. Ketchum was taken yesterday from the Tombs to Sing Sing. He was accompanied by his father and one brother.

Gen. Sweeney, Fenian Secretary of War, made a speech in the Fenian Congress to-day, to the effect that he would endorse any measures calculated to unite the Brotherhood in inaugurating the great movement—the achievement of Irish independence.

To-morrow evening there will be held at Cooper Institute, a public meeting of citizens in support of the proposition that European powers shall not be allowed to intermeddle with American politics.

The Express has a report of a house in Hudson St., Jersey City, that is well supplied with arms and stocked with munitions of war, supposed to belong to Fenians.

PLATTE RIVER BRIDGE.

Col. Carrington, commanding the Fort, has warmly supported the reccomendation of Gov. Saunders, Gen. Heath and others, to bridge the Platte, at or near Fort Kearney, and will commence a preliminary survey on Monday, with a view to such further recommendation as may be best in the development of the future state of Nebraska.

SPORT FOR LADIES.—Some of the ladies of the garrison took a ride this afternoon, escorted by two officers, for pleasure. They fell in with a pack of Prarie wolves, and one Timber wolf in company. The wolves were not hurt, however, and the wolves hurt nobody.

Facsimile of part of the front page of the *Kearney Herald*.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

man upon their hunting-grounds, and the determination of the government to send soldiers into their country to build new posts and to make safe the journey for emigrants on their way to the land of promise.

Here is a significant paragraph from the *Herald,* and later events proved it a prophetic one:

The military force has been so much decreased that the Indians no longer fear it. One instance is where 8,000 Navajoe Indians are guarded by 400 soldiers. The former begin to show a disposition to turn the tables by becoming captors.

Inadequate troops and antiquated out-of-date arms were the cause of many of the tragedies written on the pages of our frontier in the sixties.

Among some items of local interest is this one:

Sport for Ladies. Some of the ladies of the garrison took a ride this afternoon, escorted by two officers, for pleasure. They fell in with a pack of Prarie wolves, and one Timber wolf in company. The wolves were not hurt, however, and the wolves hurt nobody.

The second page of the paper is mostly taken up with an interview with James Bridger, who was to be our scout and guide.

PERSONNEL: Col. Bridger, the hero of Fort Bridger and Bridger's Pass, is sojourning at the Overland House in this City. The Col. is the oldest American settler of the Rocky Mountain Region. Having left Richmond, Va., the place of his nativity, and taken up his abode at the site of the present Fort Bridger, in 1840.

He built that famous stone fortification which was the stronghold of about three hundred trappers, which effective force he lead in very many stealthy surprises against the wiley and crafty Cheyennes, Arapahoes and Sioux. In 1853 he was driven from the home which his successful intrigues against the blodthirsty savages, together with the abundance and variety of game had rendered doubly dear to him by the "Latter Day Saints" who took possess of all the labor of this pioneer. He escaped only with his life and sought refuge in Missouri, where he owns a farm.

In 1857 when Gen. Albert Sydney Johnston marched against the Mormons he occupied the Fort and in behalf of the Government rented it of Col. Bridger for a term of ten years. As the lease expires next year, the Col. expects to return home and wake up the foes who cruelly drove him from thence.

He is perhaps sixty years old, fully six feet high, raw boned, blue eyes, auburn hair (now somewhat gray) is very active and communicative. He has guided numerous military expeditions against the Indians, and of these together with his own independent forays, he relates many interesting and thrilling incidents. . . .

The Col. has no faith in mounted expeditions against Indians. He says what all frontiersman know to be true, that the Indians can travel steadily for weeks together, and subsist upon cottonwood bark only, and their riders will build fires of the huge piles of Buffalo chips found where the herd wallows.

He thinks that our mode of hunting savages with mounted men and wagon trains is simply absurd, since it results only in heavy loss of animals and unnecessary exposure of troops who are compelled to return for rations or halt for their train to overtake them, which gives the savages exultant triumph, leaving the warriors smoking their pipes, whose bowls are tomahawks and the helves thereof the stems.

The Col. is now en route for Washington. He says he wants to tell the authorities how to manage the Indians; that if they will let him select a party of men, he will follow the Indians on foot, week after week, faring as they do, and will eventually overtake and surprise their villages.

He says that there is now a large party of Sioux encamped on the lakes just north of the forks of the Platte, that they are protected from the wind and have good water and grass.

He is of the opinion that troops unacustomed to the frontiers are stampeded by the yell of the Indians when the enemy is in small force and might easily be managed by experienced "Dodgers." He thinks that the expedition, the 18th U. S. Infantry, now moving against the Sioux, is planned more sensibly than any before fitted up in this country,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

since their wagon train is to establish a temporary base from which pack mules will supply the troops.

The third page has more despatches from the East, a list of the officers and companies at the post, and some items that give a vivid idea of what the soldiers had to endure on the march toward their destination.

The Cold Spell: During the cold spell in December when the mercury sank 29 below zero, the 18th. regulars suffered extremely. The first battallion marching west from Leavenworth had eighty men badly frozen and the second battallion had sixty more or less frozen.

Here is another impression of Bridger as he appeared at Fort Phil Kearney. It is from the narrative of the experiences of an officer's wife, in "Absaraka," a vivid and yet simple story of the hardships and dangers of a trip across the plains in an army ambulance. The Indians had been invited to the post for a conference over the question of peace or war, and the red sandstone pipes were passing around and "hows" were being exchanged between the red men and the officers of the post.

In front of them all, and to the left of the table, sitting on a low seat, with elbows on his knees and chin buried in his hands, sat the noted James Bridger, whose forty-four years upon the frontier had made him as keen and suspicious of Indians as any Indian himself could be of another. The old man, already somewhat bowed by age, after a long residence among the Crows as a friend and favorite chief; and having incurred the bitter hatred of the Cheyennes and Sioux alike, knew full well that his scalp—"Big Throat's" would be the proudest trophy they could bear to their solemn feasts. There he sat, or crouched, as watchful as though old times had come again, and he was once more to mingle in the fight, or renew the ordeal of his many hair-breadth escapes and spirited adventures.

Many stories are told of his past history, and he has been charged with many of his own manufacture. He is said to have seen a diamond in the Rocky Mountains, by the light of which he travelled thirty miles one stormy night, and to have informed some inquisitive travellers that Scotts Bluff, nearly four hundred feet high, now stands where there was a deep valley when he first visited the country. When asked about these statements, he quietly intimated that there was no harm in fooling people who pumped him for information and would not even say "thank ye." Once he was wealthy, and his silver operations in Colorado might have been lucrative; but he was the victim of misplaced confidence, and was always restless when not on the plains.

To us he was invariably straightforward, truthful, and reliable. His sagacity, knowledge of woodcraft, and knowledge of the Indian were wonderful, and his heart was warm and his feelings tender wherever he confided or made a friend.

He cannot read, but enjoys reading. He was charmed by Shakespeare; but doubted the Bible story of Samson's tying foxes by the tails, and with firebrands burning the wheat of the Philistines. At last he sent for a good edition of Shakespeare's plays, and would hear them read until midnight with unfeigned pleasure. The story of the murder of the two princes in the tower, however, startled him to the point of indignation. He wanted it read a second and third time. Upon positive conviction that the text was rightly read, he burned the whole set, saying that Shakespeare must have had a bad heart and been as damned mean as a Sioux, to have written such scoundrelism as that.

Bridger was evidently quite a different type from some later famous guides. He was more of the Daniel Boone, Hawkeye kind, crude of exterior but with a mind alert and filled with the lore of the red man and hunting of big game. What a hero he would make for some latter-day Cooper!

It was at old Fort Kearney, Nebraska Territory, that the expedition of the 18th Infantry, U. S. A., was made ready for its long march across the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

plains to the foot of the Big Horn Mountains, where it was to build Fort Phil Kearney, under the most trying and dangerous conditions, and later to lose eighty-one officers and men who were ambushed by Indians almost within sight of the fort. A monument erected within recent years, near the flourishing city of Sheridan, Wyo., commemorates the event.

Not far from Fort Kearney there was a Pawnee reservation, where I had many friends among the Indians, some of whom used to use my good offices to get by the sentinel in front of headquarters. They and their squaws were famous beggars, and the cunning little brown papooses made an irresistible appeal to my mother. How they could eat, old and young—they never seemed to get enough; and how they loved a piece of bright cloth or an old skirt! They were dirty and picturesque, and but for the trick of taking me by the hand rarely got by. I used to have a lot of fun with the Indian boys, shooting at a mark with bows and arrows, and when General Sherman visited the post we had a contest to see who could shoot the highest. My bow was boy's size, but I won by lying on my back and putting both feet against the bow to pull it.

A few days before we left old Fort Kearney, on the long and memorable march across the plains, our house burned down early in the morning, and I recall the terror of the scene, the mad scramble to save a few things, but especially the rapid popping of several big army revolvers that the fire set off.

Our home for weeks was to be an army ambulance of the old kind, bumpy, drawn by mules, as were all of the big covered wagons.—Two hundred and twenty-six mule teams in all, besides ambulances. There followed many weary days and nights, never free from apprehension of a possible Indian attack, and the wagons were always corralled at the end of a day's march to be ready for what might happen. When the tents were set up it was considered a wise and necessary precaution to look around carefully to see that there were no rattlesnakes playing in the vicinity. Nightly we heard the weird and mournful howling of wolves, sometimes the deep rumble of a stampeded herd of buffalo, that fairly shook the earth. And all through the dark, at regular intervals, the reassuring calls of the sentinels on watch.

My brother and I had been given a small Indian pony that we called "Calico," and during the day we would take turns riding him, to get relief from the monotony and cramped quarters of the ambulance. I can still remember passing prairie-dog villages where there were thousands of the funny little rodents running around, or sitting up to bark at us and then ducking down into their holes. Never a day without the sight of leaping antelopes, an occasional sneaking coyote, big jack-rabbits, often herds of buffalo in the distance, and ever the monotonous expanse of sage-covered plains, blinding dust, the big skies stretching to the blue horizon, distant mountains, gorgeous sunsets, and in the heat of some days a shimmering mirage that looked like a great sea.

A memory that especially lingers was the death of Gray Eagle, my father's magnificent horse that had been presented to him by old soldiers. He succumbed to bad water and lack of proper food. His strength exhausted, he had to be shot, and we watched his poor body as long as we could, in silence but, needless to say, not without blinding tears.

Among all the vague memories of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

those distant days is one that comes foremost—how many times later I awoke in the dark in terror, to see again the tortured bodies and bloody arrows of that night. It was about noon of the day that out of the quiet came, with startling distinctness and suddenness, the sound of volley-firing over the hills and out of sight of the fort. This was succeeded by scattering shots—then silence. That night the wagons and ambulances that had gone out with a rescue-party came back loaded with the horribly mutilated bodies of most of Captain Fetterman's command of eighty-one men, who had been ambushed and completely annihilated by an overwhelming body of Indians. A night of horror, a dawn of dread, of sorrow, of the bitterness and craving for revenge in every survivor's heart! A little band of men from the diminished garrison were to go out the next morning to bring in the living, if by chance any had survived; or the bodies of the missing. If the Indians had realized their power on that day, and the utterly inadequate number left in the fort for its defense, they could have repeated the unspeakable atrocities of the day before, and, as in the Fetterman fight, there would have been none left to tell the story. Women and children? Well, they would not have been there, for one of the last orders of the commander, who led the rescue-party in person, was that, in the event of the post's being overwhelmed, women and children were to be hidden in the magazine and a match or shot ready to ignite its stores of powder.

Looking back over the many years that have gone, it seems to me that we children thought chiefly of the good times we were having; to us it was a wonderful and glorious adventure. Little did we appreciate the ever-present anxiety that filled the minds of our mothers, the downright hardships and privations they endured, the wearing responsibilities that bore so heavily upon the shoulders of the commander, his officers and men. To us it was mostly *wash-ta-la,* good, but to our elders it was all *wau-nee-chee,* very bad, if I am right in my recollection of the Indian words.

Prayers

By Katherine Garrison Chapin

When I prayed in Salisbury
Before the gray choir,
Straight and clear my prayer rose
Underneath the spire.

When I prayed in Sarum
By the old Saxon wall,
I prayed with my hands bound
And saw arrows fall.

But when I prayed in Stonehenge
Underneath the sky,
I lay on the altar-place
Waiting to die.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Paradox of Light

BY ARTHUR H. COMPTON

The winner of last year's Nobel Prize in physics discusses one of the most vital problems of present-day physical science. The apparent duality as waves and particles of the fundamental entities of which the world is made has only very recently been discovered. A part of the article is the description of Doctor Compton's own researches for which he received the Nobel award.

THANKS to the light about us, we guide our steps, escape from remote danger, enjoy a beautiful scene, learn the nature of a distant star, see the smile on a friend's face. Light is vital to the growth of both plants and animals. Our work, our pleasures, our very life are continually dependent upon its presence. Yet of its own nature we know very little.

Newton thought of a beam of sunlight as a stream of little particles shot from the sun toward the earth. The rival conception of light as trains of waves, analogous to the waves in air that give us the sensation of sound, though familiar to Newton, was not generally held until the beginning of the nineteenth century. At this time Young and Fresnel discovered the surprising fact that by adding one beam of light to another under proper conditions it is possible to produce darkness. If light consists of streams of particles, no one could find an explanation of this remarkable phenomenon; but if it is a wave motion a satisfactory interpretation is easily found. Every one has watched the ripples forming when pebbles are thrown into a pool. If the crests of one set of ripples fall upon the crests of another, the ripples are high; but where the crests of one group fall on the troughs of a second, the ripples are small or disappear. It was only necessary to imagine that light comes in trains of waves like these ripples to see how it might be possible for the crests of one train of waves to be neutralized by the troughs of another. Thus experiments which showed that one beam of light could interfere with a second to produce darkness convinced its students that light is not like a stream of bullets, but is to be compared rather with the ripples on a pond.

THE CONCEPT OF THE "ETHER"

Sound waves are propagated through the air; but light waves may come to us from the filament in an electric-light bulb, within which is the best vacuum we know how to produce. In order that there might be some medium to transmit these waves, an *ether* was invented, which should pervade all space. This ether was supposed to have the properties of an elastic solid, something like the Jello which is served to us for dessert, through which the vibrations could be transmitted. Fresnel found that if the ether waves are to act as light does the ether must be immensely more rigid than steel. Yet through this rigid medium the earth and sun and we ourselves must freely move. A truly difficult conception!

Such a mechanical view of light waves was abandoned by Maxwell some

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sixty years ago when he showed that there should exist a kind of electrical wave which travels through space at the same speed that light had been found to travel. It was some years later when Hertz produced such electrical waves in his laboratory by passing a spark between metal balls, and found that these waves had many of the characteristics of light. The development of the idea from there on is familiar: how the electric waves of Hertz suggested to Marconi the wireless telegraph, and how this further developed into the wireless telephone and the radio. We have now become so familiar with the idea of wave-lengths of radio waves and of frequencies of vibrations that the possibility that such rays may be anything other than waves rarely enters our minds.

In speaking of radio waves and light rays we still frequently use the term "ether." According to Maxwell's picture, however, there is nothing material about the medium through which the waves pass. We merely ascribe to space certain electric and magnetic properties, those indeed which the space must have in order to account for the pushes and pulls between magnets and electric charges. On the other hand, though there is no material medium, the electric waves are themselves a form of matter, that is, they have mass and weight, the essential characteristics of matter in the physical sense. It has been shown that when a beam of light strikes a surface it exerts a pressure, just as if the light beam were a stream of water from a hose. This means that the light waves have momentum, and hence also mass —that they are themselves a form of matter. Nor is the amount of matter in light rays insignificant, as is emphasized by the example of the sun, which radiates away as light four million tons of its material each second.

The motion of the nozzle of a hose back and forth does not of itself produce any wave; but when the water is turned on it is thrown in a wavy stream. The existence of these waves does not depend upon any medium through which the stream of water moves. The stream is its own medium. In a somewhat similar way it is possible to imagine an atom at the sun oscillating back and forth and emitting a stream of radiation toward the earth. The stream of waves is its own medium, and when the radiation ceases the space is again empty.

My friend Professor N. Ahmad once told me the following story, ascribed to one of the wise men of ancient Persia, as we were whiling away together the evening hours in a Dak bungalow in the mountains of Kashmir: A certain Arab at his death bequeathed all of his property to his three sons, one-half to the eldest, one-third to the second, and one-ninth to the youngest son. Now it so happened that the most valuable part of his estate consisted of seventeen camels, and the sons fell to quarrelling regarding how they should be divided. At last they brought their camels to the sheik that he might apportion them justly. After listening patiently as they presented their problem, the old sheik spoke:

"Allah has granted his servant an only camel. I pray you, my children, to accept this camel at my hands, and add it to your father's estate. You now have eighteen camels."

To the eldest son he said: "Take thou now the half of the camels, nine, which is more than thy share. Go thou and be content."

To the second son likewise: "Thy

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

share was one-third. Take thou six camels, which is more than thy share. Go thou and be content."

And to the youngest son in the same manner he spoke: "Take thou now the ninth, two camels, which is more than thy share. Go thou also and be content."

And so they departed joyfully, taking with them nine camels and six and two. Then the old sheik lifted his eyes and saw before him his own camel standing.

"Behold the reward of the faithful! I have given my camel away, and Allah has restored my camel to me. Blessed be Allah!"

It is perhaps fair to say that the concept of the material ether played the same part in the development of the wave theory of light as did the eighteenth camel in the division of the Arab's estate. Both made the solving of the problem easier, but neither was really essential to the solution.

Some five years ago, Nichols and Tear, at Cleveland, showed that it was possible to detect electric waves of the same type as those used in radio transmission, though of shorter wave-length, by the same method that is used to detect heat rays. The spectrum of these heat rays in turn can be followed continuously through the infra-red region and the region of visible light to the region of ultra-violet light, those rays with which we are now becoming familiar because of their value in curing rickets and tuberculosis. A young Scotchman by the name of Osgood, working at Chicago, showed last summer that the spectrum of ultra-violet light could be followed right through to the region of X-rays, so that these are also known to be of the same nature. Beyond the X-rays are in turn the gamma-rays from radium and the penetrating cosmic rays which are found at high altitudes. Whatever we say regarding the nature of one of these types of rays must therefore hold equally well for the others. If, then, radio rays and light rays are waves, so also are X-rays and gamma-rays.

EINSTEIN AND THE PHOTOELECTRIC EFFECT

The first serious challenge to the view that light consists of waves, since the time of Fresnel and Young, was made by Einstein in 1905. When a beam of light falls upon the surface of certain metals, such as sodium or zinc, electricity in the form of electrons is found to be emitted from the surface. The number of these electrons is proportional to the intensity of the light, but the speed at which they move does not depend upon its intensity. It depends only upon the color, or frequency, of the light which strikes the metal. Thus the feeble light from a star will eject an electron from a surface with just as great speed as will the intense light from the sun.

This "photoelectric effect" is especially prominent with X-rays, for these rays eject electrons from all sorts of substances. X-rays are produced when a stream of electrons hits a block of metal inside an X-ray tube. It is as if one were shooting at a steel plate with a rapid-fire gun. The stream of bullets represents the electrons shot at the metal target of the X-ray tube. The racket produced when the bullets strike the steel plate corresponds to the X-rays emitted from the target of the tube. Let us suppose that an electron strikes the target of an X-ray tube at a speed of a hundred miles a second (these electrons certainly move tremendously fast). The

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

X-ray produced by this electron may pass through a block of wood, and strike a piece of metal on the other side. If when it strikes it ejects an electron from the metal the speed of the ejected electron will be almost as great as that of the original electron which gave rise to the X-ray.

The surprising nature of this phenomenon may be illustrated by an experience which I had in my early boyhood. During the summer vacations my father would take our family to a lake in northern Michigan. My older brother, with several of the older boys, built a diving-pier around the point a half-mile away from the camp, where the water was deep. We younger boys built a diving-pier in the shallower water in front of the camp. It so happened, one hot, calm, July day, that my brother dove from his diving-board into the deep water. By the time the resulting ripples had spread around the point to where I was swimming a half-mile away, they were of course much too small to notice. You can imagine my surprise, therefore, when these insignificant ripples, striking me as I was swimming under our diving-pier, suddenly lifted me bodily from the water and set me on the diving-board!

Is this impossible? It is no more so than for an ether ripple, sent out when an electron dives into the target of an X-ray tube, to jerk an electron out of a second piece of metal with a speed equal to that of the first electron.

It was considerations of this kind which showed to Einstein the futility of trying to account for the photoelectric effect on the basis of waves. He suggested, however, that this effect might be explained if light and X-rays consist of particles. These particles we now call *photons*. The picture of the X-ray experiment on this view would be that when the electron strikes the target of an X-ray tube its energy of motion is transformed into a photon, that is, a particle of X-rays, which goes with the speed of light to the second piece of metal. Here the photon gives up its energy to one of the electrons of which the metal is composed, and throws it out with an energy of motion equal to that of the first electron. Such a picture accounts at once for the fact that the number of photoelectrons is proportional to the intensity of the radiation; for if one beam is twice as intense as another it has twice as many photons, which will eject twice as many electrons. In order to explain why the electrons move faster when thrown out of a metal by light of higher frequency, Einstein borrowed a suggestion made originally by Planck, that the energy of a photon is greater for light of high frequency—that is, photons of blue light carry more energy than photons of red light.

In this way Einstein was able to account in a very satisfactory way for the phenomenon of the ejection of electrons by light and X-rays. But his theory had been devised for just this purpose. It was not surprising that it should work well for this one phenomenon. It would naturally carry much greater weight if it could be shown that the theory accounted for other facts for which it had not been originally intended. This is what it has recently done in connection with certain properties of scattered X-rays.

PECULIAR X-RAY ECHOES

If you hold a piece of paper in the light of a lamp, the paper scatters light from the lamp into your eyes. This is the way in which the paper is made

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

visible. In the same way, if the lamp were an X-ray tube, the paper would scatter X-rays to your eyes. If you had a blue light in your lamp, the paper would appear blue. If the light were yellow, the paper would appear yellow, and so on. But some five years ago we noticed that when a sheet of paper or anything else scatters X-rays the "color" or frequency of the rays is changed. The corresponding effect with light would be for the paper to appear green when illuminated with blue light, yellow when illuminated with green light, red when lighted by a yellow lamp, and so on.

If light and X-rays are waves, the scattered X-rays are like an echo. When one whistles in front of a barn the echo comes back with the same pitch as the original tone. This must be so, because each wave of the sound is reflected from the barn, as many waves return as strike, and the frequency or pitch of the echoed wave is the same as that of the original wave. In the case of the scattered X-rays the echo should similarly be thrown back by the electrons in the scattering material, and should likewise have the same pitch or frequency as the incident rays. Thus the wave theory does not account for the lowered frequency of the scattered X-rays.

The corpuscular idea revived by Einstein suggests, however, a simple explanation of the effect. On this view we may suppose that each photon of the scattered X-rays is deflected by a single electron, just as a golf-ball might bounce from a football. Since a part of the golf-ball's energy is spent in setting the football in motion it bounces off with less energy than when it struck. In the same way, the electron from which the X-ray photon bounces will recoil, taking part of the photon's energy, and the deflected photon will have less energy than before it struck the electron. This reduction in energy of the deflected photon corresponds on Einstein's view to a decrease in frequency of the scattered X-rays, just as the experiments show. In fact, the theory is so definite that it is possible to calculate just how great a change in frequency should occur, and the calculation is found to correspond accurately with the experiments.

PLAYING BILLIARDS WITH PHOTONS AND ELECTRONS

If this explanation is the correct one, it should however be possible to find the electrons which recoil from the deflected X-ray particles. Before this theory was suggested no such recoiling electrons had ever been noticed. Professor C. T. R. Wilson of Cambridge University had, however, invented a beautiful method for making visible the tracks left by electrons when they go at high speed through air. Within a few months after this new theory of the scattering of X-rays had been proposed he photographed the trails left when electrons in air recoiled from the X-rays which they scattered. Thus we have observed not only the loss in energy of the deflected golf-balls, but have also found the footballs, or electrons, from which they have bounced.

Finally it was found possible to follow not only the electron which recoiled from the impact of the X-ray, but also the path of the deflected X-ray particle as it bounced from the electron. Wilson's method was used for photographing the trails left by the electrons which had been struck by the X-ray particles. A faint beam of X-rays was shot through air of such intensity that in each photograph would appear the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

trails of one or two recoiling electrons. Now if the recoiling electron moves to the left, the X-ray particle must have glanced to the right, just as when the golf-ball bounces to one side the football recoils to the other. If the scattered X-ray goes as a wave, like a ripple spreading in all directions, there is no reason to expect it to affect a second electron on one side rather than on the other. But if the X-ray is a particle glancing to the right the second electron which it strikes must be on the right side of the particle's original path. A large number of photographs showed that this was indeed the case.

Such experiments show very directly that an X-ray is scattered from an electron in a definite direction, as it should be if it is a particle.

THE PARADOX OF PARTICLES AND WAVES

But if X-rays consist of particles, so also must light rays and heat rays and radio rays. We are thus confronted with the problem either of accounting on the corpuscular theory for the properties of light which have been explained in terms of waves, or of reconciling the view that light consists of waves with the view that light consists of corpuscles. For centuries it has been thought that these two conceptions of the nature of light are contradictory; but when we are confronted with apparently convincing evidence that light consists of waves, and equally convincing evidence that it consists of particles, the two conceptions must in some way be reconcilable.

The theoretical physicists are hard at work on a reconciliation of the two conceptions. One suggestion is that the energy of radiation is carried by the particles, and that the waves serve merely to guide the particles. According to a second view the particles of radiation exist in any true sense only when the radiation is acting on atoms or electrons, and that in between such events the radiation moves as waves. It is as yet difficult, however, to state these ideas in any satisfactory form. Perhaps the best picture that one can give of the relation between waves and particles is the analogy of the sheets of rain which one sometimes sees in a thunder-storm. We may liken the waves to the sheets of rain that one sees sweeping down the street or across the fields. The radiation particles or photons would correspond to the rain-drops of which the sheet is composed. This picture is probably a fairly accurate one when we are thinking of radio rays. For in the case of radio rays even a feeble signal, such as one broadcast from Los Angeles and heard in New York, would have waves consisting of thousands of photons per cubic inch. But in the case of X-rays one can perform experiments with a single photon, and it is difficult to imagine one particle arranged in sheets.

The fact remains that the evidence before us seems to demand that light and other forms of radiation consist both of waves and particles.

OUR NEW ACQUAINTANCE, THE PHOTON

During the last generation we have familiarized ourselves with electrons, the elementary units of negative electricity, and protons, the smallest units of positive electricity. It is of these two types of particles, arranged in different manners, that the various kinds of atoms are built. Now we recognize in nature a third type of elementary particle, the photon.

The photon is a concentrated bundle of energy which moves through space at the speed of light, fast enough

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to circle the earth seven times in a single second. We have gradually been accustoming ourselves to the idea of disembodied energy, or rather of energy which is its own body. Thus it has long been recognized that the most reasonable explanation of the mass of the electron is to suppose that it is due to the electric energy which it possesses. The same is presumably true of the proton. But we have never observed an electron or a proton giving up its electrical charge and all of its energy (though such an event very possibly occurs in the interior of the stars). The photon on the other hand is created, apparently out of nothing, when an atom or an electron loses energy; and when the photon gives up its energy to another atom we can find nothing left. The photon has momentum just as does any form of radiation, and hence has mass, and is thus truly a bit of matter—a material particle. But it is a particle which is created from the energy spent by an atom, and when it releases its energy it vanishes.

The work that a mosquito does when it walks an inch up the side of a wall takes the energy of a hundred million X-ray photons, and an X-ray photon has some ten thousand times as much energy as a photon of visible light. It is true that these energies are excessively small. Yet they are sufficient for each individual photon to produce a detectable effect.

The mass of these photons makes itself evident by knocking the electrons around, as we have described above. For ordinary frequencies of light or X-rays the mass of a photon is much less than that of an electron, but a photon of hard gamma-rays from radium weighs about the same as does an electron at rest. In a piece of matter at ordinary temperatures, the photons do not add appreciably to the mass. But inside the stars, where the temperatures are measured by millions of degrees, the photons weigh about one per cent as much as the electrons present. This means that it would take several earths to weigh as much as the photons in the sun.

Of the fundamental things in the world there thus remain these three, protons, electrons, and photons.

ELECTRON WAVES

If then light, which has long been known as waves, is now found to consist of particles, may it not be that such things as atoms and electrons, which have long been known as particles, may have the characteristics of waves? Thus reasoned the French physicist, de Broglie. His suggestion was put to experimental test during the last year by two American physicists, Davisson and Germer. They found that a stream of electrons could be made to show interference effects in just the same way as can a beam of light or X-rays. It was, however, this interference property of light which was the chief argument in the proof of its wave character. We now have precisely the same kind of evidence for believing in the wave characteristics of electrons.

Our paradox of waves and particles is thus not confined to the nature of light, but applies to electrons as well. Light which we have long thought of as waves has the properties of particles, and electrons which have long been thought of as particles have the properties of waves. There seems to be a dualistic aspect to these fundamental entities. The distinction between the conceptions of waves and particles may not be as sharp as we have thought.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Red

THE ADVENTURE OF A BEACH-COMBER IN THE ORIENT

BY CLIFF MAXWELL

The author is a vagabond. He has been an itinerant telegrapher, newspaper man, hobo. While a beach-comber in Shanghai he picked up this true tale.

THE Wayport's lobby was buzzing with conversation which paused but a second, then resumed as, with an all-inclusive nod, Red passed on nto the little café at the back.

"Some guy, Red!" ejaculated Singa- ›ore Slim, turning to me where I sat. 'He's feeling pretty good to-night and vith good reason, too."

"How's that? Why is he feeling so ;ood?" I asked.

"Oh, he just played even with Peg- eg Kearney, an old squirt who has louble-crossed every one he could in China—including Red. Well, he won't ›other any one else for a while, any- vay," he answered.

"Well, what's the story? What does Pegleg do—and what did he do to Red?" I persisted.

"He runs guns, steals slave-girls, and muggles mud—when he isn't busy louble-crossing some one. Get Red to ell you the story. He's the most con- erned, he'll tell you," he replied.

Red was just mopping up the last of is ham and eggs as I sat down in the hair across the table from him.

"What's all this I hear about you ›utting the skids under a one-legged ;uy, young man? Did he do you vrong?" I asked facetiously.

Red grinned good-naturedly. "Well, f he did we're about fifty-fifty now. He'll hardly be in a position to do any more wrongs for a while—and, I understand, Bilibid is cussed hot during the summer season," he replied, washing down the last bite with a swallow of the varnish that passed for coffee in the Wayport.

"Kind of a wonder you wouldn't unloosen to an old pal," I remarked as wheedlingly as I could.

Red wiped his mouth with the back of a freckled hand and looked at me with a quizzical twinkle in his brown eyes. "Come on over to Chee Dee's with me and, as soon as I've 'laid on my hip,' I'll tell you the story of me life," he came back at me, as he arose from his chair, picked up his meal-chit and started toward the bar, where the Chinese cashier-barkeep' was busily wiping mythical spots off the long, polished counter.

Chee Dee's place of business was in the native quarter, away over from the French Concession. Through the half-open window of the little private room back of the big room where the proletariat wooed the Poppy Goddess, the shrill voices of singsong girls blended with the discordant clash of wedding-gongs that came from the ceremony in progress in the house across the way. Shanghai's Chinese night-life was in full swing. Overhead a cold, dispassion-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ate moon threw a blaze of silver light over all.

Red filled his lungs with the smoke from his last spluttering "yin pao" (opium pill), then slowly and luxuriously exhaled it in a great cloud of white vapor that gradually changed to blue as it struck the colder air and settled a soft, pungent haze about the three of us.

"All right, I'll be set in a minute to tell you about Pegleg and me, and mud and guns, and slave-girls and double-crossing," he said in belated answer to my repeated request for Pegleg's story.

Raising himself on a reluctant elbow, he handed the long-stemmed pipe to the mask-faced Chee Dee, thumped his hard pillow into a more comfortable shape and (with a prefatory remark that, regardless of what the Occidental thought of the narcotic effect of the "Black Smoke," he couldn't sleep for several hours following a session with it) settled back and began.

Pegleg blew into Shanghai in '18. He was captain of a dirty little schooner that traded up and down the coast between Shanghai and south China ports. Sometimes he sailed up the river past Hong Kong to Canton. On these occasions he would touch at the Portuguese city of Macao. Here he would lay in as big a cargo of mud as he had money to pay for. Opium is cheaper in Macao than any other place in the East —and the widest-open city in the world.

Pegleg picked up a coolie in Canton one trip he made there and brought him to Shanghai to act as a go-between in opium deals. He kept him full of enthusiasm by promises of high wages and bonuses on all opium deals he engineered. Naturally, being Chinese, the coolie worked extra hard to put Pegleg in touch with other Chinese who dealt in opium. Pegleg kept his coolie for a couple of trips, until he met the Chinks he wished most to meet, then chased Ah Fok, the coolie, ashore at Hong Kong without having given him a clacker of either wages or bonus. The Chinks Ah Fok had introduced him to, Pegleg double-crossed one after the other, as soon as he could interest them in an opium-smuggling partnership. Ah Fok, in Hong Kong, got wind of all of this and was keen to get even.

It wasn't long until the Shanghai Chinks would have nothing to do with Pegleg. They soon became tired of his lies about being held up leaving Hong Kong and his cargo of opium confiscated by the Hong Kong custom officials; being stopped by the Woosung Harbor Police or boarded in Shanghai by the authorities with the same result. Too well had the gossip of the opium-dens been circulated about Pegleg and his crookedness. Only those very few Chinks, who had not heard this gossip, would have anything to do with him, and among these few was Chink Helen, madame of the slave-girl house over on Yalu Road.

One afternoon when she and her girls were out for a walk along the river-bank, they stopped opposite the little pier where Pegleg's schooner was tied up. Pegleg was stumping back and forth on deck, very likely doping out some new scheme of double-crossing, when Helen and her charges came down onto the little wharf and brought up at the shore end of the schooner's gangway.

"Come on aboard!" Pegleg sings out when he sees them.

It wasn't ten minutes before the girls were romping all over the ship; climb

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing into the rigging, investigating the galley, swarming through the fo'castle, and, generally, having the time of their young lives.

One of the girls took Pegleg's fancy. One of those who had climbed into the rigging. "How much you want for that girl?" he asked Helen, pointing to the girl who was now sitting on the spanker-boom, one arm around the mast and waving the other at her companions below on deck.

"Thlee hunna dolla you buy. S'pose so you likee lent, leighty dolla one month, can do," was her reply.

As wary as they usually are, yet occasionally a Chink will overplay a hand. This was one of the times and Helen was the Chink. She, thinking because Pegleg was captain of the little schooner his word was good, listened to his proposition that she let him have the girl to take with him on his next trip south, where he was going in a day or so for a cargo of opium. He did not find it particularly difficult to persuade her not only to let him have the girl on credit until his return from the south but also to invest $300 in cash in his opium scheme.

He agreed to pay Helen her "thlee hunna dolla" for the girl as soon as he returned and also to invest her $300 cash in opium, which he was to turn over to her upon his return. Accordingly he did take the girl south with him and, arriving in Macao, put Helen's "thlee hunna dolla" with what he had and laid in the largest cargo of mud he had yet handled. He knew the Shanghai Chinks with whom he could do business were becoming less in number each trip he made. He could not profitably continue smuggling opium into Shanghai, so with this last cargo disposed of he intended trying something else—it might be a bit riskier but the returns justified it.

Upon his return to Shanghai he married the slave-girl in a Christian church but conveniently forgot to notify Helen of it. Incidentally he absent-mindedly neglected to give Helen any of the mud he had bought with her money, or to return her any of the "thlee hunna dolla" she had given him to invest in the mud.

Ah Fok, the coolie Pegleg had chased ashore penniless in Hong Kong had, meantime, made his way back to Shanghai. He was bent on getting square yards with Pegleg—and when a Chink has this in mind he usually does it. It may take him ten years—but he'll do it. The fellow he is after will know all about it, too, when the yards are squared. I could almost believe they'd carry a grudge over from one incarnation to the next, judging from some of the things I've seen them do.

Ah Fok wasted no time. As soon as he could engineer it, he met and made up to Pegleg's ex-slave-girl wife. This was not difficult—the difference racially, biologically, and geographically between her and Pegleg was too great to be bridged by a mere marriage ceremony. Pegleg was to her merely an expedient. Ah Fok soon learned this—"For ways that are dark and tricks that are vain . . ." You know what Harte says.

Biding his time and keeping his own counsel, Ah Fok got a job as house coolie in Helen's place. He had heard the gossip of the opium-joints, and what had not come unasked to him he went out and dug up. He had Pegleg's entire history from the first day that worthy hit China. Ah Fok lost no time telling all this to Helen—likely with embellishments.

Helen soon learned she had no legal

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

recourse so far as the money was concerned which she had given Pegleg to invest in opium; the chance of getting the girl back into her house after Pegleg had legally married her she knew was nil. In short, Pegleg had double-crossed her to a fare-thee-well. Helen simply started a propaganda of her own with the result of a boycott—with Pegleg on the receiving end.

With no possibility of continuing opium-smuggling into Shanghai, Pegleg, having disposed advantageously of his last and biggest cargo, now decided to turn to the new venture he'd had in mind some time—gun-running.

He had learned, via the grape-vine telegraph, that there were hundreds of thousands of German military rifles in Japan which had been brought there after the war. Not only were there rifles, but there were field-pieces and other military equipment. The same grape-vine telegraph system informed him these munitions were eventually to find their way into China for the use of warring factions in both the north and south of China. This military equipment merely waited for any filibusterer who had a little money to invest, to come along and buy it up and resell at an enormous profit to whichever Chinese faction wished to pay the most for it.

Pegleg had netted several thousand dollars by the sale of his last cargo and, with this money, he decided to charter a ship and go to Japan for a cargo of munitions. He would have enough money to do this—next time he could charter more ships and make more money—besides, there was always the possibility of a chance to double-cross the Japs.

He had dealt so crookedly and rottenly with the Shanghai Chinks, none of them would have anything to do with him. The Shanghai foreign population knew but very little, or nothing, of him, so the logical thing for him to do was to recruit his assistants from the foreign population if he could find among it those who were not too scrupulous about smashing international laws. The floating population was Pegleg's answer. The floating population was made up of beach-combers—those individuals to whom this would be an adventure they'd go a long way to chance. Thus it was that Oxford Eddie and I were approached by Pegleg. He didn't have to coax either of us—not a bit!

His proposition sounded so good to us we were in a fever to get started right away. I had visions of untold wealth and all the luxury that wealth would bring me here in the East, where I planned on remaining. Eddie was going to return to England with his share of our loot changed into thousand-pound notes. He intended looking up a former professor who had told him before his graduation from Oxford that he might as well leave Oxford without waiting for graduation exams. He'd be nothing but a wastrel anyway. "A wastrel and a ne'er-do-well is what you'll turn out," he had told him. There had been so much truth in what he had said that Eddie was now resenting it—he wanted to find that prof, walk up to him with a sneer on his face, shake a sheaf of thousand-pound notes under the startled prof's nose, and with a slighting remark about professorial prophecies being somewhat uncertain, walk off with a laugh at the discomfited prof. Yes, Eddie and I mentally had a lot of fun with the money we were going to make working for Pegleg.

On his last trip south, Pegleg had picked up a snaky-eyed beach-comber in

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

either Amoy or Swatow and brought him back to Shanghai. His name was Wagner, and he and Pegleg seemed to be very thick. Neither Eddie nor I liked him—nor did he like us.

Pegleg, to make his enterprise appear legitimate in the eyes of the Shanghai authorities, rented a suite of offices in the Glen Line building and gold-lettered his door with the ornate caption "General Importer and Exporter." This, too, would give him sufficient excuse to charter ships.

He didn't have the money to charter more than one ship at first. He left Wagner in charge and made a trip to Peking to see if he could not interest the north China militarists there in contraband munitions.

He was successful. While he was yet in Peking he arranged to charter the old *El Dorado* and, in company with a little mandarin, sailed from a north China port for Ginsing, Japan. No doubt the mandarin had been sent to keep a weather-eye on Pegleg.

In Ginsing the *El Dorado* took aboard 16,000 German military rifles, 250,000 rounds of ammunition for them, 52 field-pieces, and 1,000 Mill's hand-bombs. Enough to equip a young army.

Sailing across the China Sea and arriving at the mouth of the river on his way up to Woosung, Pegleg radioed to Wagner to leave Eddie and me in charge at Shanghai and come immediately to Woosung.

China, like every other country, has enough corrupt officials to make anything possible, *once*. It was a comparatively easy matter for Pegleg's ship to warp alongside the Woosung dock that night and, with Wagner in charge, unload his cargo of "shovels"—as his manifest read—and get away with it before the Shanghai authorities, fourteen miles up the river, got wise to what the cargo was. At that, his margin of safety was not any too wide, because some one tipped these officials off—but only in time for them to arrive just after the last long box of "shovels" had been whisked off the dock and into a waiting motor-truck.

Pegleg received for this cargo just 120,000 Mex. above and beyond all expenses. In other words, $70,000 in real, honest-to-gosh money—though Eddie and I didn't know it till afterward. When we asked him for an advance on the several weeks' wages he owed us, he stalled us off. He had not paid us a cent, and Wagner, when we asked him for an advance while Pegleg was away, had replied that Pegleg had given him no authority to advance us anything.

Not that we went hungry—Pegleg had too much salable stock for Eddie or me to miss any meals. Particularly so with a Chink fence we knew down on Jukong Road who was not only willing but anxious to buy all of this stock we'd bring him—but it did make us both sore to be stalled off by such a tin-horn as Pegleg.

With gun-running as easy as he'd found it, Pegleg now decided to go into it on a bigger scale. He chartered the *Yelang*, an old Chinese pirate-boat chaser from the Chiekiang government, equipped it with wireless, and, having found that I understood radio, put me aboard it as his "Chief Radio Operator." He had not given either Eddie or me more than ten Mex. of the wages he owed us—we were simply waiting our chance. Both of us had, by this time, learned all about Pegleg—even to Ah Fok, the coolie. I went out of my way to cultivate Ah Fok, who was now much more intimate with

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Pegleg's Chink wife than I would like any one to be with mine—if I had one—although you may be sure Pegleg didn't know this. Pegleg did not even know that Ah Fok was in Shanghai. He'd chased him ashore penniless in Hong Kong—and forgotten him.

In addition to the *Yelang*, Pegleg chartered three other tubs and immediately sent them to Ginsing—after he'd made a little dicker by cable with a certain Jap he had met when he was there with the *El Dorado* and who had been closely identified with the former venture. Wagner would be Pegleg's representative in Ginsing, because the Shanghai authorities were keeping an uncomfortably close watch on Pegleg's moves—besides, he could use Wagner as a catspaw should the occasion demand.

Pegleg had engineered his scheme so well and kept it so dark that the Shanghai authorities paid no attention to Wagner's departure on one of the little Jap freighters that trade between China and Japan. Besides, why should they? Who was Wagner? Nothing but a snaky-eyed, wizened-faced beachcomber who didn't cut enough ice to make a cocktail for a gnat when it came to gun-running.

Pegleg, like all too many Occidental husbands, had to tell his Chink wife everything! All that he had done—and all that he intended doing! Not only this but, to top off his asininity, he put all his money, except 20,000 or 30,000 Mex., in her name, so that, were he caught, the authorities could get but little from him.

The *Yelang* must have been obsolete even before the Ark was built. Above her water-line, from stem to stern, she was a literal sieve from bullet-holes made by slugs fired out of pirates' rifles. On her last trip down the river her compass had been smashed beyond repair by a large-calibered pirate's bullet that had torn its way through the wheel-house bulkhead and wound up its career in the vitals of the compass. Sections of hinged iron plates on both sides of her well-deck answered for protective armor from the pirates' fire, and the souvenirs the old tub had collected in the way of missiles fired against them would have gladdened the heart of the most enthusiastic collector.

Aside from myself, every one aboard the *Yelang* was Chinese. Woo, the captain, had been told by Pegleg he would receive fabulous sums for the part he was to take in the scheme. Pegleg had also promised him all sorts of high-sounding titles as soon as his gun-running placed him in a position where he could pull wires—up to date he had received neither.

I had not been long aboard before I had a confidential chat with Woo, with the result that I thought it time to start the ball rolling. I went ashore and up to Pegleg's "store," where I got into close conference with Eddie out in the corridor. Pegleg did not see us, so we were not interrupted. I was strong for jumping into Pegleg's office right then and telling the old wart what we had on him, and that if he wanted to save his pelt he'd better come across. Eddie wouldn't hear of it.

"Wait until we've lined up some of these Chinks he's been double-crossing and give me a chance to see Liang, the Chink who checked Pegleg's "shovels" from the *El Dorado*, before we start anything. We don't want a slip-up, and we won't have if we manage things right. We can't very well beat up a one-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

legged old stiff like him—but we *can* give him a taste of his own medicine. Your job will be to see Ah Fok—you hang around Chee Dee's and so does Ah Fok. He is thick with and sweet on Pegleg's wife, and the same thing holds good for her in the case of Ah Fok—and Pegleg's money is in *her* name! See what I mean?" he said with a wink. I was on.

I didn't return aboard that day but kept busy rounding up the Chinks Pegleg had double-crossed. After I'd explained our scheme they could hardly wait for us to get started, and they gave me all the detailed information I asked for and some that I didn't. I had a most satisfactory talk with Ah Fok, who promised to have one just as satisfactory with Pegleg's wife. I didn't fail to mention to Ah Fok that since the talk he was going to have with Pegleg's wife would turn out to his monetary advantage, neither Eddie nor I were to be left out in the cold. Ah Fok promised me we would not be.

Next morning when I went up to the Glen Line building, Eddie met me just inside the door with a cablegram in his hand addressed to Pegleg. As Pegleg had not come down to his "store" yet, we soaked the flap loose from the envelope and read the cablegram. It was from Ginsing, Japan, dated the day before. "Cargo for three ships available. Cable ten thousand first deposit. Your representative took ship out of Japan yesterday. Advise. Signed, Taco, agent," is what Eddie and I read.

"Right where we want him! There'll be a duplicate copy of this in the cable office we can refer to if we have to, should he get too stubborn," said Eddie. "What luck yesterday?" he asked.

I told him who I had talked to among the Chinks, what information they had given me, and that we could depend upon their co-operation, if we needed it; and then I told him of the talk I'd had with Ah Fok and what Ah Fok had promised about seeing that both of us were taken care of.

"Fine!" he said. "We'll get busy as soon as Pegleg comes in. Hurry! I think this is him coming up the lift now," he hastily concluded, hurriedly re-sealing the cablegram with paste from a convenient desk. Then he scurried into Pegleg's private office and laid the cablegram face up on Pegleg's desk. I went through the back door into the hallway as Pegleg opened the front door and walked in.

I hurried down the corridor and met Eddie outside the front door. We decided to give Pegleg time to read his cablegram before we went in to talk to him.

He was sitting before his desk with the cablegram hanging limply in his nerveless hand when, a few minutes later, we entered his office unannounced.

"We came up to collect the wages you owe us, and we're not accepting any excuses this morning," I said when he looked up.

His face grew as black as a thundercloud. I thought he was going to have apoplexy. He was so mad for a moment he couldn't speak. When he finally did get the first words out, they simply crackled and dripped sulphur.

"Look at that!" he yelled, shoving the fluttering cablegram at me. "That's what I get for taking you dam' beachcombers off the beach an' givin' you a respectable job! I cabled 10,000 to that dirty rat, Wagner, to make a deposit on the cargo I was bringing here, and I get

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

this cable advising me my representative took ship out of Japan yesterday!" he snapped, glaring first at Eddie, then at me. "Only one thing that can mean —he's taken that 10,000 and jumped out, and my cargo of merchandise waiting on the Ginsing docks!" he continued. "Git out of here, both of you, dam' you! Neither of you will git a clacker outta me!" He heaved himself out of his chair and waved his arms toward the door.

"Is your Ginsing cargo 'shovels'?" Eddie asked him softly.

Pegleg dropped into his chair as though he'd been shot, then jumped up again as though he'd sat on a bee—but a paleness replaced the thunder-cloud in his face.

"What th' hell do you mean, 'shovels'?" he yelled—but I noticed the yell sounded terribly forced and insincere.

"I'll tell you what I mean, Pegleg," Eddie answered evenly. "From the time you first hit Shanghai, three years ago, you've made it a point to double-cross any one and every one you could. You felt fairly safe doing this because of your physical condition—you took advantage of the fact you have but one leg. There are no such words in your lexicon as friendship, loyalty, honor, decency, or squareness—and it's time you learned how it feels to be double-crossed. Red and I have enough stuff on you to earn you quite a long vacation in Bilibid if we pass it on to the U. S. District Attorney at the American Consulate—and that's exactly what we are going to do. We're going to tell the D. A. everything about you from the time you first lit in Shanghai and double-crossed your first Number One boy, after you'd sent him ashore with a suitcase of mud, down to your present attempt to double-cross us—and our story will include Ah Fok and Chink Helen, and your dealings with both. We intend telling him what you did and how you did it with the *El Dorado* —and what you are trying to do now in the gun-running line.

"If that rat, Wagner, double-crossed you, Red and I are simply tickled stiff —you have it coming. From here we go to the consulate, and if you can beat the game after that, or beat the warrant that will be out for you half an hour from now, you are welcome to try. You can't buy us off now for ten times what you owe us—we want to give you a fair working idea of what *your* come-ons felt like when you double-crossed them," Eddie wound up, grabbing me by the arm and dragging me toward the door.

Pegleg was not "among those present" when, an hour later, the U. S. Marshal called at Pegleg's place of business. It was not until a month after this that Pegleg was found, a thousand miles up the Yangtze aboard an old Chinese junk, where he had squeezed himself as far as possible up into the eye of the old tub.

He was brought back to Shanghai for trial, found guilty and sentenced to a jolt in Bilibid to-day—he'll start for Manila on one of the Dollar Line boats to-morrow. That's why I celebrated to-night.

Wagner came back to Shanghai, opened a café out on Jessfield Road, and French Julia trimmed him out of it shortly afterward — then had him thrown into jail on a charge of assault and battery. Seems he had double-crossed her a few years ago in Calcutta. She just evened up matters.

Ah Fok and Pegleg's one-time wife are living happily together in Kowloon, just across the bay from Hong

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Kong, where Ah Fok has opened a nifty little café that caters to Caucasians only. I think he prefers to do business with whites — particularly the one-legged ones.

Ah Fok gave Eddie and me enough out of what he got in the deal, after he ran away with Pegleg's wife, to enable Eddie to return first class to England —but Eddie didn't get enough to change into thousand-pound notes to shake under his old professor's nose. I got enough to keep me indefinitely at the Wayport and still have enough to celebrate here at Chee Dee's any time I wish.

That's the story, Max, of how one bunch of guns came into China; and now, since I'm so dopey I can hardly keep my eyes open, I will, with the kind permission of yourself and Chee Dee, turn over and let the Black Smoke have its way—it's just beginning to hit on all six. Good night—and close the door when you go out.

"Good night," I answered, and a moment later, after a good-night nod to Chee Dee, who was already preparing himself a smoke, I quietly opened the door to avoid awakening Red, who seemed to have dropped into the arms of Morpheus with a thud, and stepped out into the soft velvet of an Eastern night and took my way toward the foreign quarter.

They Are My Friends

By Susan DeLancey

The friendly trees hold out their arms to me,
They bend and twist and whisper to the wind,
And all they say is beautiful and kind.

They take the summer's fever on their heads,
It trickles through their fingers, stippled, sweet,
And falls in broken glory at their feet.

They stand courageous against frost and snow,
Stripped of their leaves, pale, gaunt, and winter-worn
But gallant soldiers holding death to scorn.

Without the trees how pitiless the sky
Cupping us in with unrelenting might;
Too vast the day, too deep the lonely night.

They are my friends, and draw earth intimate,
God planted trees to play this human part,
They are my friends and live within my heart.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"You'd Be Surprised"

BY T. B. SIMPSON

"AND where have you been all my life?"

As she asked the question, which is one that does not in the normal course of events call for an answer, the girl drew a shade closer to the man with whom she was dancing, and her right hand exerted on his a pressure which was faintly perceptible.

That is to say, it would have been faintly perceptible to you or to me. Frank Leslie felt it in the innermost fibre of his being. He was thrilled through and through.

"Oh, just existing here and there," he answered stammeringly, ignoring the fact that the question is one that does not in the normal course of events call for an answer. "But to-night I think I really am beginning to live."

"Say, you are a scream," said the girl, and the words fell like music on Frank's ears.

Indeed, there is no particular reason why they should not have fallen like music on any one's, for they had only the ship's orchestra to contend with, and that could not honestly be described as fierce competition in the musical line.

The scene was the main-deck of the good ship *Montezuma,* bound from Glasgow to Montreal with a cargo of homeward-bound American holiday-makers and outward-bound domestic servants. In a few years' time the latter would return with their own butter-and-egg men in tow, but that is another story, also a true one. There was the usual sprinkling of business men and of those nondescript travellers for whose existence it is hard to assign any reason at all.

Frank Leslie falls into the category of business men, although it is a never-ending source of surprise to him to be so described. A public school and Oxford education, interrupted by participation in the war, had left him with just enough sense to give up any thoughts of a learned profession and to accept with gratitude a position in his uncle's distillery in the neighborhood of Glasgow. He was now bound on his first overseas business trip, and in the course of the next few weeks would smoke endless cigars in listening to endless dissertations on the superiority of business methods in the New World, at the end of which he would return to Scotland with a net gain to the Old World of several thousand pounds sterling. There is nothing on record to show that the population of Canada has increased ten times in the course of the past few years, or that there has been an alarming growth of inebriety in that country. And yet the sales of Leslie's whiskey in Canada have increased more than tenfold since the war.

But we are not concerned with the business end of Frank Leslie's trip, nor with the contiguity to Canada of the United States of America; we are concerned rather with the romantic Æneid, in its opening stages, of a susceptible Scots bachelor. For the first two days of the voyage he had wandered glumly

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

round the boat, wondering which district of North America produced the most disagreeable people, and thankful for one thing only, that he need speak to none of them. Never having been on a voyage before, he did not know that five days later he would be parting from some of these so repulsive persons with a genuine lump at the back of his throat.

Long before the end of the second day he had decided that there was only one girl on the boat for him. She had hair like ripe corn; in other words, its color was such as no stay-at-home Briton has ever seen. Her eyes were brown —or at least one of them was; the other had a distinct tinge of blue, which has always a particularly fatal effect on the other and weaker sex. Her teeth—but why particularize? The inventory of the heroine is long since out of date, and it is enough to say that she had, as they say, *"It,"* in a manner of saying. What that means no mere male may presume to say, but every girl will understand. Anyway, the men clustered round her with all the eagerness of Scottish travellers running to fill their fountain pens in the Black Sea.

Frank did not know the girl. Needless to say, she was not at his table, which he shared with an angular spinster from Toronto and an angleless couple who raised hogs somewhere in the Middle West. Frank thought it was a pity they had ever stopped raising them, even for a minute, and longed to meet the girl. But a little ingenuity soon overcomes such difficulties—at any rate, on board ship. He had seen her going around a lot with the ship's doctor —curse him!—and at the cost of two cocktails before dinner and a large brandy-and-soda after dinner, here he was, on the third day, actually dancing with his charmer. He had also had to listen to a detailed and nearly unbearable account of one of the doctor's recent conquests, but one must suffer in a good cause.

He had been much too good a host to let the doctor drink alone, and this emboldened him a little.

"You're the one girl on this boat I felt I simply *must* meet," he said, feeling a little surprised at his daring, although he spoke the truth.

"And how many other girls have you said that to?" she laughed.

"None," he answered fervently; and national caution compelled him to add: "As yet, anyway; but of course I won't. I've had a good look at all of them."

"And where have you been all my life?" she then inquired, and her partner thought it the most beautiful speech he had ever heard.

Frank Leslie has now met the girl, and it is time the reader did the same.

"Meet Harriet Furby, reader," say I; and the reader, knowing that she has "It," surprises me not at all by the fervor of the answering "Pleased to meet you, Miss Furby."

Harriet was returning to her native Seattle after a hectic three weeks' tour of Europe. She had landed in Naples, which she classified as "too smelly for anything but simply *divine,"* and had penetrated as far north as Edinburgh, which she electrified Frank by describing as "the town where the main street has stores along one side and a cunning little fort on the other." She had been refused admission to the rooms at Monte Carlo.

"You see," she said, "I'm a girl who works for my living, and they thought I might get ruined and bump myself off."

She informed Frank that she acted as

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"technician to a doctor." What that might be he did not know, but thought that if she did really work for her living, it must be a pretty good one, as she was well turned out, from the topmost crest of her golden waves to the point of a slender foot which was, in the words of her own glorious language, "not hard to look at."

On the following morning the newly made acquaintances met shortly after breakfast.

"By gad!" thought Frank. "She looks more wonderful than ever in that topping little tailor-made thing. What ripping legs the girl's got! She's too marvellous for words."

"Good morning," was what he said.

But he was soon successful in making a hit. Fastened to the topping little tailor-made aforesaid was a button on which were engraved the mysterious letters "S. A. W. G." Miss Furby, in addition to her other occupations and accomplishments, is a member of the Seattle Association of Women Guides, and has graduated in every art known to such persons, from rope-splicing to first aid for injured animals.

"What do these letters mean?" asked Frank.

"You'd be surprised," she parried.

"*I* know," he said, wrinkling his forehead in pretended thought. "They mean 'See A Wonderful Girl.' "

"More wise cracks!" she laughed. "But go to it! I get quite a kick out of them."

Her words, coined in the mint of this rich idiom, appeared to Frank to bestow upon the English language a grace and majesty which it had hitherto entirely lacked.

The acquaintance progressed rapidly, as such things do on board ship, and might soon have been dignified with the name of intimacy. Frank found himself pouring into Harriet's receptive ear confidences which his closest friends at home had never heard; some of them might have caused even his closest friends very considerable surprise.

With a new-found enthusiasm for deck-sports, Frank found himself spending a daily increasing part of his time with Harriet on the top deck, where the tennis-court was situated. Their companions and opponents on these occasions were a charming pair of American children, brother and sister, of whom the former, at the early age of fifteen, was an outspoken devotee of Miss Furby.

"Say, Harriet," he observed with an ease that Frank envied, "if the girls are like you out West, I guess I'll have to 'go West, young man,' myself. Are they?"

"You'd be surprised," was the cryptic answer.

These words were frequently on her lips, and Frank Leslie regarded them as a fascinating answer to any and every question.

In the intervals of tennis they sat together on the top deck, sharing Frank's travelling-rug. Sheltered beneath its capacious folds, they watched the antics of others engaged in the endeavor to grasp the elusive ring. None could catch or throw it with half the grace of Harriet; none could drop or even miss it altogether with her pretty aplomb. One day Frank was surprised to find that they had been gazing at the tennis-court for nearly an hour since the last player had deserted it.

Their hands being concealed from the vulgar gaze by a rug, it would be

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

hard to say which of the pair first grasped the other by the hand. Besides, in this particular case it would be ungallant. It is enough to remark that they found it indispensable, amid the rigors of the northern route, to entwine their hands beneath the rug, and Frank at least found that the circulation moved briskly in consequence.

"Do you like this sort of thing?" she asked.

By way of answer he removed his signet-ring and slipped it over one of her fingers. Accidentally, or by design, he chose the third finger of the left hand. That was the one it fitted, anyway.

The girl brought her hand out from the rug, and turned the ring round so that the seal was inside.

"It looks just like a wedding-ring," she said.

"I only wish it were," he replied.

"You *are* a gay old rounder," she laughed. "Like best to flirt with the married dames, do you?"

"You know quite well what I mean," he said.

At this point the American children pounced upon them.

"Come on," they cried, "let's have a game."

"You are now," said Frank, taking Harriet by the hand and bowing, "about to meet a new opposition in the persons of Mr. and Mrs. Leslie, for this is my wife."

As he spoke he indicated the ring on her finger.

"Yes," said Harriet, "I've just married Mr. Leslie. Cute ring, isn't it?"

The children laughed, and the game began. In the first game the newlyweds, leaping for the ring at the same time, found their hands meeting upon it.

"Quite symbolic, isn't it?" asked Frank.

"You'd be surprised," was all that Harriet could gasp.

When the game was over, Frank took Harriet aside.

"You know," he said, "we *are* married by the law of Scotland, whether you like it or not. There two people have only to take each other for man and wife in the presence of two witnesses and the thing is done. And I'm a Scot, and so it counts."

"But we're not in Scotland?"

"Ah, yes, we are," he answered disingenuously. "This ship's registered port is Glasgow. So that's that."

Harriet laughed. She probably got "quite a kick" out of this sort of thing.

To seal the bargain, Frank escorted her to the ship's store to buy her a present. Nothing took her fancy but a mammoth and unattractive dog, which her man duly purchased for her.

"I'll christen him Frank," she said, "and every time I look at him I'll be reminded of you."

Frank looked at the dog and then in her laughing eyes, and felt that the compliment was a doubtful one.

Their tennis friends were passing and he hailed them.

"How do you like our little one?" he inquired. "He's supposed to take after his mother."

He had got his own back, and he descended to his cabin to dress for dinner, as pleased with life as he well could be.

Meanwhile it must not be thought that this very attractive girl lacked other admirers on the ship. On the contrary, she had hosts of devotees, and if you asked her for a dance the chances were that you would be met by the fatal words "Missing six." But her courtiers

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

other than Frank, with the singular spirit of fair play which commonly prevails in these matters, saw that here was a man who had taken the plunge in no half-hearted fashion, and left her very much to the company of the undemonstrative Scot who was clearly "giving the girl a rush." You have noticed that, in spite of his nationality, he had even given her a dog as well.

But there was one who did not see why he should not also enjoy more than a fair share of the lady's attentions. Here at last is the snake in the grass, the villain of the piece, and the breaker-up of love's young dream, all in the person of Mr. Frederick L. Harper, sales manager in Minneapolis of Kal Kool Office Requisites, Inc. Mr. Harper had all along admired Harriet, and he now came to the chase at a rather late stage in the voyage with all the greater avidity because another member of the ship's company had proved a disappointment to him.

Much of an age with Frank, the hated rival had distinctly the advantage in looks, and had "the gift o' the gab wery gallopin'." Although completely uneducated, he could talk endlessly and attractively on any subject under the sun, and the tongue-tied Frank observed with alarm that Harriet enjoyed listening to him.

"Ignorant, vulgar brute," he thought. "He's mugged up all this talk from 'Old Mother Hubbard's Scrap-book,' I suppose."

He had too much sense to say so aloud, and agreed with Harriet that Mr. Harper was "too cunning" when he held forth on Schopenhauer or the next world war.

Of an evening the three would sit together on a sofa, Harriet curled up in the middle, and the two men, outwardly polite, would talk to her and at each other.

"It's real good of you, Miss Furby," said Mr. Harper, "to take pity like this on a couple of lonely bachelors."

"But Mr. Leslie isn't a bachelor. He married me, on board, you know."

"Too bad," said Mr. Harper, and looked as if he meant it.

"But you really are a bachelor, are you?" pursued the girl. "Somehow you don't look like one."

"I don't quite know what to make of that," he replied. "Do you think I lack Mr. Leslie's look of care-free innocence? But such is indeed my unhappy status."

Mr. Harper called it "stattus," and omitted to mention that it had recently been reacquired in Paris on the occasion of his second divorce. He was thus a wise guy where women were concerned, and this gave him an undoubted advantage over Mr. Leslie, who was romantic and inexperienced. But for all his realism, Mr. Harper found himself, on the whole, fighting a losing battle in the struggle for Harriet's companionship. Every day Frank found himself more deeply in the toils; the poor fellow really had lost his heart to the girl. As to the girl's heart, who shall say?

Perhaps some one in Seattle could have answered the question.

Frank found himself one evening turning a strange ring round Harriet's finger. She was still also wearing his own.

"Hullo," he said, "when did you get this ring?"

"My sweetheart gave me that," was the reply.

"Your *what?*" he asked astounded. "You're not engaged, are you?"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"No, of course not; don't be silly," she said. "But that's no reason why I shouldn't have a sweetheart, is it? Kendal and I have been running around together for two years now, and he gives me all sorts of nice things."

Kendal, it seemed, was a kind of fairy godfather, who supplied Harriet's needs, which were numerous. He was a widower, and crazy to marry her, but she was keeping him guessing.

"Oh, we have lovely times," she said. "You'd be surprised."

Frank thought that this semi-detached relationship was most unsatisfactory, and said so, but she only laughed him to scorn.

So matters progressed until the night of the concert. This was a Wednesday, and the ship was due in at Quebec on Friday morning. Here Frank was to disembark, leaving Harriet, alas! and Harper, alas! alack! to spend another night on board *en route* for Montreal.

The concert was divine. That is to say, the performance was mediocre, and the audience apathetic. But Frederick Harper, with some of the pushfulness which has made Kal Kool Office Requisites what they are, had thrust himself on to the stage and into the chair, from which he made a series of miniature orations. At the remotest end of the room, side by side, and indeed head to head, sat Frank and Harriet. Frank was blissfully oblivious of the entire performance.

When the evening was over, he escorted Harriet to her cabin, or rather to her cabin door. On reaching it "This is as far as I go," she said.

Frank bent over the threshold, but it was as far as he entered into this Eden.

"Good night," said the girl, and extended her cheek to be kissed.

Frank kissed it. He may have been a fool, as his subsequent behavior proved, but there was a limit to his folly.

He clasped her by the arms, and sought her lips with his.

"No, no," said the girl, eluding him.

"Ah, yes," he pleaded, "just one."

"No," she said quite firmly, and pushed him back.

"I'm sorry," he said; "I hope you're not offended."

"No," again said the girl. "Good night."

And he went. It pains me extremely in this enfranchised age to record, first, that Frank Leslie apologized to the girl and, secondly, that he went. None of my younger readers will believe me, but these are the facts. You see, the man was completely unsophisticated. He did not know enough to come in out of the rain. But he was learning fast.

"After all," he reflected philosophically, as he made his way to his own cabin, "there is still to-morrow night. . . ."

During all these days Harriet had continued to wear Frank's ring. One day he had tried, half in earnest, to recover it.

"Don't!" she cried. "How dare you? That's *my* ring now, and you've no right to take it from me."

He desisted. But he felt a little uneasy. The ring had been his father's, and Frank felt that it would never do to give it to a girl, however charming. Besides, his mother would be sure to note its absence on his return and to ask awkward questions. However, as time passed, his infatuation grew to such an extent that he *wanted* the girl to keep the ring.

"Tell you what, Harriet," he said on the concert day, when they had exchanged addresses, "give me back my

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ring. I want to have something done to it in Quebec.

"Don't worry," he added as the girl hesitated, "you'll see it again, all right. You'd be surprised."

And the ring was transferred back to where it lawfully belonged. . . .

Came the morn, as the high-class writers say, swiftly followed by breakfast, luncheon, tea, and dinner, as I now take the liberty of adding on my own account.

After dinner all was bustle and excitement on board the *Montezuma*. The pilot came on board at Rimouski, bringing in his boat newspapers and mail. Those passengers who now were faced with an immediate return to the stern rigors of prohibition were making the most of their present opportunities, which were ample. A spirit of carnival prevailed.

Harriet ran to and fro, flitting from group to group with a smile for this and a word for that. She had a bundle of letters awaiting her from her "sweetheart." She barely glanced at them.

"Here," she said, tossing them to Frank. "Read these and *see* if Kendal isn't crazy about me."

Frank felt somewhat of a pig to read another man's letters, but read them he did. Kendal certainly *was* crazy about the girl. Meanwhile, when was he to see her himself? He hoped that there might be some tender passages; to-night was his last night, and she would surely be kind to him.

"What about a dance?" he asked, stopping her at the door of the smoking-room.

"Sorry, I've got this *and* the next," she said. "Meet me here at eleven, see? Then we can dance all we like. Promise?"

"Rather," he said, and sat among the revellers, exulting, till eleven o'clock.

He took a glance at the dancers from time to time, but failed to locate Harriet. Five minutes before his "date," with a touch of unwonted vanity, he went down-stairs to brush his hair. On his way up he met Mr. Harper going down. From each of Mr. Harper's side-pockets projected the yellow neck of a champagne bottle, and Mr. Harper's face was wreathed in smiles.

"Hullo!" said Frank, at peace with all men. "You look as if you were going to have an evening of it."

"I certainly am going to have quite a party," rejoined the other happily. "Oh, boy, the lid will be off the kettle to-night."

With these cryptic words he vanished round the corner.

Frank went to the rendezvous, and awaited Harriet.

Then an annoying thing happened. That evening the band had received its collection for the voyage, and the members of it, in whom the financial instinct was more firmly implanted than the musical, abandoned their efforts at eleven o'clock promptly. No amount of protestation could induce them to resume. They folded their instruments and silently stole away, doubtless to dream of better collections on happier voyages.

Frank remained, and awaited Harriet with growing impatience. "In love, you must know, every moment's an age," and to the inexperienced lover in particular those protracted periods are unusually tiresome. A friend of mine used to employ them in learning selected passages of English poetry. He has since become in consequence professor of English literature in a State university, and remains a bachelor. But poor Frank had no such resources.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It would be hard to say how long exactly he had been waiting before the suspicion entered his mind that she had never meant to keep the appointment at all, or how long thereafter before his first unworthy suspicion became a certainty. Perhaps if we allow twenty minutes for both processes we shall not be far wrong.

By half past eleven he was prowling the deck like a man demented. His whole world had fallen about his ears like a pack of cards. Long before this, of course, he had collated the man Harper's champagne-party and the girl's defection, with the most uncomfortable mental consequences. God damn their souls everlastingly! They must be drinking in Harper's stateroom now. His first impulse was to go and seek them out. He didn't know where Harper's room was, but he could easily find out. Then he paused, for he saw that he would make himself merely ridiculous.

What an ass he had been, anyway! He had allowed himself to become infatuated with a perfectly worthless little flirt. He would have done anything for her. And now—to think she should go off with that cad like this! She and her "sweetheart"—the poor boob! The girl herself was a bit of a cad, anyway—fancy giving him her "sweetheart's" letters to read! A thousand little incidents crowded into his mind, driving him to the conclusion that she was selfish, greedy, vain, and heartless. He had bought her a dog, but she had sold him a very large-sized pup.

Such were his thoughts, and you will notice how quickly the boot had been transferred to the other foot. Personally, I think that he was unjust to the girl, but that, as Shakespeare once observed, is how these things are.

Frank prowled through all the public rooms on the ship. Passing through the rapidly thinning lounge, he imagined (quite mistakenly) that his movements were becoming conspicuous. Sitting down at a writing-table, he found himself, to his surprise, engaged in a wholly imaginary business letter which began "Dear Sir," and ended "Yours faithfully, Calvin J. P. Ford."

Having cast the fragments of this composition to the winds, he ran into old Mr. Justice Macmurtrie, who was smoking a final cigar before retiring. They circumnavigated the deck together, and the learned judge has never had a more apparently attentive audience for his account of the deathless day when he went round the St. Andrew's course at Montreal in 93. From different decks there came, from time to time, a laugh, a cry, a snatch of song. The old gentleman and Frank had the promenade entirely to themselves. Each time they passed the smoking-room, at whose door the rendezvous had been fixed, Frank peered uneasily within, but caught nothing but the mocking eyes of old Mr. Lillie.

"Don't you worry, my boy," they seemed to say. "It always happens like this. I found it out thirty years ago. Give it up and be happy."

The learned judge at length sunk his final putt and gazed at Frank in triumph.

"Bad luck," cried Frank, "awfully bad luck."

The old man looked at him in surprise, bade him an abrupt "Good night," and betook himself to bed.

At one o'clock, beneath a sky ablaze with northern lights, Frank stood on the topmost deck and cursed all women, a proceeding both foolish and unprofitable.

"And she nearly had my ring," he

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

muttered. "She shall never wear it again. Nor, by God! will I."

And he tore it from his finger. . . .

On the next morning he had to leave the boat early. The night he had devoted partly to sleep and partly to deep thought. His education was progressing rapidly.

After breakfast he met Harriet. She looked more ravishing than ever in a little pale blue frock, and they exchanged a cheerful "Good morning." Nothing was said about the "date" which she had failed to keep, or indeed about the one which she had kept.

Frank's hands were resting on the rail.

"Why," said Harriet, looking at his fingers, "wherever is your ring? *My* ring?"

"I threw that in the St. Lawrence last night when I found out that you preferred to spend the evening with Harper."

"You didn't!" she cried. "I don't believe you."

But looking in his eyes, she saw there a look so pained that even she could not disbelieve him.

"Oh, how could you?" she asked.

"How could *you?*" he retorted, and silence fell upon them.

After a few polite and stilted phrases they parted, and he went on shore.

Having secured his room in the great Château which dominates the St. Lawrence at Quebec, Frank walked up the neighboring hill and lay in the sunshine, gazing down at the river.

Far below lay the *Montezuma*. Presently the steam rose in short clouds from her siren, and two or three moments later—so far away was she—Frank could hear the corresponding honks which announced her departure. The great steamer swung into the river, and passed beneath the height on which he lay.

Was that a blue dress which he could just distinguish on the deck? It was impossible at this distance to say. Well, Harriet could spend the whole voyage to Montreal in the treacherous arms of Mr. Harper, for all he cared. And probably would. . . .

Here he did the girl an injustice. She did nothing of the kind. Piqued by the loss of her ring, thus wasted in the river's bed, and with a slight hang-over headache from the previous night, she went to her stateroom early, and left Mr. Harper to whistle for his supper. What she thought of it all I cannot tell, nor does it concern us, for if you have read this narrative with the care which it deserves, you may have noticed that never once have we penetrated Harriet's thoughts, if she ever had any. . . .

Frank walked down the hill to the Château. It was time for luncheon, and he was hungry.

As he passed through the long hall of the hotel his fingers strayed absently into his waistcoat pocket, where they encountered a small, hard object.

He drew his signet-ring from the pocket and placed it on his finger, smiling as he thought that never again would he remove it from its rightful place.

Now, seated on a sofa in the hall, discreetly placed where she had a view of three converging streams of traffic, sat a very beautiful girl.

She saw the smile and, catching Frank's eye, returned it in the most friendly fashion.

He walked straight to where she sat, and, taking a responsive hand firmly in his own, "Hullo," he said with easy confidence, "and where have you been all my life?"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Threshold

BY STRUTHERS BURT

He went accompanied by the wound,
Deeply, of every summer sound,
Content too poignant for content,
Joy too winged by ecstasy
With field and road and firmament,
To keep itself from sorrow free:
In the long rhythm of the days
He felt the final, growing phrase.
Knowing each minted moment spent
Once borrowed was forever lent,
He learned an amplitude of grace
To meet the future's beggar face,
Lest like a miser he might end
With unspent time he could not spend.
The dawn was fathomless with sound,
With little sounds, with smell, and shade.
The sun drew patterns on the ground
The precious song of birds inlaid;
Leaning upon his window-sill
He marked the clouds upon a hill.
The dampness touched his throat, the whir
Of dragon-flies disturbed the air,
Broke for an instant, bright and neat,
The mounting stateliness of heat.
Far off the ducks about a pond
Quacked and a neighbor answered; fond
And strumming fingers, faint, unknown,
Sparkled with music; there was blown
Across a golden harvest glade

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The flaming of a reaper's blade.
And in the night when all the hedge-rows
Sheltered a cricket, and where sedge grows
The plaintive frog entranced his mate,
He walked enchanted and sedate,
Fearful lest he disturb the moon:
A lane, a sloping meadow, soon
The birches weaving in the breeze
Were silver silent marching trees,
The lanterns of the glowworm woke
Beneath the darkness of the oak.
. . . O darling God, so hard to find,
Make of me neither flesh nor mind,
Neither a foot that endless walks,
Nor brain that thinks, nor mouth that talks,
But something that the wind blows through,
The night makes still, the sky makes blue,
The earth makes waiting and content,
The mould regards as complement.
O darling God, so hard to find,
Make me, all seeing, ever blind,
Make me, all hearing, ever dumb,
Make me, all feeling, ever numb,
Make me a part of this that now
I stand outside of, which is Thou.
O darling God, so hard to find,
Who is not either flesh or mind.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

As I Like It

BY WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

And this is what some well-known writers say of the man and his work. Hugh Walpole: "He is the finest romantic writer alive in England to-day." Arnold Bennett: "I still remember the thrills he gave me!" H. G. Wells: "A brilliant writer." Arthur Machen: "He tells of a wilder wonderland than Poe dreamed of." Ralph Straus: "The book intrigues you, thrills you, baffles you." Carl Van Vechten: "What a man! What an imagination!" Sidney Dark: "His writing is packed full of thrills."

Thus prepared by our literary guides for the masterpiece, I open the book and find this average specimen of the style in conversation:

"Ha, ha, yes, the unsceptical man," he laughed; "I used to assume that his hands lack culture; but not so—violinist. Grandly sceptical—gallant adventurer!—of the old, but unsceptical of the new, of his own musings o' nights over his stove-fire and porcelain pipe; a mind like Goethe's—tighter-fibred—but still more poet than scientist, expressing himself in ciphers for rhymes, and for 'hail, holy Light!' he scribbles $v\left(1-\frac{v^2}{c^2}\right)$ where *c* is the wings of the morning. Ciphers more seductive than rhymes!—luckier dovetails, tricky coincidences—so that one of our scientists admits point-blank that he is not 'unbiassed' toward them. Think of *that!* 'Scientific' means 'free of bias,' and when a high scientist has bias so badly, that he is actually conscious of it, avows it without a sob, why then the very devil's in the Holy Place, and *c* is the speed of Lucifer. Anyway the *force* of gravity is proved; and some *looking-round,* circumspection, scepticism, would have rescued them from abolishing it."

The only comment I can make on such a style is: "Ha, ha, I don't like it; ἐντεῦθεν ἐχελαύνει, $x^2+2xy+y^2$."

Now what do you suppose the critics would do to Mr. A. S. M. Hutchinson if he wrote a paragraph like that? and I assure you the specimen I have given is no more than a fair sample. Well, the title of the novel from which the above extract is taken is "How the Old Woman Got Home," and the author is M. P. Shiel.

Having thus paid my respects to the style, let me say that I was deeply interested in the story and read it through eagerly to the conclusion, where the hero, a true child of this scientific age, ends his career by suicide. *Finis coronat opus.* If the author meant us to admire his hero, I am sorry, because he is a rotter; but there are three splendid women in the book, the asthmatic mother, and Mary, and the patient wife, who could give Griselda cards and spades. It is certainly worth two dollars and a half to meet Mary; bad grammar in the mouth of a beautiful woman sounds more charming than good grammar in the mouth of an ugly one.

I suppose one reason why this book is so highly praised is because it is so absolutely up to date; it sounds on all its brasses and tympani the glorification of *Science*—Plato, Aristotle, and the Christian religion are consigned to the scrap-heap. Yet, also, and in this respect he is likewise up to the minute, whenever the author wishes to be *terrifically* em-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

phatic—he is chronically emphatic—he borrows words and figures from the New Testament.

It is a relief to turn from discords to first-rate work, where the attention of the reader is held not by sensational effects but by sheer excellence. Edith Wharton's "The Children" is the best novel she has written since "The Age of Innocence." It has, like most of her books, an acid taste; but her irony is not directed against virtue. In fact, the most ironical parts of this story are the least successful; the grown-up children of fashion who parade at the Lido seem to me almost unreal; and their facilities in marriage, divorce, and remarriage degenerate into absurdities, as, after all, perhaps they were meant to do. Mrs. Wharton attacks modern divorcing from a different standpoint from that occupied by Paul Bourget; to him marriage is a holy sacrament and divorce wicked. Mrs. Wharton considers the question on the grounds of expediency; what is to become of the children?

But this novel is not propaganda; it is, as every realistic novel should be, a representation of human nature. Judith is a triumph of characterization; I shall never forget her and am happier by knowing her. "Young in limbs, in judgment old," she is as charming a girl as one could hope to meet either in books or in life. I have always hoped that a special armchair would be reserved in heaven for the oldest sister in a large family of children. She has to do all the dirty work and drudgery without having the maternal passion that (I hope) glorifies it. Ordinarily the sister-turned-mother is a worn, sad, bedraggled object, cumbered with much service; but Judith, although she manages a whole flock of wild ones, is herself as fresh and lovely as a flower. Her first appearance, as she comes upon the steamer, is a perfect dramatic entrance; and at the last we have an unforgetable picture of her as seen by the hopeless eyes of her unsuspected lover.

She holds his heart and his fate in her little hands; and I do not remember any scene more poignant than this since Lavretsky fell in love with Lisa. The difference between the heroines is the difference between the serious Russian who has never had any "fun" and the laughter-loving young American. The difference between the heroes is that Lavretsky had at any rate the satisfaction of knowing that Lisa loved him, even in the convent; whereas the heart of our American gentleman is arid; Judith does not imagine, much less suspect, that she is the object of his love. "For every age love has its tortures," said Turgenev.

Our American gentleman is proceeding happily on his way toward marriage with a charming, cultivated, eligible woman of the proper age; and he does not see that sixteen-year-old Judith is a siren where his marriage, his fiancée, and his life are to be shipwrecked. But the interesting and true-to-life thing is that his fiancée does see it; when he first speaks to her of little Judith, she scents a rival as a hunting-dog scents game. Women cannot be deceived in an affair of this kind. The only safe rule to follow is never to talk to one woman about another one. Even then you will probably be found out.

Then when the woman of the world sees little Judith she estimates her as a prize-fighter estimates the points of his proposed antagonist. There is only one question—*Is she dangerous?* The answer is Yes, she is horribly dangerous, probably fatally dangerous, because *he*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

will not see it; indeed, he does not see that his neck is already in the snare.

Crabbed age and youth cannot live together, said the greatest of diagnosticians; when will middle-aged and elderly men learn this? When will they learn that under no conceivable circumstances will or can a young girl feel romantically or sentimentally inclined toward a middle-aged man? This is a rule to which there are no exceptions. If a man under such circumstances realized that to the eyes of spectators he is just as absurd as he would be in the tennis cockpit with Mr. Lacoste, then perhaps——

But, alas, healthy, affectionate Judith, who loves Martin Boyne as she would love a jolly old uncle, hugs and kisses him with a frank fervor that ought to have undeceived him. This contact warms his dusty heart. Now the manner in which he is disillusioned is masterly; I cannot praise it too highly. When he talks to her about her getting married, and finally tentatively—oh, so tentatively—suggests *his* possibility as a husband, the silver cascade of honest mirth that pours out from her lips is to him infinitely more tragic than tears. I do not remember any instance in fiction where unaffected, joyous, affectionate laughter, laughter without a tinge of malice or irony, has been so terrible a passing bell.

One fine August day we took a train from Paris to Saint-Brice sous Forêt, and were driven from the little station to the Pavillon Colombe, the beautiful home of Edith Wharton. She received us with gracious hospitality, and we walked in her lovely gardens. We agreed that of all the new plays in Paris, the best was "Vient de Paraître," by Edouard Bourdet, who wrote "The Captive," suppressed by the New York police. I hasten to add that there is nothing objectionable in the new piece, which is a delightful satire on publishers, on the methods used in awarding literary prizes, on publicity in general, and also on the "temperament" of authors. Mrs. Wharton said she knew M. Bourdet very well, and had the highest admiration for him. At luncheon we talked of Sinclair Lewis and Henry James. She gave many interesting and diverting anecdotes of Mr. James. The Pavillon Colombe is a charming eighteenth-century house, an ideal dwelling-place for a creative writer, and Mrs. Wharton writes every day, or as she expressed it, "I am always writing." Far from the madding crowd and yet near enough too. Tennyson has described it in "The Gardener's Daughter":

> "Not wholly in the busy world nor quite
> Beyond it, blooms the garden that I love."

Richardson Wright has produced an original, scholarly, and highly amusing book in "Forgotten Ladies," which might have been called "Wild Women." He has gone back to the days of savages and forests along the Mississippi, and brings us by easy stages to Boston and New York. The volume is copiously illustrated, there are abundant notes, and a good bibliography. The famous Wesley Brothers in Georgia, the famous Woman Spy of the Confederacy, the Know-nothing Party with the fanatical attacks on Convents and the Roman Catholic Church, the growing craze for spiritual séances, have separate chapters; the section that perhaps will be found to contain the largest amount of interesting information combined with humor is that devoted to *Godey's Lady's Book*, with its amazing woman editor and old Godey himself. The method used in this survey of social his-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tory in America is somewhat like that employed by Mark Sullivan in his "History of Our Times."

If there are any misguided readers who for one moment imagined that "The Bridge of San Luis Rey" was a fluke, they will be undeceived by a small thin volume called "The Angel that Troubled the Waters." The book, less than one hundred and fifty pages, contains seventeen short plays written by Thornton Wilder between 1915 and 1928. The Foreword, dated from Lawrenceville School last June, is an exquisite specimen of English prose. Mr. Wilder is an artist of the first rank; he is original and profound; he has at his command a style of such beauty and accuracy as to be literally the "last word." Those who declared that "The Bridge" was an ironical treatment of religious faith will be obliged to revise their opinions after reading this Foreword. Mr. Wilder combines religious faith with a sophisticated manner. He is a far greater literary artist than Aldous Huxley and differs from the young Englishman in having something important to say. For example:

> Almost all the plays in this book are religious, but religious in that dilute fashion that is a believer's concession to a contemporary standard of good manners. But these four plant their flag as boldly as they may. It is the kind of work that I would most like to do well, in spite of the fact that there has seldom been an age in literature when such a vein was less welcome and less understood. I hope, through many mistakes, to discover the spirit that is not unequal to the elevation of the great religious themes, yet which does not fall into a repellent didacticism. Didacticism is an attempt at the coercion of another's free mind, even though one knows that in these matters beyond logic, beauty is the only persuasion.

The appearance of Thornton Wilder in the world of literature marks the advent of a man who combines the strongest convictions with the finest tolerance; whose sense of humor never fails, because it encounters no closed doors; whose power of delicate irony is surpassed only by his sympathy. His success shows that America is ready to listen to a great artist, as she listened to Nathaniel Hawthorne. It will be a good thing if we can turn away from the roar of vulgarity, the exploitation of crass boasting, the sordid tragedies built on invincible dulness, the glorification of negro animalism, and listen to the still small voice of Truth and Beauty.

As a rule, I dislike intensely animal stories. But "Bambi," by Felix Salten, is so original, so imaginative, so wise, that I could not lay the book down until I had finished it. No child is too young, no man is too old, to enjoy or to profit by the reading of "Bambi."

Mussolini has published his autobiography. I suppose that he and Lenin are the two most powerful personalities that emerged from the war. Mussolini cannot communicate his secret, but his masterful qualities appear plainly enough in his book. One thing he needs to round out and complete his career. He should become a member of the Fano Club. He really ought to take a day off from running the country and pay a visit to Fano. I am told by the most recent visitors that the famous picture is in danger of decay; Mussolini should attend to this.

With reference to Captain Liddell-Hart's book on the war, "Reputations Ten Years After," I wrote to my friend Major-General James G. Harbord to see if he approved or not of the decisions handed down by the young British captain. I received the following letter

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

from General Harbord, who himself wrote one of the most famous books about the war, "Leaves from a War Diary":

My impression is that the book is fair and unprejudiced, and is a very correct estimate of what I believe the place in history of those several gentlemen will be. I had a personal acquaintance with Lord Haig, with Joffre, Foch and Petain. My actual acquaintance was, perhaps, closer with Marshal Petain and Lord Haig than with the others named. I think the estimate of General Haig was a very fair one, so too with the estimate of Petain whom I, myself, have always rated higher as a General than I rate Foch. The choice of the latter as Commander-in-Chief of the Allies seemed to me to be more or less of a political accident. He had, of course, an excellent reputation after the first battle of the Marne, but in the Spring of 1917, after the Nivelle Offensive, the French Government evidently rated Petain higher than Foch because they selected him for the Command of the French Armies when the two Generals were equally available for the selection. Foch then drifted on for another year as Chief of Staff at the War Office, but exercising authority as such only in theatres of war other than the Western Front. As I have understood it, he exercised no control over Petain and the French Armies in France during that period. When the disaster at Caporetto occurred there was a strong feeling, probably groping toward unity of command, which crystalized in the form of the Supreme War Council at Versailles where each Prime Minister of the Allied countries was to be a member, each with a Military Adviser. Our General Bliss, who had retired for age from the position of Chief of Staff of our army, was made the American member. There was a quarrel among the British which resulted in the relief of Sir William Robertson as Chief of the Imperial General Staff and the substitution of Sir Henry Wilson, in my judgment a less able man; and Foch, and Clemenceau, were the French representation. This Supreme War Council, naturally, began to aggrandize itself and seek power. The first apparent move in this direction was to attempt to form an Allied Reserve by contributions of troops from each of the Allied Armies on the Western Front. This determined upon, it was evident, even to a bunch of Prime Ministers, that such a formed Reserve could not be commanded by a committee which was really what the Supreme War Council was, so the natural act was to take the most experienced and Senior Officer connected with the Supreme War Council and give him the job,—that meant Foch. Due to the inability of Haig and Petain, however, to spare their quota of troops for this Allied Reserve, it had not been formed when the German Offensive of March 21st was undertaken which resulted in the practical destruction of the British Fifth Army and created a situation which forced the unity of command, and Foch again, naturally, was agreed upon for Commander-in-Chief. That, itself, was accomplished in two bites. He was first, still acting apparently for the Supreme War Council, appointed to coordinate the action of the Allied Armies. Coordination, without authority to command, is an unworkable situation, and the next step was to make him Commander-in-Chief. Petain who, as I said above I regard as a better general, had by his contempt for politicians made himself persona non grata with the high civil authorities in France, while, in the meantime, Foch had been more and more in contact with them and had won their esteem.

As I said above, I have not read the article on Pershing since November or December, when it came out in the *Atlantic,* but there were two things, which I seem to recall as having attracted my attention at that time, which were wrong. One was that in General Pershing's pressure for open warfare, or war of movement as they sometimes call it, instead of the continuation of trench warfare, he was not fully aware of the effect of machine guns which, of course, had been developed in the War to an extent never before known. That is not the case. General Pershing was fully aware of the potentialities of all the weapons that were being used in the war, but he found in France the opposing forces glaring at each other from trenches, in some cases only a few yards apart and some of which had been occupied for four years. He realized that in order to win the War somebody on one side or the other must crawl out of the trenches and move forward, taking all the risks that pertain to such a movement. The professional training of American Officers, as was of course true of our Allies before the outbreak of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the War, had been in open warfare and had never contemplated a stalemate in permanent trenches. These considerations led General Pershing to insist on a different character of warfare than that which he found on arrival. It seems to me, too, that the article on Pershing criticized the great loss of Officers, particularly of Company rank, as compared to the enlisted casualties, which the Allies were accustomed to attribute to our inexperience in warfare. The truth is that there are certain things in war which every nation has to learn for itself. The losses of Officers in the American Expeditionary Forces corresponded very closely with the losses of the Allies and of the enemy in the first year and a half of the war. We could not profit by their experience in that particular case. Those losses did not result principally from inexperience. At the beginning of a war officers, indeed the officer class generally, have to demonstrate their mettle and their capacity for leadership before their men including the willingness to take risks. The less trained the men are and the less unprepared the nation, the more certain it is that the officer class are obliged to demonstrate their capacity for personal leadership. It always results in an undue proportion of losses among the class which the nation can least afford to lose. This is exactly why the Allies lost heavily of Officers in 1914 and 1915 and why we lost heavily in 1918, and it also explains why we could not benefit by their experience and thus avoid such losses ourselves. It is particularly true of a democracy, where Officers are selected from the same level as the enlisted men, that they get no more than scant official respect from their men until they demonstrate physical courage.

Liddell Hart appears to me to be a very able writer on military subjects. I understand he fills the place on the London *Times* which was so ably filled for many years by the late Colonel Repington. I have an idea that, ten years after the War, he has pretty correctly stated what will be the ultimate verdict of history on the men of whom he writes.

James O. G. Duffy, of the Philadelphia *Evening Bulletin,* writes a highly interesting letter:

A belated reading of the June SCRIBNER brought me your query about the authorship of "The End of All." The September number anticipates me in giving the answer. But as I can add something to the information, I shall act on the impulse to write this letter, knowing from long experience that if I defer it the psychological moment will never recur.

The title of the story as it appeared in the Philadelphia *Times,* if I remember aright, was "The End of All Things," and the name "Nym Crinkle" was the pseudonym of A. C. Wheeler, then and for many years previously the best known dramatic critic in New York. I have not overlooked the scholarly William Winter, but Nym Crinkle's flashing rapier play in the *World,* his trenchant epigrammatic style and the general pungency of his critiques made a wider appeal than Winter's polished essays in the *Tribune.* (Parenthetically I may be permitted to remark that your apparent failure to react to Nym Crinkle's name helps to prove the utter futility of dramatic criticism as a man's major life work.)

"The End of All Things" has lived in my memory as the best end-of-the-world story I have encountered in a life that has encompassed a considerable amount of reading. You scarcely did justice to the Poesque theme in saying it told about a great wind. The idea was that a vortex in space sucked in the earth's atmosphere, that populations were wiped out as the air was steadily drawn into the vacuum, that there was a panic rush from New York to board Eastbound ships at any price, as bulletin after bulletin came in from the West and was read by surging crowds around the newspaper offices. All this was supposed to be narrated by one disembodied spirit to another. I remember the last line, the catastrophe having reached New York, "and then the drums of my ears burst," concluded the narrator.

I respectfully suggest to Henry Lanier that he reprint "The End of All" in *The Golden Book.*

Professor Irving S. Wood, of Smith College, sends me an interesting letter about the linguistic attainments of the author of "My Country, 'tis of thee":

In the Sept. "As I Like It" you quote a letter regarding Dr. S. F. Smith as a linguis This recalls to me another instance of the ev

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dence of his linguistic attainments. About the time you and I were together in philosophy classes under Professor Ladd, Dr. Smith spoke one day informally to the students of Yale Divinity School. He urged them to make themselves familiar with the Bible by committing large portions of it to memory. He emphasized the Psalms, and contended that it was just as easy to memorize them in Hebrew as in English. To show how simple a matter it was he began repeating them in Hebrew. I do not remember how many he repeated, or how many he said he could repeat, but I remember how those students gasped at what he told them. It seemed to be as casual a matter to him as though he had said that he was accustomed to read the SCRIBNER'S "As I Like It" every month.

From Cornell University, Professor W. T. N. Forbes writes: "May I suggest an emendation in your Robert Browning poem in SCRIBNER'S? Read *Aconite* for *Aromite*. Then we get the 'poisonous weed' and the 'floweret fair' at once."

In the long necrology list for 1928 is included Lord Frederic Hamilton, author of charming books of reminiscences such as "The Vanished Pomps of Yesterday." An admirable leading article on him was written by J. C. Smith in the Boston *Globe* for August 14. Then the death of the English novelist Louis Tracy seemed to me almost a personal loss. For I shall never cease to be grateful for his wildly exciting story "The Wings of the Morning."

James E. Whitney, of Boston, commenting on my remark about the widow who was so unhappy that she had no more fear, sends me a beautiful and impressive poem on this very theme by Aline Kilmer:

'I shall not be afraid any more,
Either by night or day:
What would it profit me to be afraid
With you away?
Now I am brave. In the dark night alone
All through the house I go,
Locking the doors and making the windows fast
When sharp winds blow.

For there is only sorrow in my heart,
There is no room for fear:
But how I wish I were afraid again,
My dear, my dear!"

With reference to the use of the word American for a citizen of the U. S., Doctor W. A. L. Styles, of Montreal, writes:

Your columns in the October SCRIBNER'S carry a reference to the term,—American. You state that you doubt if Canadians really object to the exclusive restriction of this word to citizens of the United States. For your information, kindly take the opinion of a well-informed native-born Canadian that we regard the restriction of the term "American" as embracing solely citizens of the United States to be somewhat offensive and rather egotistical. Webster's New International Dictionary defines the word as "a citizen of America," "a native of America," and surely Canadians may justly lay claim to that honor in common with natives and citizens of Mexico and other countries which comprise America at large. Never mind the public utterance of the British speaker referred to in your article: he was addressing a British audience in England and is welcome to his imperialistic language construction.

"American" may be a convenient term, but I heartily differ with you when you state that it carries no assumptions!

Another interesting letter on this subject comes from Robert Hammond Murray:

I don't know about the Canadians resenting our calling ourselves Americans, but it is certain that our brethren to the south—the Latin Americans—do. Not infrequently they speak right out in meeting about it. Their contention is that they are as much American as we. Continental-ly speaking, they refer to us as *"americanos del norte"* (small "a" and "n" please), or North Americans. They take the thing rather seriously, too. Evidently

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

someone recently put a bug about it in the ear of the solemnly meticulous gentlemen in the Department of State who are growing round-shouldered under the strain of trying to support the rapidly increasing political avoirdupois of that effete fetish of our political statesmen, the Monroe Doctrine. For I understand that not long ago orders went out that our Embassies and Legations, etc. no longer were to be described as "American" but as "United States." In Mexico our claim to exclusive rights to the use of "United States" is challenged, for there this country is almost always referred to as "los estados unidos del norte," or "The United States of the North." This is largely because the full and correct style of the Mexican republic is "los estados unidos de Mexico," or "The United States of Mexico."

I have often wondered what was the origin of the expression Calico Cat. Gertrude Churchill Whitney, of Methuen, Mass., writes on both cross-eyed and calico cats:

I would like to tell your correspondent (from Bristol, Rhode Island), who wrote so graphically concerning a certain cross-eyed cat that she remembered to have seen, that there has been one other such freak, to my knowledge, in the shape of a short-bodied, piebald runt of a cross-eyed cat, also female, belonging to some neighbors of mine. Just to gaze at her comical, cross-eyed visage was a source of unfailing mirth to me.

She was a motley animal whose coat was a combination of black, yellow and white markings. William S. Hart would probably have called her a pinto cat, but we in New England call them calico or tortoise-shell cats. I have heard it said that this combination of colors occurred in female cats only, their male offspring running to blacks or yellows, or possibly white.

When I was a little girl, our family cat produced a family of kittens from a rag-barrel in our attic, much to my astonishment. My mother gave me to understand that the mother cat had actually evolved them out of the rags in said barrel. When I expressed my disappointment that they seemed to be much of a blackness, with only a scanty star for a "shirt-bosom," she said, "I guess the mother kitty didn't have enough white rags!" Which sets me wondering whether the origin of the epithet "calico cat" might not be traced to the rag theory (which possibly has been used by New England mothers ever since the *Mayflower* landed) to account for the origin of the species "Felis domestica."

THE FANO CLUB

Miss Louise Manny, of Newcastle, Canada, gives interesting information:

Did you know that Arabic type is supposed to have been used there for the first time, in the Diurnale Græcorum Arabum, printed in 1514?

This is probably the most famous English-speaking club in Italy, and has attracted world-wide attention. One result of its prominence is that there are many more picture post-cards there now than there were when we founded the club on Easter Day, 1912. The entire Gillespie family of Stamford, Conn. have joined each and all—a grand addition in quantity and quality. The Head of the House, Bill Gillespie, contents himself with modest initials; but Anne suggests: "How about you, Billy, a Guardian Angel?" Bob Gillespie and B. M. Gillespie write laconically; Bill Jr., says "At last! we have seen and are whole!" Mabel Gillespie writes: "I have literally bitten dust; gone without food and drink all day from Venice to Fano but it was worth all and more." M. E. B. whose initials may become as famous as W. H., joins; and Miss Hortens Metzger has visited Fano for the second time, and sends a disconcerting report on the deterioration of the picture. After all these enthusiastic tributes from new and old members, it was interesting to receive a card signed M. S. S.:

Greetings from Fano. It's a Hell of a dump I don't choose to be elected.

A sprightly protest against my ac

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

vocacy of hot baths comes from Robertson Wilkie, Path Valley, Pa.:

I saw copied in the *Valley Sentinel* what you said about cold baths being nothing to brag about. Then I read you were a Yankee from Yale college and I knew why you were soft. You Yanks have been writing most of the history books for years and claiming everything for New England. I'm tired reading of the hardy Pilgrims.

Down this Valley we come from Scotch and Scotch Irish who thrive on cold water on the outside of the body and something stronger inside. We are not afraid to stand in a washtub Saturday nights and pour a bucket of cold spring water over us. Then we go to the Presbyterian Church on the Sabbath with a clean body and a pure heart, and put a levy in the plate.

Our people broke the trails from here through Virginia and on to Kentucky—and did work that the Pilgrim fathers could never have tackled. I reckon they would have missed their hot baths!

Do you read about it in Yankee histories? Never! Teddy Roosevelt was the first big man to write about it. His mother was Scotch.

If you stick to cold water outside your body and good Scotch or Bourbon inside, and learn the Shorter Catechism on the Sabbath and sing the Psalms of David in the old Scotch version, you will find your mind clearing up, and you'll not write such nonsense about hot baths.

You probably never heard of Bobby Burns up your way, or tasted a haggis. Hot water and beans for the Yankees!

"In Heaven itself I'll ask no more
Than just a Highland Welcome."

THE FAERY QUEENE CLUB

Alfred Iverson Branham, of Atlanta, read the F. Q. through *twice* when he was fourteen; —— ——, having read all of the F. Q., "Paradise Lost" and 'Regained" and the "Canterbury Tales," rightly thinks he is entitled to membership in something or other; Lucia Robbins, of Selma, Ala., read the entire work in a 1609 edition. She is a novelist and playwright, and recommends Spenser; Louis Carnak, of Athens, Ga., comes in through an edition of 1819. Charles F. Bridgman, of Culver Military Academy, joins. He agrees with me that the poem is wonderful; not content with having read it through, he is rereading it.

The Reverend S. C. Bushnell sends me the following quatrain by Mrs. Agnes M. Hickey of New York. It hits many writers just now:

DISDAIN

"Since you are made of such superior clay,
No doubt, when dissolution dawns on you,
Discerning Worms will use discretion, too,
And nonchalantly turn the other way."

Another short poem that I cut from the London *Morning Post* is applicable to many strikes:

THE MILK WAR

"Oh, it really is a very pretty quarrel,
And the combatants are desperately keen,
And to watch them fiercely fighting
Would no doubt be most exciting
If it wasn't for the Public in between!"

Arthur Merton, of Pasadena, writes:

In the August number of "As I Like It" (page 244) some former Yale man lays claim to being a charter member of the Shiraz Club from his eery retreat 52,000 feet above the Persian Gulf. I think we should all agree in allowing his claim to stand unchallenged. In fact I think he is fully qualified to become a member of the Southern California realty club. From that elysian height Mt. Everest must seem a mere foot-hill in the hazy eastern sky.

A man from California rebuking another for what was literally a "tall" story has an oddity all its own; but as you see the humor of it is not lost on Mr. Merton.

Yesterday afternoon I heard the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra, under the incomparable Stokowski, play Sym-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

phony Number 10, by a composer whose name was to me unfamiliar, Szostakowicz. He is twenty-two years old, was born in Russia and lives there now. I rather expected something wild; but Symphony Number 10 is a magnificent piece, full of lovely melodies and harmonies, and thrilling in its occasional martial manner. In the course of the composition, there are solos on the oboe, piano, violin, 'cello, trumpet, clarinet, and kettledrum. I hope I may hear this symphony again.

William Kelly (Yale '74), of Iron Mountain, Mich., writes:

In August SCRIBNER'S "As I Like It," the last paragraph is in regard to Avery's pitching. In 1871, when Strong was the Yale University pitcher, the rules as I remember them, required that the ball be pitched. In '72 or '73 Alex Nevin '74 was put in as pitcher and he threw the ball from below the shoulder. He had a very swift delivery but it was straight. In the first game with Harvard that year the Harvard players were unable to find the ball but when they went home they practiced with a man throwing the ball as swiftly as he could at them and when Yale met them in the second match expecting to clinch the championship with ease the Harvard men knocked the ball all over the field.

Avery of '75 has the distinction of being the first college pitcher who delivered a curved ball. The story goes that in a practice or unimportant game, when he found that he was able to throw a curved ball he was so elated that he laid down on the grass and rolled. Avery was a very conscientious man and it was said that before any important game he prayed for help. Whether this invoked supernatural aid or whether his intentness and devotion increased his skill we may not know, but the result was that he was wonderfully successful.

For current announcements of the leading publishers see the front advertising section.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The International Exhibition at Pittsburgh

BY ROYAL CORTISSOZ

THE value of the annual international exhibitions at Carnegie Institute, in Pittsburgh, could hardly be overestimated. In each one of them, as in a laboratory, one may analyze the current situation in modern painting. It is true that not all the existing evidence is available. The various nations do not send examples of all their artists. But the men present are selected with great care, as representative, and what they have to say is indubitably suggestive. It is peculiarly interesting at the present time, when contemporary painting is in a state of transition. The conflict between the old and the new, between conservatism and radicalism, steadily continues. What is the ultimate decision to be? One goes to Pittsburgh specifically concerned with the light that may be thrown on that question. Incidentally I may note that it does not 'leap to the eye." It is necessary to go rather searchingly into the problem. The latter has been rendered the more complicated this year by the action of the Jury of Award. This body gave the first prize to André Derain for a large Still Life. It is as difficult to see why this was done as it was to explain the award in 1927 to a flower piece by Henri Matisse.

On a table covered with a white cloth rest a couple of wild fowl, with the sportsman's musket behind them. The table, drawn in such wise as to give one an uneasy sense of dislocated perspective, is of dark wood, the tone of which is echoed in other details of the composition. The broad color arrangement is one in which black and white are balanced with strong strokes of a tawny hue. It is a passable picture, realistic in spirit and mildly ingratiating in tone. For a certain delicacy of feeling and for charm in linear precision I found one of Derain's other contributions, a little figure study, far more persuasive. Of the creative power attributed to him by the ardent modernistic oracles the Still Life gave no sign whatever. They hail him as the leader of a school, a great renovator, and it may be that the jury in giving him the prize had some idea of paying tribute to his general significance. If so, it is a pity that a better picture was not available, one more clearly indicative of the outstanding virtues we are asked to applaud.

The evangelism of these modernistic figures is amusingly mysterious. I had an instance of it following the award to Matisse, mentioned above. Friends returned from Paris brought me the news that that painter had abjured his gods and was returning to the old fold. They said there was even a rumor abroad that he had announced his volte-face to his pupils and advised them to follow his example. The Paris correspondent of the *Herald Tribune* tracked Matisse down to his studio at Nice and asked him what had really happened. A complete denial of the rumors en-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sued. "In the first place," he said, "I have no pupils. I live here alone, not tutoring anybody. Secondly, though I am considered a modernist, *I have never abandoned the traditions of painting.*" The italics are mine. If Matisse is a traditionalist, then what is tradition? Derain, this year, wakes the same dubiety. He seems to be oscillating between the old habit of French art and some recondite hypothesis of his own, and in the upshot he successfully affirms neither the one thing nor the other. In the Still Life I missed especially the immemorial French distinction of design, the power of lucid and effective organization. And I missed even more the accent of style which is inseparable from the best French painting.

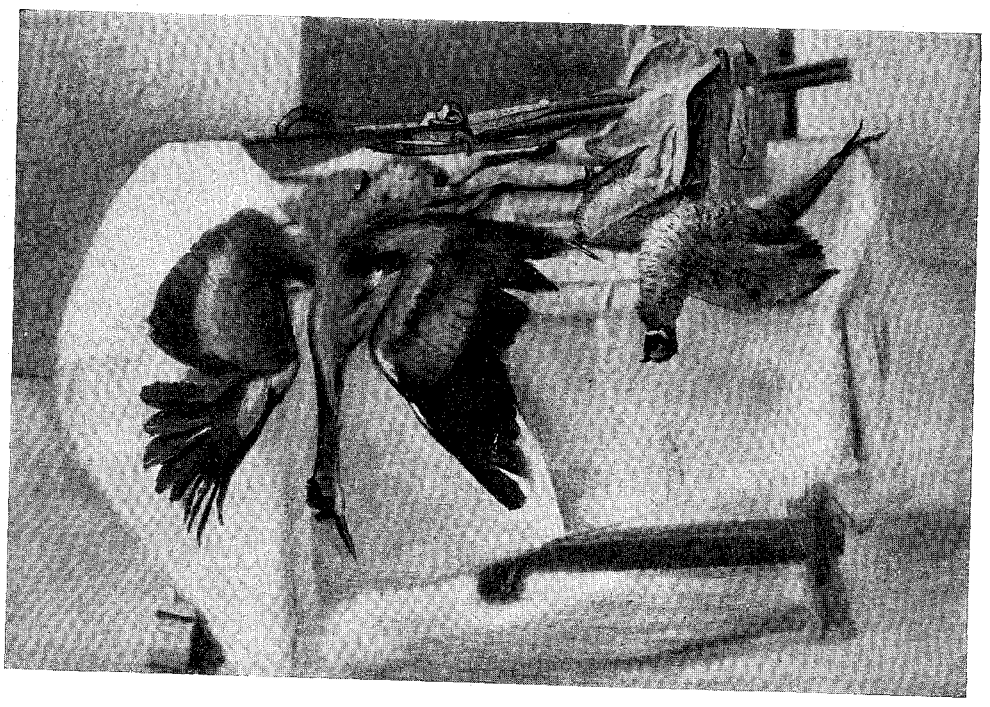
◇ ◇ ◇

I have turned first to the French section partly because of the Derain episode and partly because it is to Paris that one looks for straws showing which way the wind is blowing. The group of about a dozen artists swiftly divided itself into two camps, and that of the modernists was assertive enough. I noted some ugly things by Picasso, Braque, and Gromaire, and some pretty ones by Marie Laurencin. One other exhibitor, Maurice Asselin, seemed to be slightly tinctured by the new theories. But it was interesting to see how invincibly the conservatives did, after all, overshadow their challengers. I would not ignore the rather trite elements in certain of the old stagers, men like Besnard and Lucien Simon. But at least these practitioners know their trade and, what is more, they have long since abandoned the sleekly mechanical note which was the bane of the old Salon. There is life in their works, and it is life competently drawn. I make much of this latter point in the quarrel between the old and the new. Whatever blessing the modernists may be prepared to confer upon us, it is not that of authoritative craftsmanship. The most encouraging factors in the French contingent were the progressive men like Pierre Bonnard, J. G. Henri-Martin, and Henri Lebasque, exemplars of a more or less traditional technique and of a lighter, more inspiriting, key of color. Taking the French section as a whole and balancing the various types against one another, I should say that the transition now developing is toward greater freedom but also toward adherence to well-established national standards.

◇ ◇ ◇

The same drift was perceptible elsewhere. Freakish experimentation appeared to have died down. The general tone was, if not strictly conservative, at any rate more in the direction of stabilization than of wild revolt. This was notably the case in the British section, where the veteran Frank Brangwyn set the pace in a number of his spacious and romantically colorful canvases. Most of the exhibitors revealed something like an academic tendency, painters like W. Russell Flint, Laura Knight, Colin Gill, Sir George Clausen, and so on. Two contributors detached themselves from the rest. One was Mrs. Dod Procter, to whose Portrait of a Girl an honorable mention was awarded. Her forms are well modelled and drawn and there is individuality in what she does. The most interesting of all the English painters to me was Vivian Forbes, a man with his own view of life and a wide range. He proved admirable in portraiture and still life, and in one landscape with figures, The People of the Nile, he displayed work that, if doubtless acceptable

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

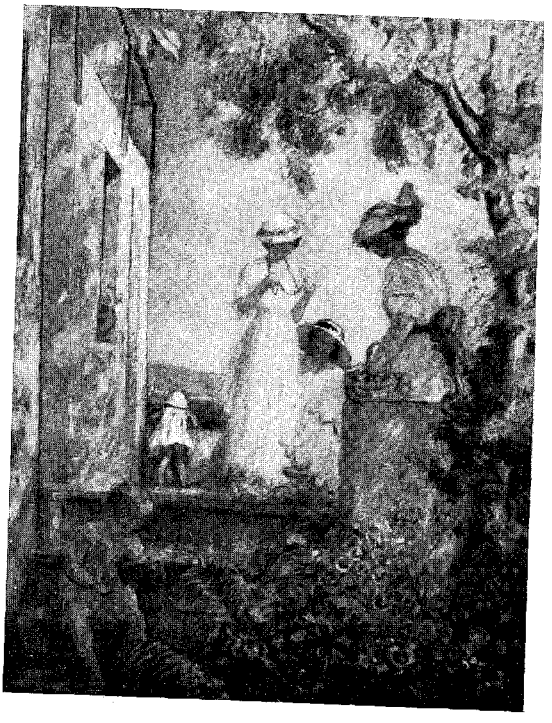


Still Life.

From the painting by André Derain.

On the Beach.

From the painting by Besnard.



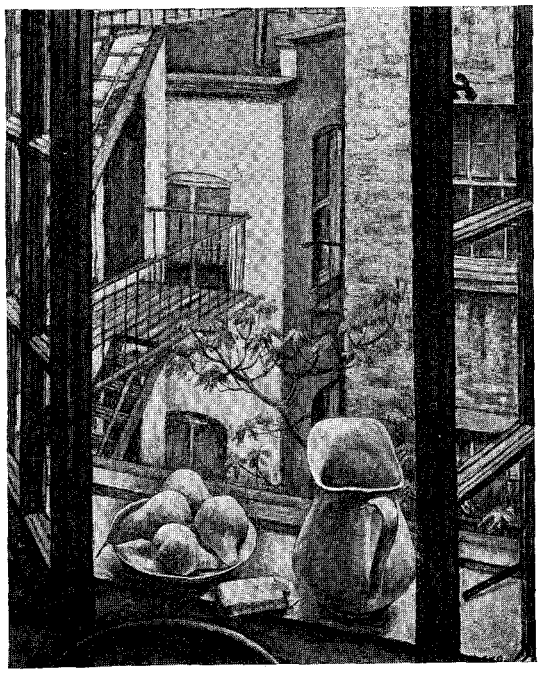
Young Girls on a Terrace.

From the painting by Henri Lebasque.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Painters.

From the painting by Anselmo Bucci.



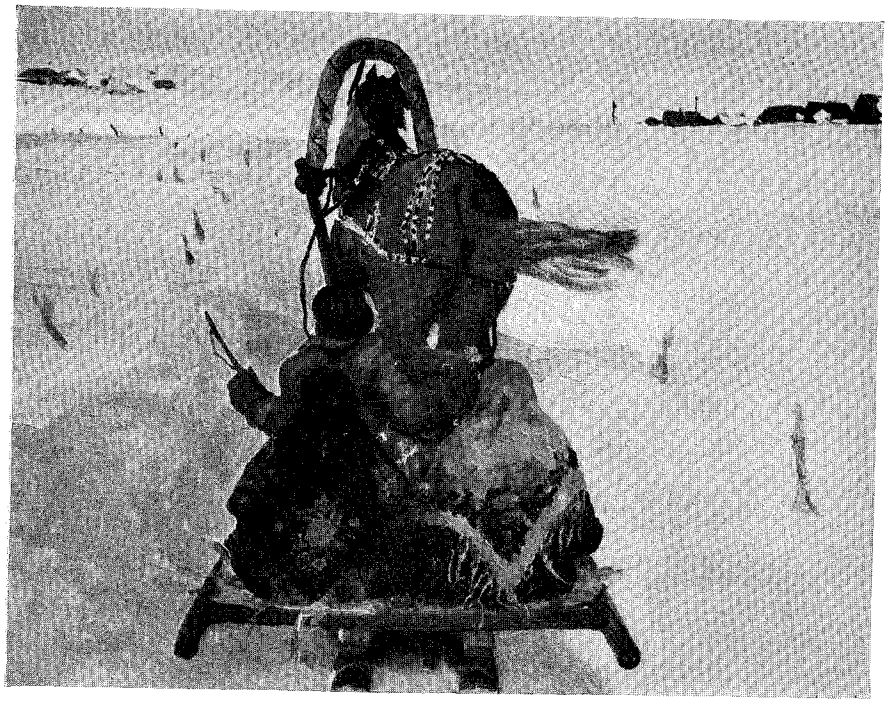
The Window.

From the painting by H. E. Schnakenberg.

Portrait of a Girl.

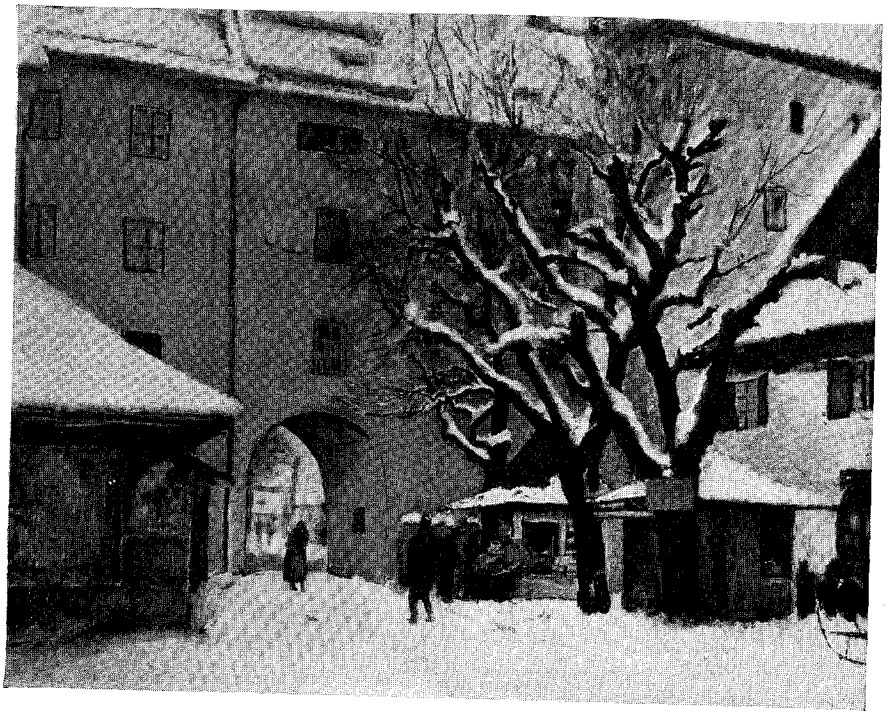
From the painting by Mrs. Dod Procter.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The Sleigh.

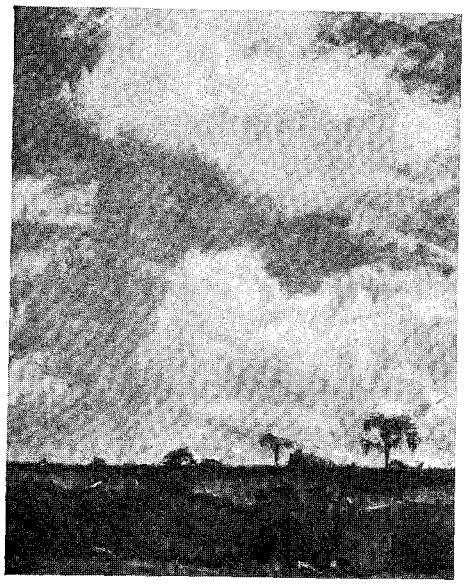
From the painting by P. Maliavine.



Landscape near Kitzbuhel.

From the painting by Emil Orlik.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

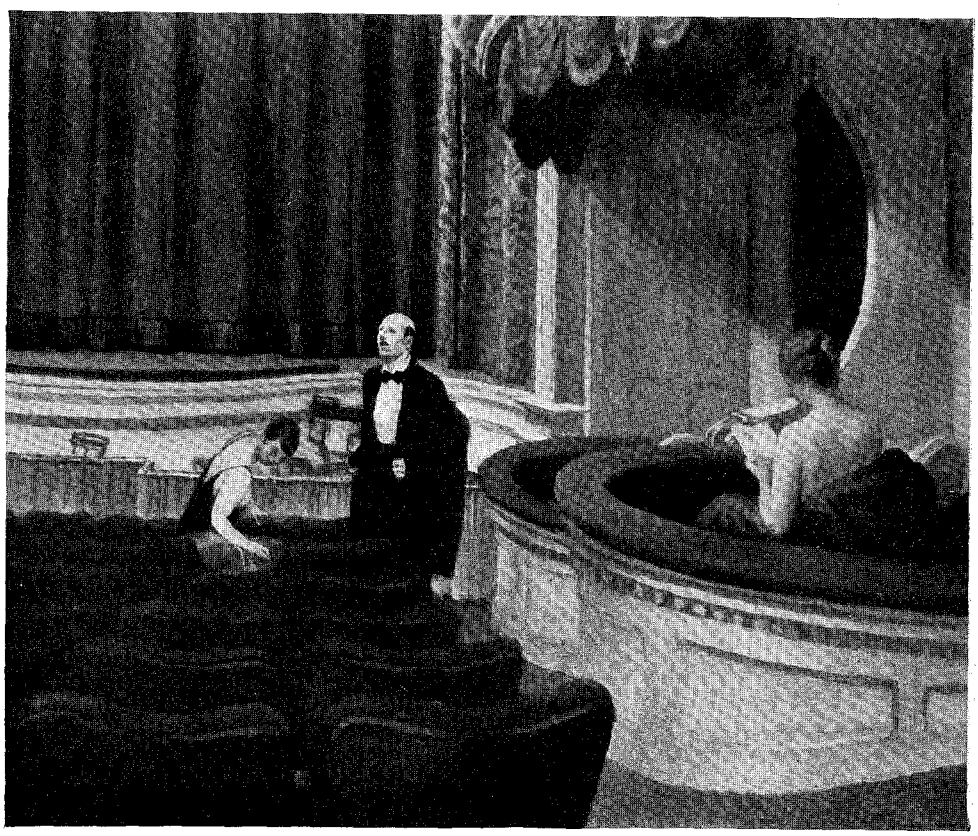


Towering Clouds.

From the painting by Charles H. Davis.

Lilac Dress.

From the painting by Thomas W. Dewing.



Two on the Aisle.

From the painting by Edward Hopper.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

at the Royal Academy, nevertheless had a free, personal force calculated to win sympathy in other quarters. He has ideas and technique. Ideas, of an obscure order, were adumbrated in a brief series of mystical compositions by the late Charles Sims, queer Blakian conceptions. Unfortunately no great technical aptitude waited upon his imaginative impulses, and the ideas aforesaid remained incomprehensible. A certain curious interest attached to these paintings. All his life Sims was known as a purely academic artist. Just before his death he seems to have suddenly deviated into the path of the would-be seer. The change is one of the oddest in the annals of modern English art.

◇ ◇ ◇

Our own section really bore off the honors of the occasion. It was the largest, to be sure, and so the most varied, and this only emphasized the virtues which belong to the American school, the virtues of trained workmanship and keen-eyed veracity. It was a pleasure also to see the number of men in this section who "see beautifully" and brought into the exhibition elements of delight and charm. A group of five paintings by Thomas W. Dewing, placed on the very threshold, splendidly illustrated the unwavering standard of that distinguished figure. He leaves the drama of life to take care of itself but out of form and color he weaves unforgetable harmonies. In the same small room with him were Bryson Burroughs, painting his animated versions of classic myth, Horatio Walker, producing pastorals full of rich color, and the similarly naturalistic painters Mahonri Young and Edward Hopper, both men of marked talent. I lay stress upon the cumulative effect which these artists had in a single room. They filled it with vitality and individualized interest.

All through the American section one recognized the successful search after truth. Beauty, in the more imaginative sense, was not so often visible. In its place was the decorative motive exemplified in the portraiture and flower subjects of Edmund C. Tarbell or the boating scenes of Jonas Lie. Only rarely did the emotional sentiment crop out, as in the landscapes of Charles H. Davis. But of an honest interrogation of the facts of nature there were repeated indications, accompanied by the hint of originality that is perhaps the most precious ingredient in a work of art. I refer here to the urban themes of Guy Pene du Bois, to a picture like The Window of H. E. Schnakenberg, to one such as John Carroll's Three People. The last-mentioned canvas struck me as needlessly prosaic but at least it was vitalized. Other memories come back to me, of impressive sea-pieces by Frederick J. Waugh, of engagingly subtle landscapes by Ernest Lawson, of sparkling flower pieces by H. A. Oberteuffer, of a vivid New York scene by Glenn Coleman, of poetized shore subjects by John Noble, and of a huge picture, The Fossil Hunters, by Edwin W. Dickinson, which though pictorially puzzling and dismal in tone had at any rate the germ of an imaginative idea in it. In short, I came away from the American section stimulated and refreshed.

◇ ◇ ◇

There were some bright moments to be had elsewhere. The two Belgians present gave an excellent account of themselves, agreeable spokesmen for modern Flemish art. Albert Saverys is a landscape-painter who has been touched by the early historic tradition of his

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

school but preserves a modern outlook. Louis Buisseret, painting portraits and the nude figure, turned out to be one of the most welcome visitors the International has introduced. He paints in a light, almost blonde, key and is an able draughtsman. His conceptions are unconventional. He strikes a new note. I discovered a kindred type in the Spanish section, in Louis Elipe, the painter of a picture called simply Nudes, which was like an echo of Palma in its gracious forms and pure tints. In Spain, if one is to accept the exhibit at Pittsburgh as representative, the old meretricious sleight-of-hand, wreaked upon trivial subjects, has been completely abandoned, and modernism, it is to be inferred, is hardly any more in favor. Sound draughtsmanship marked the canvases of Sunyer, Dali y Domenich, and Pruna, and it told again in the work of the most conspicuous Spaniard, after Elipe, that clever dealer in characterization, Ramon de Zubiaurre. I couldn't find the ghost of any imaginative purpose in his big picture of The Spinners, nominally dedicated to the Three Fates, but there was no denying the vigor and accuracy with which he had brought racially picturesque men and women into his composition. One Spanish painter, Enrique Martinique-Cubells, in Taking out the Boats and one or two other things, piquantly renewed the influence of Sorolla. But in general the section spoke of later forces.

Italy, like Spain, this year eschewed the modernistic lure. Conventional routine has been abandoned, but so has distortion and eccentric workmanship. Instead the painters tackle their problems in a sane, straightforward mood and pay due attention to the laws of technique. I noticed this tendency especially in the clever nudes of Achille Funi and Giannino Marchig. Two salient Italians also to be cited are Pietro Gaudenzi and Anselmo Bucci. The former, it is true, occasionally seems to be painting by main strength, but in the long run his realism rings true. Bucci, I suppose, would be dubbed "old-fashioned" in some quarters, but his Painters, with a stalwart figure looming up against the faintly outlined buildings of an old hill town, happens to be one of the sincerest things in the show and one of the most efficiently painted. A light note was added to the Italian section by Emma Ciardi, the facile painter of eighteenth-century gallants and ladies in rococo environments. She rounded out a highly creditable ensemble. The South, indeed, was very honorably represented at Pittsburgh, and the fact is the more appreciated when one remembers the hard, tinny sort of picture that used to be so common both in Spain and Italy.

◇ ◇ ◇

The Northern schools might conceivably have been a bit more thrilling than they were. Of the three Russians represented, Petroff-Vodkin had most the nationalistic air, without making it of much importance. Philip Maliavine left the impression of a deft, brisk executant, portraying racy types and scenes in a manner that hinted vaguely of French influence. In the Polish section there was one striking exhibitor, Madame Olga de Boznanska, whose portraits have an original quality making itself felt through a pale veil of color. I found nothing that made a really arresting appeal from Czechoslovakia, or from Switzerland. The well-known art of Bruno Liljiefors answered well enough for Sweden, but one wished for something newer, from a fresher hand. Norway was flatly disappointing. The

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Germans made a fairly creditable showing, chiefly through the landscape art of Emil Orlik and the skill shown in the painting of the figure by Gert Wollheim. Only two Austrians contributed, and only one of them, Victor Hammer, excited interest. His portraits disclosed polished draughtsmanship. Martin Monnickendam and Jan Sluyters, exhibiting for Holland, commanded respect for their technical adroitness and for a certain Dutch simplicity. The nations just traversed make, numerically, an imposing enough array, but æsthetically they were not, on this occasion, of much weight. In a perspective embracing the entire international company I could not perceive upon the horizon any startlingly new and enkindling force. The exhibition was interesting, as always, but in no wise exciting.

◇ ◇ ◇

I must notify my readers of an exhibition that is opening as I write and to which I shall return on a later occasion. This is the memorial exhibition of the works of the late Edwin Austin Abbey which has been organized by the American Academy of Arts and Letters at the building in West 155th Street. Mrs. Abbey has brought most of the things in it from her husband's great studio in England. The collection of about two hundred and fifty pieces includes work in divers mediums. Abbey was an extraordinarily proficient technician. He began life as an illustrator, and in the pages of *Harper's Magazine* made himself a master of black-and-white. He used the brush and the pen with equal authority. His early fame was established largely through the clairvoyance with which he interpreted Herrick and other old English song-writers. He was, indeed, ever a man of imagination, and he proved it magnificently in his illustrations for Shakespeare. But it is important to recognize in him the technician to whom I have referred, the artist pure and simple. In water-color, in oil, in pastel, he poured forth an amazing succession of charming pictures, and he made his mark in mural illustration. The big panel that he did for the old Hotel Imperial in New York City is appreciatively remembered. In the early nineties he carried out an elaborate series of decorations for the Boston Public Library, and in 1902 he was commissioned to execute an even more ambitious scheme for the Pennsylvania State Capitol at Harrisburg. He was at work upon the concluding phases of this monumental enterprise when he died in 1911. The American Academy, in placing his art before the public, is rendering him a well-deserved honor and is performing a service to students of the subject. The exhibition is wisely scheduled to last for some time. It may be seen until the end of March.

A calendar of current art exhibitions will be found in the Fifth Avenue Section.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In His Own Country

(Continued from page 13 of this number.)

"Well, Bill, what turned up in the city?"

"I told you nothing turned up."

"What did they say at the college?"

"They didn't say anything at the college."

"What's the matter, Bill? You don't need to get sore. Can't you tell whether you went to the college?"

"All right, I guess I can. I'm a fool. I guess I'm a rube. I didn't get to the college. There now, you know all about it."

He looked at her directly, to observe closely every line on her face, as he told her that he didn't go to the college. "Aw gee, that's too bad, Bill," she said, pulling out the table-drawer, her fingers groping for three spoons to fit together neatly so he wouldn't see that she wanted to cry.

Slowly, as though it had happened a long time ago, he told about the day in the city. First he had got something to eat that had cost thirty-five cents. After a good wash, in a toilet adjoining a restaurant, he had inquired the way to Saint Michael's College. On the city streets he walked for three-quarters of an hour, rehearsing the story he would tell. The first time it sounded impressive, but the third or fourth time it was so strangely muddled it hardly seemed to be his own story. By the time he arrived at the college he almost believed that he had no story to tell. The college is an old gray brick building, one side facing the car-tracks, the street at the front leading to Queens Park and other colleges. Walking slowly, he turned in at the main gate. Repeating the story to himself, he was halfway through it when two men in long black soutans and Roman collars came out of the main door, and paced up and down the cement walk in front of the building. He couldn't help watching them because he knew he ought to approach them, explain himself, ask whom he ought to see. Distracted, he felt there was nothing on earth to say to any one. He felt foolish, his lips were dry, and he muttered to himself some words about Saint Thomas Aquinas; then got the notion that the two men with Roman collars would have been tired walking long ago if they hadn't been watching him. A church forms one wing of the college. The door was open and the pews looked very cool in the shadows inside the church. He entered by this door and sat down at the back of the church, sweating and uncomfortable. He mopped his head with his handkerchief and watched the two teachers through the open door. They were out of sight and in the college; he left the church at once.

At the street corner he was ashamed of himself and walked twice around the college, gradually convincing himself it would be a waste of time talking to anybody while he was so unhappy.

In Queens Park he sat down for an hour until he felt better, and knew he ought to have finished his work at home entirely before talking about it to anybody. So he asked a fellow walking in the park the way to a decent library. The rest of the afternoon he spent in a reference library getting some excellent information. He was happy till the librarian in the reading-room, to whom he indicated the kind of material he was seeking, told him he might be interested in an English magazine called *The New Criterion*. He enjoyed this magazine till he read a long review of a book about an early philosopher named "Duns Scotus." The idiotic reviewer attempted to show that "Duns Scotus" was really more acceptable to the early Christian church than Saint Thomas Aquinas: obviously it was idiotic. He got into a rage and tossed the magazine across the table, jumped up, and hurried out of the reading-room. He had half an hour before train-time, so he walked to the station.

"So you see it was a bad afternoon all the way round," Bill said.

"It's queer, downright queer," she said, and added cheerfully: "The trouble was you simply got a bad feeling thinking too much about it."

"I guess so."

"Oh, that's it all right."

"Maybe so."

"Shucks, Bill, let's get something to eat."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Not me, I'm tired. I'm going right up-stairs to bed."

He left the kitchen. She heard him going up-stairs, his feet moving slowly. She put her arms down on the table and was sorry for Bill and started to cry softly. She had a heavy feeling because he had told his story, it was over, nothing could possibly come of it. She cried quietly, then rubbed her eyes, powdered the lids, and went up-stairs to bed.

IV

She thought that the trip to the city ought to have discouraged him, but he determinedly worked much harder. He was amused when she talked as if he needed sympathy.

She got tired of going to the show alone and of walking down the street to talk to old Mrs. Lawson. Dolly and Curly Knox called on her one evening and asked her to get into the Ford with them and go down to Wasaga Beach. The three of them sat in the front seat and on the road beyond the town Curly sang some new popular songs. Many cars were on the road to the Beach. The bigger cars, passing them, left them trailing in a cloud of dust that angered Curly. Dolly laughed at him and he became good-humored again, and they all sang happily. At the Beach they went to the dancing-pavilion, and Curly danced first with Flora and then with Dolly. Sometimes he bumped into young city fellows staying in the cottages on the shore, and admitted to Flora that he did it because they danced better than he did. Flora was happy until it was time to go home and girls got into cars with fellows so contentedly that she felt like a gooseberry, sitting beside Curly and Dolly all the long drive home in the moonlight. They talked out loud and laughed and sang. The shadows in the bushes and the moonlight on the narrow road pleased her, though she kept on feeling she ought to be in the back seat with Bill, who would pinch her leg, or tease Curly.

At home Bill was still working up-stairs. Instead of going up-stairs and talking to him, she sat alone in the dark in the front room. "He's a fool," she thought, trying to look out the front window. Outside the street was quiet. Then a car came along the road, going slowly, some one in the back seat playing a ukulele, and she wished she were sitting beside him encouraging him to strum loudly. Leaning forward, listening carefully, she heard the strumming faintly, the car a long way down the road; then she leaned back and giggled, thinking the ukulele-player mightn't be a man at all. "I ought to put a light in this room if I'm going to sit here," she said aloud. But a thought of Bill approaching people timidly in the city and practically walking around in circles began to amuse her and she sat there. She indulged her fancy and had him go round and round in circles, the circles always getting bigger. She stroked her round knees softly, giggling in the dark. Straightening up to get her breath she whispered: "Just as though he had a bat in the belfry."

She went up-stairs to the bedroom and began to undress quietly and slowly. She sat on the bed, listening, and hoped Bill had heard her laughing down-stairs and would come into the bedroom and complain angrily that she shouldn't be in a house with serious people. Then she would stretch lazily on the bed and laugh out loud at him till she got a stitch in her side.

Only one thin sheet covered her body and the bed felt good. Her legs were resting nicely, feet far apart so she would feel no warmth from any kind of a contact. If any one got into bed with her, she would have to put her feet closer together to give him room. Suddenly afraid of her own thoughts, she muttered: "I feel crazy to-night." But she stubbornly permitted herself to enjoy delicious sensations from thoughts she knew ought not to be in her head. Before going to sleep she hoped Bill would not get into bed at all that night. Some time later she woke up quickly. Some one had opened the front door and was walking in the hall. Wide awake, she sat up. She was alone in the room, and knew she had heard Bill down-stairs. He had gone for a long walk before going to bed.

Two weeks later she told Bill it would ruin his health to be up half the night wandering around the streets. He shrugged his shoulders. "It will be a good deal better if you don't bother about such things at all," he said. Clinching his fists, he glared at her as though expecting stubborn resistance in an argument. "I got my work to do, you got yours; that's about all we can say," he said.

"I'll not care a snap of my fingers what you do from now on."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"All right, only don't get sore. The main thing is, this is very serious with me."

"I was never so serious in all my life."

"Nor have I been so serious in all my life."

"Nor in all my days."

"Nor in all my days."

"Stop it; do you hear, Bill?"

He laughed suddenly and got up from the table to go to work. "Don't get rattled, Flora. Life's too short."

In the afternoon she walked alone down by the pier near the grain-elevator. The tin on the side of the elevator facing the water was brown and rusty. Boards on the pier were loose and through the wide cracks she saw the dark water underneath. Close to the pier the water was dark; pieces of paper, scum, small sticks bobbed against the posts. She was walking on the pier out beyond the elevator. An uncle of hers had once looked after the elevator, but in those days you couldn't pass the open door without getting covered with grain-dust. Now an old man sat on a stool, back from the edge of the pier. A boat hadn't been in all summer. She sat down at the farthest solid section of the pier, and broke off small pieces of wood from the rotten boards and tossed them into the water. Across the strip of water on the next pier some kids were swimming, one boy diving beautifully. The kids were shouting, swimming rapidly and diving, playing water tag. Flora looked out over the bay at the white clouds piled in the pattern of an old world in the blue sky. Then the strong sun warmed her neck and she held her hand over it. The bright sunlight glinted on the wave tips in the blue water. Her neck still tingled from the heat and she got up, walking back carefully along the pier.

On the way home she passed the shipyard employment office and saw Pete Hastings talking to the man at the wicket. He waved his hand and caught up to her before she got to the street.

"Say, Flora, they're just telling me they'll be getting a boat in the dry dock soon."

"They're foolin' you."

"No, go on back and ask him yourself if you don't believe it."

"But what's it to you, Pete? You don't want work, surely?"

"I wouldn't mind it for a week, just for a change," he said good-humoredly.

They walked along the street together. He had no coat on and his dark-blue shirt wasn't very clean. He had on a wide belt and very thick boots, and his pants were all frayed at the cuffs. His face and neck were tanned and clean.

"How's Bill, the bright boy?" he asked genially.

"Oh, forget your teasin', Pete Hastings," she giggled.

They had an easy, unimportant conversation that lasted most of the way home; then, for a few moments, he walked beside her saying nothing. Finally he suggested that they take a walk some afternoon down along the bay by the vines where the kids played tree tag. She patted his arm and said it would be all right with her; then, when he turned away and left her, wondered why she had tolerated the suggestion and why she hadn't been angry when he called Bill a "bright boy." Standing on the sidewalk, watching Pete's strong legs moving farther away, she urged herself to run after him, pound him on the back till he turned around abruptly; then, with her hands on her hips, or snapping her fingers under his nose, explain to him that he was merely a lump of clay compared with Bill. But she shrugged her shoulders and walked on home.

After supper, when she was wondering if she ought to tell Bill that she had gone for a walk with Pete, he asked soberly if she had ever thought seriously of going to church.

"We never go to church, Bill; you know that."

"I know it, and I'm not suggesting we ought to, either; only the thought of it fits in nicely with my work." He said that in the office this afternoon he could hardly relate his scientific summaries to religion if he did not understand the religious feeling. He was tired and really worried.

"Oh, I don't know, Bill; I don't know."

He wasn't as clean and neat as he had been. She was eager to say that he should not work that evening, but should go to bed early. He would drop the corners of his mouth, frown sullenly, and say nothing the rest of the evening. The talk of religion disturbed her, because usually he was confident and sure of himself. Now he was groping toward an idea that eluded him, feeling his way along an unfamiliar path.

"The trouble is," he said, "it isn't a feeling you can get by approaching the matter scientifically. It evidently had to get you un-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

expectedly, so I don't know how to go about it." He smiled, assuring her it was merely a simple inquiry for him, but she knew, suddenly, that in the last month he had gone far beyond her. He was sitting beside her, talking—a tall, thin man with red eyelids and three cuts under his chin from shaving—and he seemed so bewildered she wanted to cry.

"Let's go to a show to-night," she said.

"The show would hurt my eyes, Flora."

"Then let's go down to the Greek's and have some ice-cream and listen to the nickelodeon."

"It's quite an old machine," he grinned cheerfully.

"We should worry; maybe he's got some new pieces."

So she washed and dried the dishes and they went down-street to the ice-cream parlor. The Greek did a splendid business in the summer months. The walls of the long parlor were blue, with many large, bright paintings of nymphs and fauns, garlands of flowers encircling each painting. The nickelodeon was at the back, and young fellows took turns putting in nickels. One of the Greeks with a white apron and hairy arms took the order for two butter-scotch sundaes. Bill was at first interested in the sounds from the nickelodeon; then, restively, he asked Flora if she were enjoying herself. He had finished his sundae and sat at the table, his knees crossed, not listening to anything she said. A loud laugh and some giggles came from a group of fellows gathered around the nickelodeon. Two of them had hold of big Artie McGuin, a dark, clumsy fellow who blinked his eyes, and who hadn't been right wise since birth. Artie laughed awkwardly but good-naturedly and shook off the two fellows, and a Greek came from the soda-fountain at the front of the store and made them all sit down at the tables. Bill stared resentfully at the boys who had been teasing Artie. He smiled politely when Mrs. Milligan and her daughter, on their way out, stood at the table and Mrs. Milligan invited them to come over some night and have a game of croquet on the lawn. Bill thanked her genially, but when she had gone he was silent and uninterested again. Flora became embarrassed, sure that young people, passing, stared at them, and finally suggested that they go home.

They got as far as the Catholic church on the corner, two blocks below Main Street, just before the railway-crossing. Bill stopped under the chestnut-tree at the corner. The church lawn was well kept, a low iron fence following the margin from the church door alongside the walk to the cinder driveway at the rear of the church.

"Would you mind waiting here a few minutes, Flora?" he said.

"Where are you going?"

"Just going to take a look in the church."

"Man alive, what's ailing you?"

"Nothing. I just want to be in there when it's dark and quiet. I kinda think I ought to have a talk with a priest. Wait here a minute, Flora."

He walked toward the church steps. She watched him hesitate at the top step, come down, and walk across the lawn to the presbytery. He stood on the lawn, looking in the lighted window of the front room. Finally he turned, went up the church steps again, and into the church.

She waited under the chestnut-tree. A buggy and an old horse came down the street. Some one was talking on Ingram's veranda across the road, and she tried to make out the words but could hear only voices. She walked out of the shadow of the tree and paced up and down in front of the church steps. Once she stood opposite the lighted window of the priest's house, wondering what Bill had seen in the room. She saw Marjorie Stevens, Father Stacey's housekeeper, come into the room, stand at the window, and then turn out the light. Marjorie was a slim, pretty woman of thirty-five, aloof and dignified, who had gone to the city five years ago and had got married; and no one ever knew what had happened to her husband. Many people tried to be friendly with her and start interesting conversations, but she remained aloof and dignified. Flora suddenly felt angry at Bill. "He's behavin' like a nut—a juicy nut. What does a smart fellow like Bill want with monkeyin' around like this?"

Then he waved to her from the church step, came down lightly, two steps at a time, in good humor. Sullenly she walked beside him. Twice he spoke to her and she did not answer, so he shrugged his shoulders and began to whistle. On the old bridge opposite Starr's house she felt she must talk at once, for she was angry and very curious, and wanted him to see that she was angry before

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

discovering that she was curious. "You're a fine one!" she said. He kept on whistling. "You're a fine one!" She took hold of his arm, asking mildly what he had done in the church.

"Nothing whatever," he said. "Absolutely nothing. Just sat in the dark and twiddled my fingers. There's a red light up over the altar. I rather liked looking at it." He had looked in the window of the house, thinking he might see the priest. If he had seen him he would probably have gone in and had a talk with him.

A week later, the end of August, Flora had a long talk with old Mrs. Lawson. She had become uneasy about Bill in her own mind, and now regarded him as a stranger, who worked too hard in the evenings and couldn't sleep at night and went for long walks. Sometimes he went for a walk down on the pier, he said, or once or twice for a swim in the moonlight. Flora was sure that he had reached a point in his work where he had become confused and discouraged. At first she had seen only books on geology in the sewing-room, but recently he had brought home two books on paleontology and three short thin ones about chemistry. One night he was feeling good and explained to her that chemistry was the perfect illustration of form in the material world—a truth that he had grasped very quickly—and soon he would be able to demonstrate that all of life, scientifically speaking, could be regarded as a beautiful chemical formula. He was very much in earnest and told her he had decided to have a long talk with a priest about becoming a Catholic, because it was the next logical step to take in his work. Flora believed that he did have a talk with Father Stacey, for he explained, two days later, that he was happy to find that he could lead a normal blameless life with a little effort and a careful examination of his conscience. Flora said to her mother-in-law that Bill had become far too scrupulous; living had become too complicated for him, and it was a nuisance having him worry whether his thoughts were in order and his life as worthy as his work.

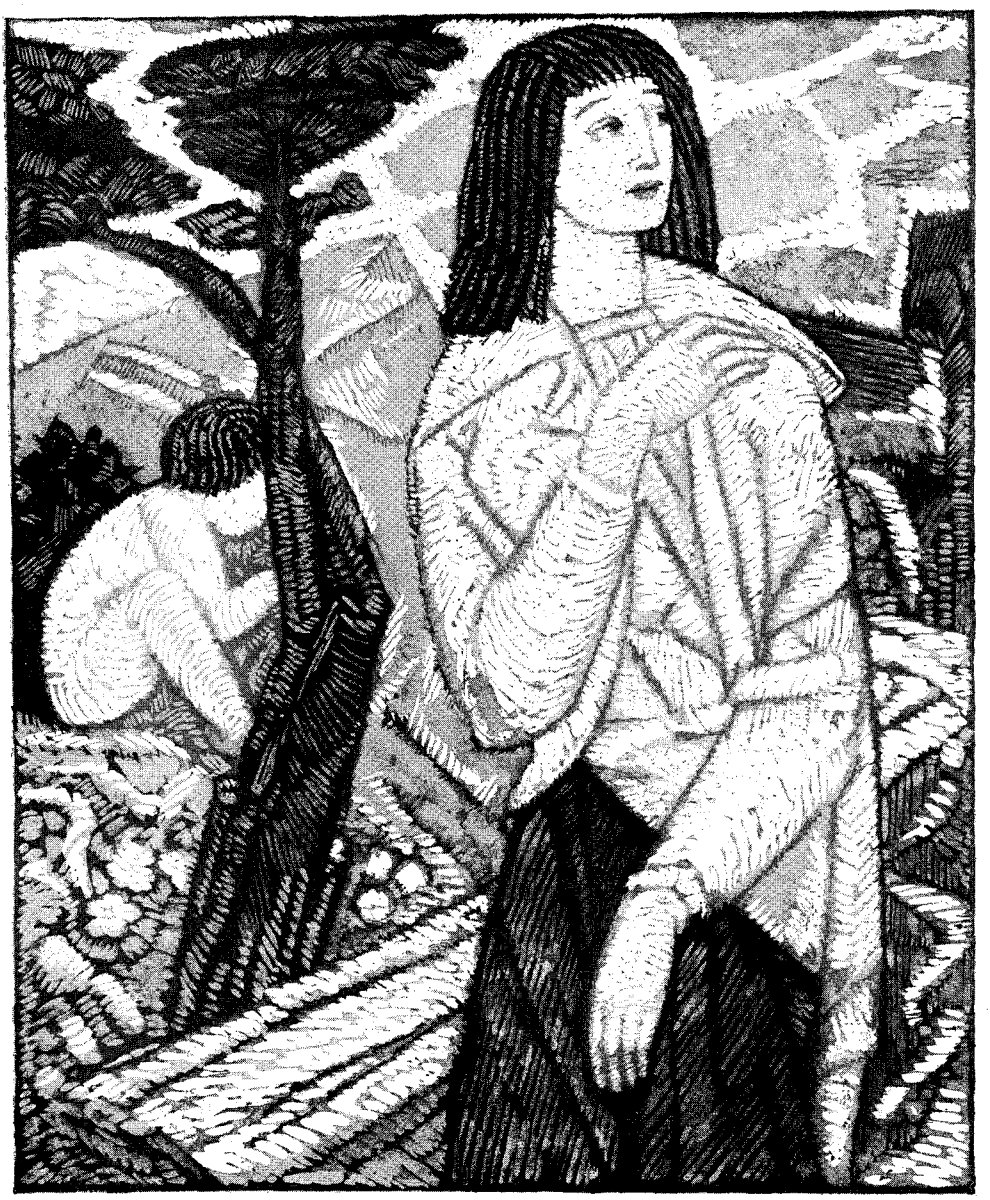
His mother said: "Willie's probably making a great fool of himself. But he always did get impressions easy, and I'll give him a good talking to. Anyway, his father was a good Anglican. Why should he fool around with any other church?"

Flora went home to have an afternoon sleep, but couldn't close her eyes. Before lying down she had looked at herself in the mirror, realizing that Bill hadn't put his arms around her for a month. The diet he had recommended had taken some fat off her shoulders. She was a young woman and rather good-looking, and no one had put his arms around her for a long time. It was a hot afternoon. She began to breathe heavily, imagining her clothes were stifling her. She wiped sweat from her forehead. Trembling, she took off her blouse and put the palm of her hand on her shoulder; then sat down quickly, kicked off her shoes, and pulled off her stockings, laughing weakly. She walked over to the window and discovered a space between the wire screen and the sash. "That's where the mosquitoes have been getting in, I bet," she thought, and decided to take a fly-swatter, and, in the next few minutes, kill all the flies that were up-stairs. So she dressed slowly. She got the fly-swatter in the kitchen, and moved around aimlessly up-stairs, occasionally killing flies. She was alone with her own thoughts and was restless.

On Friday afternoon she went for a walk with Pete Hastings. They walked down by the lake, far past the blue drop near the blockhouse, and beyond the vines where the kids played tree tag. Once they sat down for a long time. He put his arms around her. She became so nervous and hesitant, and got up so quickly, that he teased her the rest of the afternoon. She hadn't felt so uncertain of herself since she had married, and had often thought that a married woman would not get excited easily when a man put his arm around her.

(To be continued.)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"Dalmatia."

Idealistically patriotic, Dalmatia looks constantly for help beyond the horizon.
From a lithograph by Carl Schmitt.

—See "Korčula, in the Adriatic," page 139.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED